This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 948,687

Library of the University of Michigan

Bought with the income

of the

Ford-Messer

Bequest

808.8
G235u
v.29

THE UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

WITH BIBLIOGRAPHIC ESSAYS

BY

RICHARD GARNETT
(EDITOR-IN-CHIEF)

LEON VALLÉE
(FRENCH LITERATURE)

ALOIS BRANDL
(GERMAN LITERATURE)

AND

PAUL BOURGET
(French Critical Essays)

EMILE ZOLA
(French Naturalistic Literature)

EDWARD DOWDEN
(Elizabethan Literature)

DEAN FARRAR
(Literature of Religious Criticism)

E. MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ
(Russian Literature)

DONALD G. MITCHELL
(Collected Literature)

F. BRUNETIERE
(Modern French Poetry)

HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS
(Scientific Literature)

AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD
(American Literature)

ANDREW LANG
(Nineteenth Century Literature)

HENRY JAMES
(The Novel)

MAURICE MAETERLINCK
(The Modern Drama)

PASQUALE VILLARI
(The Italian Renaissance)

BRET HARTE
(Short Stories)

ARMANDO PALACIO VALDES
(Decadent Literature)

EDMUND GOSSE
(Poetry)

J. P. MAHAFFY
(Historical Literature)

WALTER BESANT
(Historical Novels)

This Westminster Edition, in English, of The Universal Anthology is limited to one thousand complete sets, of which this copy is number 552

Going to a Buddhist Temple.

Aquarelle from the Original by Gekki.

WESTMINSTER EDITION

THE

UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

117075

A COLLECTION OF THE BEST LITERATURE, ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

EDITED BY

RICHARD GARNETT

KEEPER OF PRINTED BOOKS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, 1851 TO 1899

LEON VALLÉE

LIBRARIAN AT THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS, SINCE 1871

ALOIS BRANDL

PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE IN THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN

Volume Twenty-nine

PUBLISHED BY

THE CLARKE COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON

MERRILL & BAKER, NEW YORK EMILE TERQUEM, PARIS

BIBLIOTHEK VERLAG, BERLIN

Entered at Stationers' Hall
London, 1899

Droits de reproduction et de traduction réservé
Paris, 1899

Alle rechte, insbesondere das der Übersetzung, vorbehalten
Berlin, 1899.

Proprietà Letteraria, Riservato tutti i diritti
Roma, 1899

Copyright 1899
by
Richard Garnett

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME XXIX.

		PAGE
Two Great Dramatists: Alexandre Dumas, Jr., and Émile Augier	*Edmondo de Amicis*	13
The Undivine Comedy	*Sigismund Krasinski*	37
The Storm	*Alexander Nicolaïevich Ostrovsky*	131
Oblómof	*Iván Aleksandrovich Goncharóf*	191
The Awakening of a Conscience	*Maksim Gorki*	218
Specimens of Slavonic Literature	*Tr. by Professor Leo Wiener*	233
Serbo-Croatian:		
Dolce Far Niente	*Ksaver Šandor-Gjalski*	234
The Pale Moon	*August Šenca*	237
To the Slavs	*Petar Preradović*	242
The Stolen Bell	*Ščepan Mitrov Ljubiša*	245
Little Russian:		
The Bride-Hunting of Marmarosh	*Petr A. Polyanski*	254
Taras's Night	*Taras Shevchenko*	270
Slovak:		
Detvan	*Sladkovič*	272
Kill Him!	*Samuel Chalúpka*	274
Serbianka	*Jan Kalinčák*	278
Letters from the Adriatic	*Hurban-Vajanský*	283
Bohemian:		
Čech and Lech	*Josef Kajetán Tyl*	289
The Madman	*Svatopluk Čech*	299
The Old Master of Domašice	*Ferdinand Schulz*	310
Harut and Marut	*Jaroslav Vrchlický*	315
Slovenian:		
Not All is Gold that Glitters	*Fran Erjavec*	318
The Peasant's Death	*Janko Kersnik*	325
Lights	*Anton Funtek*	330
The Messenger: Yiddish	*Leon Perez. Tr. Professor Wiener*	340
Two Friends: Yiddish	*M. Spektor. Tr. Professor Wiener*	348
Hăn Koong Tsew, or The Sorrows of Hăn: A Chinese Tragedy	*Tr. Sir J. F. Davis*	356
Za-Zefi, or "Abstraction": A Japanese Comedy	*Tr. Basil Hall Chamberlain*	370
The Telltale Screen: A Chinese Novelette		381

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME XXIX.

GOING TO A BUDDHIST TEMPLE (AQUARELLE) . . *Frontispiece*

PAGE

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, JR. 20

A SCENE IN ST. PETERSBURG 156

SLEDGE RIDING IN LITHUANIA 296

BOHEMIAN 314

CHINESE MANUSCRIPT (FACSIMILE) 356

TWO GREAT DRAMATISTS.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, JR., AND ÉMILE AUGIER.

BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

(Translated for this work.)

[EDMONDO DE AMICIS, the foremost descriptive writer and one of the foremost all-round *littérateurs* produced by Italy in the last half-century, was of Genoese parentage, but casually born at Oneglia, between Nice and Genoa, October 21, 1846. Educated at Coni and Turin, he went to the military school at Modena, and entered active service in 1863 as sub-lieutenant; fought against the brigands in Sicily, and in the Austro-Prussian war of 1866 took part in the battle of Custozza, June 24. But his literary vocation was evident from the first; and in 1867 he took charge of a newspaper in Florence, *L' Italia Militare*, though still in army service and remaining so till the occupation of Rome by Victor Emmanuel's army in 1870. In 1868 appeared his first volume, "Bozzetti Militari" (Military Sketches), short stories embodying different phases of a soldier's life, which had immense success, and marked the author at once as the coming representative Italian man of letters. In 1871 he settled in Turin and gave himself up wholly to authorship. His first work after this was "Ricordi," recollections of 1870–1871, dedicated to the youth of Italy; the second, a fresh collection of stories, of which one, "Cuore" (Heart), has been translated into English as "The Heart of a Schoolboy." But a craving for travel turned him into the path which has made his enduring fame: his literary position with the general world rests on his remarkable series of volumes giving his impressions of the countries he visited, their life and national characteristics, and the philosophy of national productions. They are full of enthusiasm and sympathy and sensuous delight in beauty, paint chiefly the best side and what has made the countries worth existing and remembering, and are very optimistic; yet they show not only an acute sensitiveness to impressions, — his photographic faculty and his skill in the translation of his impressions into language are equally marvelous, — but analytic power of great keenness. These are: "Spain" (1873); "Recollections of London" (1874); "Holland" (1874), perhaps the best of all, and a truly great work, a singularly fine analysis of the characteristics of Dutch art and its source in the national life, as well as the essence of that life itself; "Morocco" (1876); "Recollections of Paris" (1878); "Constantinople" (1878). He has also published another collection of stories, in part old, "La Porta d' Italia" (1884); "On the Ocean" (1889); "The Vaudois Thermopylæ;" a volume of poems; and "Literary Portraits," of which the accompanying sketch is one.]

DUMAS.

I.

A FRIEND of mine from Galata related to me, a few years ago, the following anecdote: —

"I was on an Austrian Lloyd steamer going from Varna to Constantinople, among a crowd of people I did not know, and the time was hanging very heavy, when by good fortune I exchanged a few words and then struck up a conversation with a French traveler, who had stood motionless near me for more than an hour with his eyes fixed on the sea. We talked awhile. He used few words, but spoke well, in a manner somewhat reserved and dry; and he always said something singular that forced me to look at him. He was on his first voyage to Constantinople. He questioned me about the Orient, and often embarrassed me with his questions; at every one of my answers he made an observation that explained more clearly what I had meant to say, so that after a time I perceived with great mortification that I was expressing myself ill. Late in the evening I left him to go to sleep, and for a long time I could not drive his face and his speeches from my mind. I could not have said whether I liked him or not. He gave me food for thought, and I wished to see and know him better. The next morning at dawn we were about to enter the Bosphorus. I went on deck and we renewed our conversation. His words were most penetrating and full of thought; but must I say that I felt something dry and cold in them, which repelled me and yet at the same time attracted me and gave me a great desire to know who he was? We entered the Bosphorus, which he had never seen. Much to my surprise, he showed no sign of admiration. He stood erect and stiff against the side of the boat, motionless as a statue, as if he had seen these places a hundred times. 'What manner of man is this?' I thought. Once only, while looking at a white mosque on the Asiatic shore, he aroused himself and exclaimed, 'Oh, what a pretty bon-bon box!' Then he drew into himself again. Buyukdère, Therapia, Isthenia, Kandilli, passed by in turn, but he gave no sign of life. Finally we arrived at Constantinople, and he continued to look and be silent. After a short stop at Constantinople, the boat was to proceed to Egypt. My unknown companion was going to see the opening of the Suez Canal; I was to land at Galata. Before landing I handed him my card; he gave me his. I looked, and on it was written: *Alexandre Dumas, fils.* As may be imagined, I gave a start of astonishment and pleasure. He remained impassive. '*Au bonheur*

de vous revoir," he said to me. And while I went my way, turning back to gaze at him still, he looked through his glass in another direction."

I refer to this anecdote, because the impression received by my friend is that which Dumas' works leave on the majority of Italian readers.

The crudeness with which he expresses certain truths that wound our sentiments of human pride, the impassive surgeon-like brutality with which he places his hand on the wounds that others treat only with delicate pity, the fiendish perspicacity with which he guesses the most intimate secrets of certain monstrously wicked and corrupt natures, and the almost ferocious complacency with which he renders them: and furthermore, certain indefinable traits which are to books what the gleam of the eyes and the curling of the lips are to the human face,—all these make us imagine a man haughty and proud, with little of kind feeling toward his fellows, quick to passion but closed to tenderness, and a skeptic at heart: one whose presence must freeze the words in the mouth of the sinner who comes to meet him with expansion. So in the passages of his works that seem to us overflowing with emotion, and that stir our own, we always find in examining them rather the profound art of an intelligence that, divining all causes, succeeds in obtaining all effects, than the utterance of sincere affection that comes from the heart: and we are seized with the suspicion that he may have studied, like Goethe, affectionate letters of unknown people, to learn from them the language of sentiments he had never experienced. In his writings of social argument, directed to a generous and benevolent end, we find he has nearly everything that can be used to persuade: the most frigid clearness, close argumentation, admirable art in presenting considerations and yielding to them, splendid eloquence in expounding the soundness of things for which he seeks a remedy: but not that all-powerful heat that burns itself from deep and ardent pity for sorrows and wrongs, and conquers the heart before subjugating the reason. In him we feel more powerfully than the artistic love of his own idea than the human love for the oppressed. That spontaneity of morality, of virtue, and of duty, which specially distinguishes his latest works, has rather to do with the appearance of a lofty and splendid promise of a genius which has an instinct of good and makes it an

instrument of its art, than the intimate and sincere passion of a soul that loves it irresistibly. The satisfaction left in our souls by his works most evidently directed to an end to which our hearts and consciences consent, is never full or quiet: we always come out of the theater or close the book with some secret wound in our soul; and our imagination never represents to us, even through the sweetest emotions we experience, an Alexandre Dumas still more amiable than admirable.

II.

Nevertheless, the conception his intimate friends have of him is very different from that of most of his remote admirers. "He is 'a good fellow,'" they say, "without reservation; better than his father, who nevertheless appeared more amiable and was better loved." It is only fair to say also that he is an altogether different Dumas from what he was in his youth. He was dissipated then, but now he brags that he is an exemplary head of a family. Of his past life he says himself that he retains only the memories; and one is assured that among these memories there are some very beautiful ones, of many countries and of things famous and envied. He has a high opinion of himself, but not constantly; only on certain days of the week, and when he is provoked. He is always ready to serve his friends, whose dramas, comedies, and novels he drinks off at a draught, giving his opinion of them in letters wonderful for conciseness and fraternal sincerity, with which he reveals to the authors the inner defects of the works and the unconscious deficiencies of their talent, in a manner ingeniously discouraging. He is not avaricious, as many believe, and as perhaps his father believed when, being told that his son was writing "The Prodigal Father," he replied, "And the avaricious son." He is not a millionaire for others, as his father said of himself, but he is charitable, and especially ready to assist literary people and poor artists, remembering that he lived during his youth in that Bohemia which now moves "a hundred great cubits" under his feet; yet it is not easy to gull him under pretext of his benevolence.

He has been accused of ingratitude toward his father, because of some words that escaped him in regard to the neglect of his early education; but the accusation is unjust. He has

always declared that he never felt himself to be anything until he compared himself outside his own house. The apology that he makes for his father in the preface to "The Natural Son," where he disdainfully repulses the praise of those who place him above the author of "Antony," is one of the few things in which we feel his heart truly beating. He speaks of his father at every opportunity. All the anecdotes that can redound to the honor of his heart, his life, and his genius, he has continually on his lips; he often embellishes, and they say he invents. It is known on the other hand that his father was slightly jealous of this glory, growing in his own house and owed to faculties so different from his own. The evening of the representation of "Madame Aubray" he answered ill-naturedly to one of his friends who was warmly praising his son's drama, "Well, yes, there is observation; *mais comme théâtre en fin, qu'est-ce qu'il y a?*" [but as a *play*, after all, what is there in it?] He defended him with affection when others attacked him; but when they praised him too much, he became impatient. Whoever has known them both, while recognizing the splendid generosity of the father and the immense sympathy he inspired, sets the son above him as a solid character, as a heart to rely on, — in a word, as a conscience.

His former schoolmates, better judges than his newer friends, coincide in this opinion. The fifteen-year-old commoner, Dumas, had an unlimited enthusiasm for his *papa*. He admired no one else and spoke of no one else. Thanks to him, all the school knew a month before Europe the intricacies of the dramas and of the novels of the great Alexandre; and he read the manuscript parts of them on the school benches, behind the dictionaries. One day, when, in consequence of the sudden departure of Dumas' father from France, it was believed that he had been banished by Louis Philippe, the son was in despair; and his comrades, to console him, represented in the school-yard an improvised drama, in which the king of novelists was crowned with glory, and the king of the citizens cut a very poor figure.

I have seen letters written in those times by the little Dumas to his companions, full of grotesqueries, of fanciful calligraphy, and of buffooneries; but cordially expansive, and full of a sentiment of affections very rare in youth. It is a strange thing that Dumas in school gave no sign of love for study, of ambition, or of more than ordinary genius even in

literature. Not only was he not among the first, but he was not even among the second. If he had an ambition, although he did not study, it was to become some day a great scholar, and more than a great scholar, a librarian. As a writer he considered himself naturally absorbed and annihilated by his father. He lived in him and from him; to him the paternal glory was sufficient; it seemed to him that he could have lived gladly and tranquilly on it forever. And his greatest triumphs were when his father came to visit him at the school, and professors, scholars, assistants, servants, all jumped up, as if thrilled by an electric shock, to see for a moment from windows and door-sills that magician, that colossus, that large glorious disheveled head, which filled the world with its fancies.

The former aspirant to a librarianship is now one of the French writers most widely known in the world, and also one of those with whom Paris concerns itself with most curiosity; both from the singularity of his character, and because he attracts the public attention as a dramatic author, as a polemist in the most ardent social questions, as a generous lover of fine arts, and as a hospitable gentleman.

III.

He rises at dawn, winter as well as in summer. The letters received by his friends during the day are all written by candle-light while they are sleeping. He works with vim until noon, and at noon his day as a writer is finished. He spends the afternoon either in the Bois de Boulogne, on horseback, or in the studios of painters; and once a week he gives a dinner in his house to an army of friends, the majority of them writers and artists, and on whom, between the soup and the fruit, he pours out a treasure of witticisms, anecdotes, political epigrams, and of keen, fresh literary criticisms, which are afterwards passed from mouth to mouth, and scattered through the papers and through the world.

At his house there is an endless bell-ringing: an automaton, run by perpetual motion, might take the place of the servant who carries the messages. The theater director jostles at the door against the shirtless Bohemian, the beginner in comedy writing against the curious stranger, the journalist against the painter, the printer against the actor out of an engagement. And even the stream of people is small in comparison with that

of letters, a large part of which are directed to him as a champion of divorce, and a great advocate in all questions that have reference to the family, woman, and love; letters from unhappily married women of all countries, who ask his advice in regard to separation; from wives in jeopardy, who invoke the help of a paternal counsel; from schoolgirls who ask for suggestions in regard to the selection of a husband; from illegitimate sons who tell him their stories; from mad brains of every shade, who propound to him the wildest social and psychological problems. He answers sometimes when the letter sets him thinking, and the answer is difficult; at other times he loses patience and throws it all into the waste basket.

Thus his life is passed between work, friends, and the vast unknown public, under a rain of social notes and bank notes, worshiped, envied, bothered, carrying with equal vigor his fifty-six years and the enormous inheritance of the paternal name, in the midst of the great city that admires him and slanders him, and like an *ennuyé* queen, asks him continually for food for her feverish curiosity.

IV.

The person of Dumas *fils* is one of the strangest and worthiest of study that a literary portrait painter may desire. At first sight it is the Dumas of the photographs, which we all know: very tall, stout, but not fat, though with something of a stomach; on the contrary, of a rather lean and agile figure, put in evidence by a military bearing, a large head, bald in front, with a thick crown of grizzled curly gray hair standing straight back as if blown by the wind; the lines of the dark earthy face are regular but bold; the eyes large, cold and clear, with a look that has the effect of an interrogation by a prejudiced judge. In features he somewhat resembles his father, except in the expression of the eyes, which is less benignant (one might say not at all so), and in the outline, which is more elongated. He dresses carelessly, like the author of "Monte Cristo."

This is Dumas at first sight. He changes altogether when he opens his mouth; his first smile produces a true miracle. "Heavens," I exclaimed to myself, "he is a negro!" All the lower part of the face, the protuberance of the lips, the teeth, the chin, are absolutely negro: any one not knowing that black

blood had entered his family would guess it at once. It is not only in the lower part of the face: there is something in the elongated form of the bust, in the structure of the legs, and above all in the attitudes, in the manner of extending and contracting himself, and in a certain strange loose-jointedness of the whole person, which recalls in the most singular manner the motions and the feline postures of the negro race. He reminded me of a mulatto officer of the Spahis, whom I had seen at the Exposition, stretched on a restaurant bench. His voice, too, has something unexpected, exotic, which astonishes one at the first words, like a voice intentionally altered. His whole person, except his very small feet, has something rude and austere in it, implying a man much better practiced in bodily hardships than in mental fatigues. The genius is all in the broad, arched forehead, and in those terrible great gray eyes, which by a single look seem to have perfectly examined, weighed, and judged your brain and your heart, and what is worse, without allowing the sentence to be guessed.

Even stranger than his look is his laugh, or rather his laughter. I had justly been told that he has kept his boy-of-fifteen laugh, if not precisely in the expression of his face, at least in the manner of it. Suddenly from a reserved and imperious gravity he breaks forth in a burst of laughter, as if he had heard the silliest absurdity; and while laughing he shrugs his shoulders, bends his back, and stops his mouth with his hand, as boys do so as not to be noticed by the teacher; then suddenly he composes his face, like a pupil caught in mischief. He uses decided and energetic gestures, as if he were marking the cadences of certain striking sentences in the principal scenes of his dramas; he brusquely interrupts his gesticulations to thrust his hands in his pockets, as if displeased at using them too much.

Altogether he is a strange person, a curious medley of artist and cavalry colonel, attorney-general and gentleman *sans façons*, youth and old man, Parisian and African, who, once seen, arouses no less curiosity than one had before seeing him, and leaves one very uncertain as to the sentiment he inspires.

V.

And his manner of conversing? It is difficult to describe it. It is necessary to imagine a mind open on a thousand sides,

Alexandre Dumas, Jr.

that seizes instantly every idea of its own or others with a feverish eagerness to base a discussion upon them, or at least a momentary contrast of feeling and opinion if nothing else is possible; which on the most casual subject will form a judgment that strikes the imagination and fixes itself in the memory; which at every passing sentiment expressed by others, stops to probe itself and is not satisfied until it has refuted them; which notes everything, interests itself in everything, and turns over and over endlessly all ideas, with a sort of anxious curiosity, as if it suspected in each one of them a hidden treasure of other ideas it was to be robbed of; which on every subject has ready a new and entertaining anecdote, fished out of an immense sea of infinitely diversified recollections of people and occurrences; which passes from one question to another, touching rapidly at the same time a dozen others, as a musician does the keys of a piano, and says on each one a word that makes a thousand impatient questions rise to one's lips.

For example, from exposition of a possible novel of his on Jesus Christ, interspersed with interminable quotations from the evangelists, the apostolic epistles, the Bible, the holy fathers, and the sacred books of India, he jumps to arguing about Alsace and Lorraine, and to sketching with masterly strokes a queer caricature of Prince Bismarck; this leads him to make a fantastic prophecy on the future of the Hebrew people, after having dismissed in five sentences his political changes; from this he goes on to sweep lightly aside a question of phrenology; and then to riddle with epigrams Rochefort's letter, portraying Leon Gambetta by the way; who recalls the Academy, the remembrance of which gives him an opening to define with a few profound and ornate words the art of Renan's style; he follows this with a minute technical comparison between Meissonier's painting and Dupré's, hastening on to a philosophical question, and again relapsing into politics. And all this inside of an hour, uttered in decisive and incisive phrases, sparkling propositions, which seem to shoot from his mouth, linked together like a steel chain; interrupted only from time to time by one of those strange peals of laughter, which dies suddenly as if silenced by a shot, and accompanied by a continuous and furious rummaging of tongs in the fireplace, raising a cloud of ashes and sparks at every sentence.

But how the irresistibly dramatic genius reveals itself in every reasoning! While he was explaining the plot of his novel on Jesus Christ, for which he was obliged to quote personages, events, and judgments, everything became a dialogue and a drama in his discourse; he spoke of everything as if he had seen and felt it; he discussed the persons with a most curious tone of familiarity, as if he had lived among them, and had first and alone discovered no end of secrets in them all; and he supported his judgments by subtle and cunning psychological observations on each character, putting his finger to his eye as if to say, "I have guessed it all." It is obvious that these events attract him more as a great drama than as a great problem. At bottom his idea is that of Strauss, though based on reasonings he believes to be his own; and this means that he is already very far from the profession of faith he made in the *Homme femme*, and that all the influence of his friend Dupanloup has vanished from his mind.

This should cause no astonishment; for his mind advances, recedes, wavers, is ever in motion like his body, and changes continually like his face. He says himself that he has need of that ceaseless labor of the brain, because intellectual inertia throws him immediately into melancholy. When he remains silent for a while, the expression of his face shows that he is ruminating in thought, that he is seeking something to discuss and pull to pieces, and is growing impatient at not finding it. A hundred different expressions pass over his brow and his eyes even during a brief conversation: first he is serène, then sad, then serene again, then choleric, then thoughtful and anxious: he resembles the sky of Holland on an autumn day. When he is cheerful, an underlying melancholy is seen through his cheerfulness; yet he is never so sad but that it may be seen his sadness will be of short duration. For this reason some uncertainty is felt when with him: you are not exactly sure which of the many Dumases that appear on his face from time to time, and vanish, you have to deal with. He does not remain in a state of repose for five minutes: he crosses his arms on his breast, unfolds them to pass his hand over his forehead, interlaces his fingers on the top of his head, worries his thumbs with his nails and his teeth, embraces now one knee and now the other, and stretches and twists himself, continually turning to the right and the left as if persecuted by a swarm of invisible wasps. Every thought that starts in his

brain gives him a shock, like an electric spark, which forces him to change his position. It seems that the sharp epigram, the daring sentence, the paradox, the brutal phrase with which he unmasks the base interest that skulks behind gracious sentiment, answer to one of his physical needs, rather than are the sincere expression of his thought and his soul ; and that speaking in that form may be for him a desired means of letting out some dull irritation of the blood, not his nature but a malady of his, which he would throw off better, if he could, by breaking and crumbling everything that comes into his hands.

He quiets down a little when taking one to see his picture-gallery. Standing before the landscapes he prefers, with his left elbow in his right hand and the other on his chin, uttering the fancies awakened in his mind by certain dark horizons of solitary fields lashed by the wind, he seemed another Dumas : once more his face calmed, his voice sweetened, and his words, instead of hurtling forth, flowed smoothly. He specially softened, and his aspect was almost transformed, while speaking of the noble and modest character of a painter friend, of great genius and frank ways, simple-hearted as a child, full of spirit and enthusiasm, and yet timid, unconscious of his worth, quick to admire everything and everybody, good and gentle as a saint in every action and in every word ; — the delicacy of expression, the brotherly sweetness of the smile, with which Dumas depicted his nature and his life, cannot be told. Still talking, he went from one hall to another, ascended and descended the winding staircases, which were carpeted, took down pictures, and moved furniture to show some canvases badly hung ; walking continually with rapid steps, bending and rising with the vigorous quickness of a gymnast, and making before each picture a piercing and picturesque comment, which described it and judged it. Meantime I whispered to the friend who accompanied me, " It seems to me I have seen ten Dumases," and he answered, " You would see thirty if you stayed with him all day." Then we descended again into the midst of books, where he resumed his conversation, vaulting from art to politics, religion, history, arguing with the thrusts of a master of fence, and rubbing his hands and his head with his wonted excitement ; then suddenly appeared the eleventh Dumas, the most genial and the most artistic of all.

The conversation turned upon his Jeannine, the only daughter who remained at home with him; the elder, Colette, having married a short time before. Miss Jeannine is thirteen, and has grown over six inches in one year. Dumas became really lovable when he began to describe, as he alone can describe, that dear big baby, prematurely born, and remaining so delicate, that in the first months of her growth she drooped every way like a blossom bent by the wind, that bud of a blond little head perpetually dangling over on one shoulder because of the tenuity of her neck; so that her father had to raise her every moment like an affectionate gardener, and set her straight against the back of a chair, caressing her under the chin. Then he began to relate all the miracles of her intellectual precocity — her comical answers, her little womanly reasonings, and certain bursts of childish eloquence against the sadness of the world — with such loving grace of accent and gesture, that it seemed strange that he himself should be that pitiless anatomist of the human soul who imagined the perfidy of "Claude's Wife" and the rotten soul of the Duke of Septmonts.

All at once he ceased speaking, and on his face shone the sweetest of his African smiles. I turned and saw the goddess of the household: dressed wholly in bright red, so tall and so slight that a breath might sway her, with a small baby face, gracious and smiling, with certain swallow-like motions of the head, and a voice that resembled the murmur of a rivulet; — a little sketch of a young lady, in a word, all fragrant with infancy still, tall and slender like an ode in quinary verses: her father even introduced her as a poem. She is in truth his love and his other self. She fills his house with the scarlet flutter of her dainty garments and with her schoolgirl chatter, and thus moderates the tormenting restlessness of his spirit, too keen a contemplator of the sad truths of life. Perhaps we have owed her or shall owe her some beautiful scene of comedy or some beautiful page of romance, written on that great green table, to the echo of her voice. Even should this not be so, at least we shall owe her this pleasure: to be able to put a rose-colored scumbling on the portrait of her father.

Augier.

Émile Augier is a singular contrast to Alexandre Dumas, Jr. The former is altogether French ; in fact, genuinely Parisian, even in appearance. He also is tall, though a little less so than Dumas ; he has the vigorous elegant presence of a gentleman of military training, and a Henry IV. head ; he is handsome, cheerful, kind, even-tempered, and he carries his celebrity not as a mantle but as a flower in his button-hole. He is no longer now the quondam Augier ; not because he has grown old very much, but because he has grown quiet. Those who knew him in his prime, when he had a head of beautiful black curly hair and rosy cheeks, say that he was truly an enticing man ; of a disposition not only cheerful but joyful ; a happy and abounding nature, full of that charming youthful audacity which instead of offending, fascinates, because it is born not from pride, but from exuberance of life and contentment. They say he was the Francis I. of literature — a valiant soul, brilliant and loving ; an admirable mixture, as was said of his comedies, *d'esprit et d'âme, d'émotion et de gaîté ;* loved by his friends, worshiped by women, a favorite with the great, sought and feasted everywhere and by every one ; wherever he appeared, he carried with him a warm breath of youthfulness and of pleasure, and he passed his life in the midst of applause, laughter, kisses, honor, envy, towering and dominating all with the sturdy nature of a benevolent colossus, so high that he was able to stride through all the pleasures and miseries of life, and always kept his mind on art.

At length he disappeared from the feast, and became the most self-contained and home-loving of the dramatic poets. He whom we now see is another Augier, in whom the former is still seen, but vaguely, like certain luminous scenes of the theater back of those thin curtains which suddenly descend on the scenic stage, transporting the spectators from the tumult of a ballroom to the silence of a private house. To see him now in his beautiful parlor on the Rue de Clichy, sunk in a large easy-chair, carelessly dressed, stout, with his large bald head and ruddy face, his eyes somewhat sunk and full of gentle peacefulness, with that benevolently mocking smile, and those large indolent gestures, he has the appearance of a worthy rich

bourgeois, a good father of a family who has settled all his children honorably, and has no further part to play in the world than that of a satisfied spectator. But beneath that contented quiet, power may still be divined; and it is obvious at once that his satisfaction is not that of a secretary grown old in the service, but rather the repose of a general somewhat knocked out by his campaigns, but ready to jump on horseback again if necessity presents itself, or the mood seizes him.

Yet notwithstanding his fine head, there is a something in his appearance that does not entirely correspond with the image we have formed of Augier. It is he, but not altogether. One seeing him would not ascribe to him the great passages in the drama of "Diane," the terrible outbursts of passion in "Paul Forestier," the harrowing despair of Pommeau in the "Poor Lions," and those damned souls of D'Estrigaud and Olympe, and all those mighty scenes that make you shiver in your very bones, and at the same time arouse and compress a wave of passionate weeping in the heart. It seems as if another Augier hidden in him, who leaps up and manifests himself only on great occasions, must have written them. What are intelligible at once from his face are Poirier, Maréchal, Fourchambault, Adolphe de Beaubourg, Gabrielle's husband, the Adventuress' brother; his fathers of families, good honest men at heart, though with consciences that gnaw; his young knights, who wish to enlist in the zouaves when they discover a stain in their families; his rich girls who seek poor men's love; the affectionate and devoted Pylades' of his imprudent Orestes'; and also the loving and patient care with which he has chiseled his dialogues, so exquisitely argued and so purely French; his fine, clear, easy distichs; that pure vein of poetry that makes itself felt without being seen; the good sense—in a word, the good taste and the good verses, as they told him at the Academy; and that atmosphere of honesty, goodness, and gentleness which breathes from one end to the other of his comedies, be they gay, sad, or terrible, and which comforts the heart, like an echo of subdued music that reaches the ear at the same time as the words of the personages.

That beautiful and as it were familiar spontaneity, which is present in his poetry, is also found in his disposition and his manners. One cannot imagine a more friendly grace than his in receiving strangers. It would be perfectly natural, after having for the first time spent a quarter of an hour with him,

to say to the first person you met, "I have just been with my friend Augier." Haughtiness would be only a natural sentiment in him; but to find it in him, as his intimate friends say, you would have to fish for it with the right sort of hook in the depth of his soul, under a wealth of good nature and indulgence. While hearing him talk so peacefully, like a good host, of a thousand little household matters, turning at every moment to ask the opinion of his wife, — who is still beautiful, with a mild and loving beauty, though somewhat younger than he, — the world would never believe that this honest, prudent householder wears around his head the most difficult, the most envied, the most fiercely and persistently sought for halo in the immense field of art. He loves the peace of his own home, his own good comforts, and as he said in his beautiful poem "Les Pariétaires" [The Pellitory]: —

> "A hearth where the crackling broom is alight,
> Your beer and your pipe, and, far better than that,
> The friends that you love, and with whom you can chat
> With your feet on the fender, far into the night;"

and little suppers without noise, Rossini's music, Watteau's landscapes, good receipts after good successes; and doubtless glory too, but afar, without the smoke and the clamor afflicting his senses. The comedies he wrote each in collaboration with some friend he imagined and discussed almost always by the fireside, with his feet on the fender, satisfied to see through the window the neighboring house-roof laden with snow. In the evening, while the theaters of Paris, Vienna, Rome, London, and Madrid resound all at once, as not seldom happens, with the applause provoked by his creations, he is there in his corner, wrapped in a loose jacket, blissfully playing cards with "Madame Émile Augier," and becoming excited at critical moments, as if he were impersonating the parts in a comic act after the manner of Ulisse Barbieri. All his tastes are very simple and uniform. Until two years ago he had a passion for pipes, and he possessed a large collection, which he lovingly darkened all at once, by means of a wisely systematic distribution of his cares.

But though he seems thus all household, and very heedless of his glory, he yet appreciates intensely the testimonials of admiration from the humblest, and prefers precisely that satisfaction of self-love to which he would seem most indifferent.

A ten-year-old girl cheered him for a whole evening by saying ingenuously, "Do you know, Père Augier, Maître Guerin pleases me very much;" and the look of curiosity and good-will in the eyes of the stranger who sees him for the first time, makes his eyes shine with benevolence, and with the gladness of an artist of twenty flattered by his first praises. You should see with what complacency, as if it were an extraordinary thing for him, he shows the album of photographs of the "Fourchambaults," sent to him by Pietriboni, and which he keeps on a stand in his parlor: "These are fine leading actors," he said; "in France they hiss me instead, as at Lyons," — but the hissing at Lyons could not have troubled in the least his highly placid slumbers. He has the appearance of a man who has never felt certain discomforts, because of a sort of indolence of spirit, which will not let itself be incommoded by either joy or grief. A voluptuous laziness is the basis of his nature.

This is a strange thing to say, when there are eight volumes of comedy, in each of which are condensed eight romances, and all of which bear the imprint of most accurate labor in construction and style. Yet it is true: he is not a worker by instinct. Every one of his theatrical productions has stood for a gigantic effort of will in opposition to his nature; — so that even in the time of his greatest literary fertility he was always obliged, in order to succeed in making a comedy, to catch on the wing the most favorable moment, cling to it with all his strength, trembling lest it fly from him, and from that moment bend his back to the task until the end, without stopping night or day for months and months, eating on the jump, seeing no one and hearing no one, like a recluse or a maniac; because he knew to a certainty that the wrench he would be obliged to give himself to come back to his work after a single day of rest would be beyond his strength. "To be able to make a comedy," he says, "I have always had to bury myself in it." He tired himself, but when tired, tobacco and music toned him up. Stretched on a sofa with his head leaning against the back, and his glance wandering beyond the clouds of smoke, while his sisters in the adjoining room were playing on the piano his favorite music, — thus, in a state, so to speak, of semi-intoxication and abandon, he fancied the finest scenes of "Giboyer's Son" and of "The Touchstone"; and when he felt the idea matured, he would spring to a table and remain there half a day at a time without lifting his head. When he had

finished, he abandoned himself for months to a beatific laziness not disturbed even by the reading of the newspapers, and to the pleasure of aimless walks and capricious interminable talks with intimate friends, and sought continually to cheat himself into the belief that this paradise might last forever; the idea of being obliged to return sooner or later to the fetters of art dismayed him.

In other respects his manner of working was injurious, especially to his eyes; so much so that now he can work only early in the morning, and for no longer than two hours at a time. "Nevertheless," he says, "try to work even two hours only, but consecutively, and every day without fail, and you will be surprised how much you have accomplished at the end of a month. A large part of the work done in these great rushes is lost; while what you do in two hours with a fresh mind is all work that remains."

But even in times gone by, during those long uninterrupted fatigues, he always had a quiet and in reality composed manner of working. He has done violence to his nerves rather than to his genius. *Ne forçons pas notre talent*, is the maxim to which he has always held. When writing a comedy, it has never occurred to him to do better than in the past at any price, as many set themselves to do; but simply to do well, without stimulating himself with comparisons that often disturb and mislead. He never wished to attack his subject with a fierce assault; but little by little, thus: first lending ear to the scattered and uncertain sounds of inspiration, which are as a distant prelude of the work; slowly revolving in mind the still confused idea, to uncover all its phases one by one; rewriting again and again the difficult passages, without losing patience at the useless experiments; struggling to keep his mind serene as possible, even when his soul was agitated; and never venturing into the dangerous and vital part of his work until he had conscientiously prepared all the means necessary to success, — "the quiet contemplation of the fitting argument," as Manzoni said. Thus he never made many corrections, because before writing he had always revolved again and again in his mind the idea, the phrase, and the word.

But in the course of his work, he confesses, his most powerful stimulus has always been the infinite satisfaction he would have in finishing it. He often jests in a pleasant way about his laziness. He passed fifty years of his life, for example,

without ever having seen a sunrise. Finally he said to himself one day, "I cannot remain in this condition. I am growing old. To die without having seen a sight of which so many marvels are related would be a shame. I must see a sunrise." And he began to take steps toward procuring himself this pleasure. But he was continually unfortunate. He climbed Mt. Righi twice, and twice found there a thick mist; he arose early in the country and was driven back to the house by the rain; he stood sentinel many times as a National Guard in the Bois de Boulogne, during the siege, in the early hours of the morning, and it always happened that there was a Good Friday sky. He began to despair of success, and he was grieved by it and ashamed of it. Finally, a few weeks ago, while traveling on the railroad, he saw a sunrise for the first time. *C'était joli, en effet;* but it must be said he earned it. He burlesques this laziness not a little sometimes. I laughed heartily at the compassionate look he gave to a friend, who exclaimed enthusiastically, "Ah, work is joy, it is life!" and at the comical accent with which he asked him, "But — do you say that seriously?"

Certainly the tendency to sweet idleness he had as a youth has increased with years. There are some who believe that he has no longer written comedies in verse for some time past, for no other reason than to avoid the fatigue of "dir le cose per rima," as Dante says; he wrote "Paul Forestier" in verse only to veil with poetry the boldness of the great scene in the third act between Leah and her lover. After having written in verse nine splendid comedies, to which principally he owes his literary glory, he believes now it is better to write in prose. To a friend who announced a desire to write a comedy in verse, "No, no," he said, with an expression of annoyance, as if he had been obliged to find the rhymes for it himself, "put it in prose: one is much freer, you see." But whatever may be the reason for this change of taste, it is undoubtedly true that he feels himself tired, if not grown old in genius; and that he has no longer the impetuous inspiration of youth, and that actual need of the mind and the heart, the force which impels him to create. For several years past, at every comedy he has written, he has said it would be his last; and he began to write "The Fourchambaults" immediately after one of these solemn declarations. "What!" asked a friend who had caught him in the act, with the draft of the early scenes in his hands, "do

you mean to say you are at it again?" He answered: "Great Heavens! what would you have? Expenses keep increasing."

Even to his dearest friends he seldom speaks of his intimate artistic motives; not from disdain, but because it is naturally repugnant to him to speak of himself and his own affairs like matters of state. And this repugnance "to serve one's own soul on the table," as Balzac said, is seen in his lyrics, in which can very rarely be found a verse that sheds the least light on his character and his life, with the exception of the love poems, and even those have nothing profoundly individual in them. It is manifested also in the fact that of all French dramatic authors, he is the one who has written the fewest prefaces, and from whom the editors of his complete dramatic works, however much they have tormented him, have never succeeded in tearing a scrap of prose to fasten to his first volume. The same is true of his autographs and his biographies. To a newspaper editor who asked him for an autograph for his illustrated paper, he wrote: "I am not well. Cordially yours;" and to some one who asked him for information to write his biography, he answered: "I was born in such a place. I am so many years old. Nothing extraordinary has ever happened to me." Not even his most intimate friends have ever succeeded in satisfying their curiosity to know for which comedy he felt the most fatherly tenderness, although they have reason to suppose that it is "The Adventuress," the first comedy in which he revealed his mature genius and his self-confidence: a comedy entirely his, brilliant with life from beginning to end, and clothed in the freshest poetry; which, if it had not at first a success equal to "La Cigüe," because presented a few days after the events of February 1848, was what raised his name so high and opened the door of the Academy to him.

He does not even speak of literature in general unless compelled; and his friends affirm that one who does not know him might travel three days with him, without hearing from his lips a single word which would give the faintest suspicion of who he was. If absolutely dragged into speaking about art, he does so in a perfectly individual manner, with a sort of practical language, homespun, like a workman talking about his trade. One may be sure he does not recite little prepared speeches as Gustave Flaubert did; and he takes no high tone to demonstrate to a contradicter that the theater answers to an instinct of mankind: "O good Lord! Look at babies

two years old who can't speak yet, and they act a comedy with two pieces of wood." And then he changes the subject.

He is no longer the ardent, fluent speaker of former times; he does little more than listen, and when he has to say something, if he can get off with half a word or an expressive gesture he seems very well satisfied. Only from time to time, once or twice in the evening, little by little, he grows animated enough to unfold an anecdote, and then he reveals a lively sense of humor, Molièrian, broad and of good vein, sustained by a good chest laugh, rich and pleasant to hear, and by a fine round bass-baritone voice, which fills the hall; and in the warmth of the discourse, gesticulating like an excited actor, he raises his strong, noble, artistic face, in a way that seems to revive the old-time Augier, when he declaimed at the Academy that passionate vindication of Lamartine. Then he turns away, sinks in his easy-chair, and buries himself in silence; and to see him thus silent, when he passes his aristocratic hand over his bald head, with eyes fixed meantime and vaguely smiling, it is clear that the tumultuous stages of his first representation, the triumph of the full theater, the superb loves, and all the intoxicating adventures of his princely youth, are passing through his mind.

Yet even in the little he says, with that appearance of carelessness as if talking fatigued him, there is the charm that is found in the dialogues of his comedies: every word has a value, the least thing is expressed in exact and logical fashion, which reveals his habit of condensing speech to make the action more rapid. It was amusing, for example, to hear with what brevity and with what efficaciousness of terms he described concisely, one by one, the actors who were soon to represent at the Gymnase his "Olympia's Marriage," among them the leading actress, *une drôle de petite tête mauvaise*, made up expressly to take the part of that serpent the Countess de Puygiron, who poisons the air where she passes: for him the actor must be physically the exact personage he has to represent, and *l'enveloppe physique* is equivalent to half the genius. In vain too is he affable and kindly; none the less is it evident that in old times the one he chose to transfix with the point of an epigram must have had a hard time of it. He still displays some gleam of the potent satirical spirit which inspired his *La langue*, that string of most biting counsels to a lawyer, to whom he promises France if he succeeds in speaking four hours without stopping

to spit. But it is very rarely that he takes advantage of it, and with parsimony. He never speaks ill of any one, and is always ready to praise. I heard him eulogize warmly, with an accent of irresistible sincerity, the genius of Sardou; and I did not hear him express a roughly unfavorable judgment even on the most inept embellishers of stolen situations. It is said that he formerly denounced Victor Hugo somewhat for his turgid rhetoric (and it is not a matter of surprise in a writer like himself, of finished taste and rigorous logic): but that did not prevent him from dedicating to the author of "Les Orientales" a most gracious poem, in which, speaking of the relation of the poet to the muse, he says among other things, *qu'il lui fait un enfant chaque fois* (as we say) *qu'il l'embrasse* [that he begets a child on her every time he embraces her]; a poem remaining unpublished, evidently, on account of that embrace.

The only one with whom he is rather at swords' points is Alexandre Dumas, his sole rival of his own stature: but he punctures him with a certain paternal benevolence that just gives an agreeable savor to his jokes; they pass around from friend to friend till they land on that green table-cover littered with goose-quills, from which they return to the sender by the same road, turned against him with an elegance easily imaginable. At bottom each regards the other with a certain kind compassion, as *un bon enfant*, a youth of genius, who gives promise, and will accomplish something if he sets to work with purpose. Dumas perhaps laughs a little at the "prudence" of Augier, and Augier at the freaks of Dumas: that is all. The vast public, however, has the greater sympathy for Augier, who never grows sour with it, and does not show it the horns of pride, and who has a universal reputation for kindness and placidity. And Dumas has experienced this several times: for example, at the first representation of "The Fourchambaults," at which he was present in a box, in the midst of many people who applauded to spite him; so that he finally lost patience, and said in a loud voice to Director Perrin, who was passing, "Well, M. Perrin! what a noble success we are giving M. Augier, aren't we?" And then, going out, "Art is decidedly easier for everybody else than for me." There is no real rancor between them, however, nor can there be at the height they have both reached on the measureless mountain of art.

Comparisons are of no service. One thing alone can be said without hesitation : that Augier is more purely and more spontaneously a dramatic poet. He was born for the theater, he has lived only for the theater ; he would perhaps have imagined comedies had he never written them, had he been born in a *duar* of Barbary or a village of remotest Siberia. All the powers of his genius and of his soul spurred him on to dramatic poetry, and he would have become illustrious in it, even employing slighter force of will than he has employed. He is not highly cultured ; he has studied little, but to the best advantage. He has devoted himself to his limited studies with eagerness and with exquisite discernment, in a single direction, with a single purpose, avoiding that immense variety of hurried reading which oppresses the mind without leaving an imprint on it ; leaving aside all he was certain of not being able to assimilate so as to turn it into blood. Three things stood before him above all : to live — and he has lived intensely in all classes of society; to know the modern theater — and he has absorbed it ; to acquire a mastery of literary language and to manage familiar speech surpassingly — and it is needless to say whether he has succeeded.

Outside these bounds he has made little headway. I do not believe he is acquainted with the classics except hazily, despite his translation of Horace and his imitation of Alcæus ; perhaps that Swiss critic was right, who, to defend Augier from the accusation of having copied Plautus, said it was impossible he should have read him. Thus, so different from many others, apart from literature he has not cared to pick up knowledge merely to wear it on his head like the plumes of horses in a parade ; he has always had a sovereign contempt for second-hand erudition, and has never let himself be tempted to introduce in his comedies one of those musty personages full of pretension, whose sole object is to make the public understand that the author has made serious studies. All he has placed on the stage is intimately his own, honestly acquired and thoroughly digested. He is nothing else than a great dramatic author, and he became such principally by acting in the spirit of the fine sentence found in his poem dedicated to Ponsard : " Immortality is gained by meditating on beauty." He has never occupied himself with anything else.

He is one of the very few Frenchmen, for example, — he says so himself, — who never loved politics ; a science which he is tempted to put in the first order of inexact sciences, between

alchemy and judicial astrology, so many times have events given the lie to his fairest calculations and his most opposite principles. Once he did interest himself in it, nevertheless; but merely for his ends as a dramatic author. He set his foot once on the threshold of public life to study the mechanism and the work of the institutions of the State, as a painter frequents the clinic to learn anatomy; and it left a strong taste for social medicine in him, but without causing him to push the study farther than was necessary for his art. However, his genius is so firm, so well balanced in its different faculties, so largely founded on good sense, — on that good sense of the man of genius which, as Lamennais said, must not be confounded with that of door-keepers, — that in whatever direction it had been exerted it would have shown good results. His one political screed bears witness to this: that brief study on the electoral question which he published in 1864, to propose the mixed suffrage; a few pages, in which, whatever may be the worth of his idea, there is such a clear understanding of the subject and of all sides of the question, a reasoning of so close a texture, and so wise an excluding of even the least intrusion of his artistic faculties, — an intrusion which in the social writings of Dumas increases the charm, but takes away from the moral efficacy, — as to cause whoever does not know the author to believe him a thorough politician and administrator, who has never made a verse in his life.

And this high good sense, this wonderful harmony of the imagination and the reasoning powers, of the poetical sentiment and the experience of life, which is revealed in his literary works, is also revealed in all his actions and in all his words. He loses nothing in being known at home after having been applauded at the theater. You find him sensible and poetical, strong and affectionate, profound and simple in everything. He has no sons; but he has a circle of nephews, who love him and caress him as a father, and who treat him with a mixture of familiarity, reverence, gayety, and artistic awe, most charming to see. He owns a villa at Croissy, near Chatou, in a place where he had the first house built and the first tree planted; in recognition of this, his name has been given to one of the streets; to say Émile Augier among the people of that region is as much as to say the father of the country and the king of the stage. Near his villa are those of his sisters. When he has a comedy to write, or a scene to look over for a *ripresa*, he

escapes from Paris with his portfolio and goes to take refuge in his quiet little mansion, which is reflected in the Seine, opposite an ancient castle of Du Barry. From there between the acts he takes a run into the house of his nephews, who joyfully hail him from the terrace every time he appears, like a throng of applauding admirers from the balconies of a theater. In this throng there are two young ladies of sixteen; Paul Déroulède, author of the famous "Soldier's Songs"; a captain of artillery decorated with a medal for bravery; and a youth, Guiard, who will perhaps be a glory of the French theater, — a group of fine persons, fine souls, and fine geniuses. Augier, it is understood, has a great sympathy for his Paul, who has risen to distinction at a bound with fifty editions of a small volume of lyrics. The day when his "Chants du Soldat" were published, he said to him: "Bravo, Paul! Now thou art no longer my nephew." Yet, partly out of affection and partly to be surer of what they were, he would have liked a glance at the manuscripts before their publication. "But how is it possible?" said the nephew. "Suppose that he should say to me, 'Change this,' and I should not be persuaded of it, how could I say no — to an uncle who is called Émile at Croissy, true enough, but who is called Augier at Paris?"

The cordial and brilliant festivity of those family dinners on the ground-floor of the villa Déroulède, where in the midst of that beautiful circle of youthful heads reigns *l'oncle*, — that *oncle*, — cannot be imagined; especially on the anniversaries of his great dramatic triumphs, which his nephews celebrate with a short comedy written for the occasion by the poet of the "Moabite." During the whole evening there is the liveliest interchange of wit, pleasing anecdotes, and useful and beautiful discussions, in which are mingled with the glorious memories of the uncle the glorious hopes of the nephews; and it seems that with the sound of the cheerful voices and of the glasses is mingled an echo of the applauses of distant stages, and that between the faces of guest and guest arise the phantoms of Giboyer, Guerin, Fabrice, Gabriella, Philibert, and Poirier; and that behind the window panes may appear at any moment the broad, smiling, benevolent face of Father Molière. It is indeed an amiable and admirable family, which causes you to bless a thousand times those few pages bathed with perspiration and with tears, that give you the pleasure of being received there as a friend.

THE UNDIVINE COMEDY.

By SIGISMUND KRASINSKI.

(Translated by Martha Walker Cook; used by permission of the author's heirs and the J. B. Lippincott Co.)

[SIGISMUND KRASINSKI, one of the three greatest Polish poets of the century, — the other two being Slowacki and Mickiewicz, — was born at Paris, February 19, 1812, his father being one of Napoleon's adjutants; his mother was a princess of the Radzivill house. After Napoleon's abdication his father returned to Warsaw, where the household was a leading center of public and literary men, and the boy was highly educated. Precociously literary, he wrote novels in Scott's manner at fourteen; but was put to the study of law. His father held firmly to the Russian interest, voted for the condemnation of the Polish conspirators of 1825 against every other Polish member of the tribunal, and was eventually made governor of Poland; the son held the act in horror, but was so torn between patriotism and desire not to distress his father that he would never counsel armed resistance to either of the partitioning powers, though regarded as the chief inspirer of nationalism, and the possession of his works in Russia made high treason. That he could issue them at all was due to his delicate health making it impossible for him to stay in the harsh climate of Poland, and he lived mostly in France and Italy. Moreover, he published all his works anonymously. The Czar tried to win him over to the Russian side by offering him congenial government posts, and he spent the winter of 1832–33 in St. Petersburg, where he met his wife, but he soon escaped to Vienna on plea of health and eyesight. Turned to poetry by Mickiewicz, he issued his first poem, "Agay Han," in 1833; and the same year, in Rome, he wrote his splendid "Undivine Comedy," one of his two greatest works, in which he predicts that the victory of the new democracy over the old aristocracy will be hollow and futile, and that Christianity must furnish the final solution. In Rome also was written the other great dramatic epic, "Iridion," of pagan Rome under the Cæsars and the uprising of Greece, who reject the Christianity which alone can save them. He also wrote several works in impassioned prose: as "Temptation" and "Summer Night" (1841). In 1843 he wrote a series of *canzone* called "The Dawn," to urge the revival of the moral principles of the national past, and in 1845 and 1848 his three great "Psalms" in praise of self-devotion. He died in Paris, February 24, 1859.]

INVOCATION TO POETRY.

STARS circle round thy head, and at thy feet
Surges the sea, upon whose hurrying waves
A Rainbow glides before thee, cleaving the clouds!
Whate'er thou look'st upon is thine! Coasts, ships,
Men, mountains, cities, all belong to thee!
Master of Heaven as earth, it seems as naught
Could equal thee in glory!

To ears which heed thy lays, thou givest joys,
Raptures ineffable! Thou weavest hearts

Together, then untwin'st them like a wreath,
As wild caprice may guide thy flame-lit fingers!
Thou forcest tears, then driest them with a smile;
Then scar'st away the smile from paling lips,
Perhaps but for a moment, a few hours,
Perhaps for evermore!
But thou! — What dost thou *feel*, and what *create?*
A living stream of beauty flows through thee,
But Beauty thou art not! woe! woe to thee!
The weeping child upon its mother's breast,
The field flower knowing not its perfumed gift,
More merit have before the Lord than thou!

Whence com'st thou, fleeting shadow? to the Light
Still bearing witness, though thou know'st *it* not,
Hast never seen it, nor wilt ever see!
In anger, or in mockery wert thou made?
So full of self-deceit, that thou canst play
The angel to the moment when thou fall'st,
And crawlest like a reptile upon earth,
Stifled in mud, or feeding upon dust!
Thou and the woman have like origin![1]

Alas! thou sufferest, too, although thy pangs
Bring naught to birth, nothing create, nor serve!
The groans of the unfortunate are weighed;
The lowest beggar's sighs counted in Heaven,
Gathered and sung upon celestial harps, —
But thy despair and sighs fall to the earth,
Where Satan gathers them; adds them with joy
To his own lies, illusions, mockeries!
The Lord will yet disown them, as they have
Ever disowned the Lord!

Not that I rise against thee, Poetry,
Mother of Beauty, of ideal Life!
But I must pity him condemned to dwell
Within the limits of these whirling worlds
In dying agonies, or yet to be,
Doomed to sad memories, or prophecies,
Perchance remorse, or vague presentiments, —
Who gives himself to thee! for everywhere
Thou ruinest wholly those who consecrate
Themselves, with all they are, to thee alone,
Who solely live the voices of thy glory!

[1] Imaginative and emotional: not working in the world of actuality. — Tr.

Blessed is he in whom thou mak'st thy home,
As God dwelt in the world, concealed, unknown,
But grand and mighty in each separate part;
The unseen God, before whom creatures bow,
And kneeling, cry: "Behold Him! He is here!"
A guiding star, he bears thee on his brow,
And no unfaithful word will sever him
From thy true love! He will love men, and be
A man himself, encircled by his brothers!

From him, who keeps not with thee *perfect faith*,
Betrays thee to the hour, or his own needs,
Devotes thee to man's perishable joys,
Painting the sensual with thy hues divine, —
Thou turn'st away thy face, while scattering
Perchance upon his brow some fading flowers,
Of which he strives to twine a funeral crown,
Spending his life to weave a wreath of death!
He and the woman have one origin!

FIRST PERIOD.

"Of all serious things, marriage is the most comic." — BEAUMARCHAIS.

SCENE I.

Morning. The castle of COUNT HENRY *is seen. The* Guardian Angel *descends.*

Guardian Angel —
Peace upon earth to all men of good will!
Among the created, blessed ever be
The man who has a heart; he may be saved!
Wife, good and pure, reveal thyself to him,
And a fair child be born unto their House! [*Vanishes.*

Chorus of Evil Spirits [*appearing*] —
Rise, specters, phantoms, rise! Hover above,
Surround him!
Thou his first beloved in youth,
Buried but yesterday, come from the grave;
Head them and lead them ever swarming on!
In morning vapors bathe thyself anew;
Wreathe thy dead brow with perfumed buds of spring: —
Thou, his lost love, float on before the Poet!

Rise, Glory, rise! forgotten Eagle kept[1]
For centuries in Hell, well stuffed, preserved,
Descend from thy long-crumbling perch, unfold
Thy wings gigantic, whitened in the sun,
And dazzling wave them round the Poet's head!

Come from our vaults, thou rotting masterpiece
Of Beelzebub! Thou wildering semblance of
An earthly Eden by his pencil sketched;
Get in thy canvas the old rents reglued,
The holes and cracks with varnish all refilled;
Wrapping thyself in webs of rainbow clouds,
Shimmer, unroll, and float before the Poet!
Mountains and seas, wild cliffs and forests dim,
With crimson dawns and golden purpling eves,
Cradle and lull the Poet in vain dreams!
O mother Nature, closely hold thy son!

Scene II.

A village. A church with towers. The Guardian Angel *floats above it.*

Guardian Angel —
If thou wilt keep thy oath, thou shalt my brother be
Before the face of God, our Father!

Scene III.

Interior of the church. Wax lights blaze upon the altar. Many witnesses are standing round it; a Bride *and* Bridegroom *kneel before it.*

A Priest [*giving the nuptial benediction*] —
Remember well my words. . . .
[*The* Bride *and* Groom *rise. The* Groom *kisses the hand of the* Bride *and leads her to a kinsman. All leave the church save the* Groom.

Bridegroom —
I have descended to an earthly marriage,
Because I've found the bride my spirit dreamed.
If I should ever cease to love her, may
God's malediction fall upon my head!

[1] Not the *true* glory of self-sacrifice is here designated, but that of pride and egotism.

Scene IV.

A saloon filled with guests. Music, dancing, lights, and flowers. The Bride, *after waltzing a few turns, accidentally meets the* Bridegroom, *joins him, and rests her head upon his shoulder.*

Bridegroom —

How beautiful art thou in thine exhaustion,
While orange flowers and pearls in soft confusion
Fall through the wavy masses of thy hair!
Oh! thou shalt ever be my song of love!

Bride —

Yes, as my mother taught, my own heart teaches;
I'll ever be to thee a faithful wife! . . .
How many guests are gathered here! How warm
It grows! how wearisome the noise they make!

Bridegroom —

Go, join the dance again, that I may watch
Thee as thou floatest like a spirit round;
Thus have I seen the angels in my dreams!

Bride —

I will if so thy wish; . . . but I am tired,
And my heart throbs. . . .

Bridegroom — *Dearest, I pray thee, go!*

[Music and dancing.

Scene V.

An Evil Spirit appears in the form of a maiden. Midnight. The castle in the distance; a garden and cemetery.

Evil Spirit —

[illegible]

He turns over the garden. —

[illegible]

He walks among the graves —

[illegible]

Under this fallen cross two lustrous eyes
Of heavenly blue lie in their sockets dead,—
To me! to me! the pure and lambent flame
Which filled them once, and glimmered through their lashes!

A hundred torches burn within those bars
To light the worms where kings repose in state;
They buried a young princess there to-day,—
Ye costly robes of snowy satin, come!
Fluttering like downy doves, fly through the grate;
Leave with the dead, undraped, the virgin corpse,
And cling around my scathed and fleshless form!
And now, on! on!

SECOND PERIOD.

Scene I.

Midnight. A sleeping apartment in the castle. A night-lamp stands upon a table, and shines upon the face of the Husband.

The Husband [*dreaming*] —
Ha! whence com'st thou whom I no longer see,—
Will never see again? What weary years!
As water softly flows, so glide thy feet,
Like two white waves of foam!
A holy calm is on thy blessed face;
All I have dreamed or loved unites in thee!
[*Awaking suddenly*] —
Where am I? . . . Ha! I'm sleeping by my wife!
[*Gazing long upon her*] —
That *is* my *wife!*
Ah! once I thought thou wert
My Early Dream, — but there I was deceived:
It has returned. Mary, thou art it not,
Nor like it! Thou art mild, and pure, and good;
But she . . .
My God! what see I there? Am I awake?
The Phantom —
Thou hast betrayed me! [*Vanishes.*
Husband — Gone! Stay! stay, my Dream!
Curst be the hour in which I took a wife,
Deserted and betrayed the love of youth, —
Thought of my thought, myself, soul of my soul!

Wife [*awaking*] —
What is the matter? Breaks the morn so soon?
To-day it is we make our purchases:
Is that the coach already at the door?
Husband —
No! it is far from morning. Go to sleep.
Wife —
I fear that you are ill. I will arise
And get some ether for you.
Husband — Nay, nay: sleep!
Wife —
My darling, tell me what the matter is!
Your voice is changed; your cheeks with fever burn.
Husband [*rising*] —
Air! air! I cannot breathe! For God's sake, sleep!
Mary, I pray you not to follow me. [*Leaves the room.*

Scene II.

The church with its adjoining grave-yard. The Husband *is seen standing in the garden of the house, lighted by the moon.*

Husband —
Aye, since my marriage, I've dozed life away,
Eating and drinking in a lethargy,
And sleeping like a German artisan!
The world around me sleeps in my own image! . . .
We've visited relations; gone to shops;
And for my child, yet to be born, I've sought
A nurse. [*The great bell of the church tower strikes two.*
It is the hour when I was wont to mount
My throne. Back! back to me, my glorious kingdom!
Ye shadowy forms, obedient to my thoughts,
Visions and images of grandeur, grace,
Come, throng around me as in earlier days!
[*He walks up and down, convulsively wringing his hands.*] —
In very truth, my God, dost Thou make marriage?
Dost Thou give consecration to the vows
Binding two beings "until death shall part"?
And hast Thou surely said that naught shall break
The bondage blessed by Thee in highest Heaven,
Even when the souls with constant, violent shocks
Repel each other? When, to advance at all,
They must upon opposing pathways move,
While their two bodies, chained, grow stiff, and freeze

Into two corpses? . . . [*The* Phantom ***suddenly appears.***
Thou here, Beloved? Thou who art mine own,
Oh, take me with thee! If thou'rt but a dream,
A child fantastic of my seething brain, —
Then, child who tempt'st thy father, wait for me
Until I, too, am shadow, — *one* with thee!

Phantom —
When, where I call, wilt swear to follow me?

Husband —
At every moment of my life, I'm thine!

Phantom —
Remember!

Husband — Stay! Melt not like mist away!
If thy dear beauty is above all beauty,
If thought of thee above all other thought, —
Why dost thou vanish like a dream away?
[*A window in the house is opened.*

Voice from the window —
Dear heart, the night is chill; you will take cold.
I fear to stay alone in this vast room;
The curtains sway; the shadows frighten me.
Come back, mine own!

Husband — Yes, Mary, yes. I come. . . .
Vanished the vision! . . . But she will return: —
And then farewell my House, my Garden, Wife,
Created for such things, — but not for me!

Voice from the window —
Henry, for God's sake, come! it grows so cold.

Husband — My child! Must I forsake the child? O God!

Scene III.

A saloon in the castle richly furnished. Candelabra stand upon an open piano, at which the Wife *is seated. A cradle is near it, in which lies a sleeping infant. The* Husband *reclines upon a couch, his face buried in his hands.*

Wife —
I've been to Father Benjamin; he said
He would be here at the appointed hour.

Husband —
Thanks!

Wife — I have also ordered the confections:
The cakes will have George Stanislas upon them.

Husband —
Thanks! Thanks!
Wife — Nay, God be thanked, the rites will soon
Be all complete, and our boy quite a Christian!
The water may be poured upon his head,
And yet, methinks, there may be something lacking.
I hope you have invited all our friends
To see our son baptized.
[*She goes to the cradle and arranges the covering.*] —
Sleep, darling, sleep! What is it troubles thee?
Why dost thou toss the covering off thee so?
So, now, I tuck the cradle quilt around,
And cover thy bare arms. What! off again?
My little baby, canst thou dream so soon?
Lie still, my pretty George! My baby love!
[*Addresses her* Husband]—
I wonder why our infant cannot sleep?
[*Returns to the cradle.*] —
My little George, my darling baby, sleep! [*Sings.*
Husband [*aside*] —
A storm approaches! Heavens, what stifling heat!
There strikes the lightning! *Here* my own heart breaks!
[*The* Wife *seats herself at the piano, strikes a few chords, ceases, and again begins to play, rises suddenly, and stands beside her* Husband.
Wife —
You have not spoken to me once to-day,
Nor yesterday, nor during all this week; —
O God! a month has passed since you've addressed
A word to me, save answering a question:
And all who see me think me so much changed.
Husband [*aside*] —
The hour is on me — cannot be delayed!
[*To his* Wife] —
I do not think so. You look very well.
Wife —
Ah! that is quite indifferent to you;
I think you never hear, nor look at me!
When I come near, you turn your head away,
Or bury deep your face within your hands.
Oh, husband, tell me what I've done amiss!
Oh, that I could divine what is my fault!
I to confession went but yesterday,
Examined my whole soul, probed all my thoughts,
But nothing found which could offend you, Henry.

Husband —
Nor have you me offended.
Wife — Oh, my God!
Husband —
I feel I ought to love you!
Wife — Oh, not that!
I cannot bear those drear words, "ought to love!"
They freeze my very heart, I know not why!
Tell me you do not love me! Truth is best,
If bitter; then I would at once know all!
[*Goes to the cradle and holds up the child.*] —
Forsake him not! Not mine, he is your son!
Oh, let your anger fall on me alone!
Look on your child! our boy! My pretty George!
[*Kneels before him with the infant in her arms.*
Husband [*raising her from the ground*] —
Forget it, Mary! dreams and gloomy hours —
Wife —
It is forgotten! Promise! . . . One word more: . . .
Say that you ne'er will cease to love your son!
Husband —
Nor him, nor you, — I'll love you both, — believe!
[*He kisses her brow. She throws her arms around him; rests her head upon his shoulder. At that moment a loud clap of thunder is heard, followed by wild and melancholy music.*
Wife —
Look! What is that?
[*Presses the child to her bosom; the music ceases.*
Phantom [*entering*] — Hail, my beloved! I come
To bring thee peace and bliss. Throw off thy chains,
The earthly fetters which enslave thee here!
I come from a free world, great, limitless,
Where casts the Past no shadows. I am thine!
Wife —
Mother of God, protect me! Guard my George!
This ghost is ghastly, — pallid as the dead;
The eyes are dying out, — the voice is harsh
As when the death-hearse grides the corpse within the grate!
Husband —
Thy brow is radiant, my Beloved! Thy curls
Are gemmed with sweetest flowers!
Wife — A dismal shroud
For drapery!
Husband — Thy form is streaming light!
Let me but hear thy voice again — then die!

Phantom —

She who impedes thee is but an illusion;
Her life is fleeting as a passing sigh;
Her love, a dying leaf condemned to fall
With myriad other fading, blasted leaves!
But I will live forever.

Wife [*throwing herself into the arms of her* Husband] —

Save me, Henry!
Save yourself! the air is thick with sulphur,
Heavy with vapors from the charnel-house!

Husband —

Blaspheme not, child of clay! Insult her not,
Nor envy! Lo! The ideal in which God
Conceivèd you! You let the Serpent tempt you,
Became what now you are!

Wife — I leave you not!

Husband [*to the* Specter] —

Belovèd, I forsake house, wife, and child
To follow thee! [*He goes.*

Wife — O Henry! Henry! . . . Gone!

[*Falls fainting to the floor with the infant in her arms. The storm without grows wilder.*

Scene IV.

The Baptism. Kinsmen and Guests. Father Benjamin *the priest; Godfather and Godmother; Nurse with the Child in her arms; the sick* Wife *reclining upon a sofa. Relations and Servants in the background.*

First Guest —

I wonder that the Count should not be here.

Second Guest —

He may have been detained; forgotten it,
Absorbed in writing verses, — who can tell?

First Guest —

How pale and tired the young Countess looks!
She speaks to no one, welcomes not her guests.

Third Guest —

This christening reminds me of a ball
I once attended. The host had lost that day
His whole estate at cards; was bankrupt quite,
Yet he continued to receive his guests
With perfect, if despairing, courtesy.

Fourth Guest —

I left my lovely princess, and came here
Expecting a good breakfast, merry company,

But I have only found, as Scripture says,
"Weeping and wailing, gnashing of the teeth!"

Father Benjamin —
George Stanislas, I sign thee with the cross!
Wilt thou receive our Holy Baptism?

Godfather and Godmother —
I will.

A Kinsman — Look! look! the Countess wakens up; —
How her eyes glare! She rises wildly, — moves
As in a dream, — comes slowly toward the priest. . . .

Second Kinsman —
She stretches out her arms toward the child.
What is she murmuring? Poor thing, how pale!
She totters — she will fall! give her your arm!

Father Benjamin —
George Stanislas! Dost thou in truth renounce
The Devil and his works?

Godfather and Godmother — I do renounce them.

First Kinsman —
The Countess tries to speak. Her white lips writhe
And twist . . . her eyes roll. . . . Hush! what does she say?

Countess —
Where is thy father, George, my pretty boy?
[*Lays her hand softly on the head of the infant.*

Father Benjamin —
I pray you let the sacred rite proceed!

Countess —
I bless thee, George! I bless thee, O my child!
Become a Poet, that thy father's love
May cling to thee! that he may leave thee never,
Nor ever drive thee from his changeful heart!

Godmother —
Mary, be calm! You will disturb the priest!

Countess —
George, be a Poet, that thou may'st deserve
Thy father's love! Perchance then he'll forgive
Thy mother, and return —

Father Benjamin — You interrupt
The ceremony, and cause scandal, Countess!

Countess —
I curse thee, George, if thou art not a Poet!

[*Falls to the ground in a fainting fit; the* Attendants *bear her out.*

Guests [*whispering among themselves*] —
What can have happened here? 'Tis very strange!
Come, let us leave the house without delay.

[*During this time the ceremony is completed. The crying infant is replaced in the cradle.*

The Godfather [*standing beside the cradle*] —

George Stanislas, you now have been received
Into the pale of Christianity,
Into the bosom of society.
In after-years, you will be citizen,
And through your parents' training, help of God,
You may become a Statesman, Magistrate!
Remember, you must love your native land;
Know, for your country it is sweet to die!

Scene V.

An enchanting site. Hills and forests, mountains in the distance.

Count Henry —

Lo, all I have so long desired, so sought,
So prayed for, now is almost in my grasp!
I've left behind me far the world of men.
The human pismires there may throng their ant-hills,
Struggle for prey; perish with rage and pain
When it escapes them, — naught is it to me!
I am alone; will crawl with them no more.

Specter [*showing itself and disappearing*]

Come this way! Come! . . .

Scene VI.

Mountains, crags, peaks, and precipices above an angry sea. Clouds, wind, and tempest.

Count Henry —

But where is my beloved? I see her not.
The breath of morn, the song of birds, all gone!
What sudden gusts of wind! How black the sky!
Where am I? Have these mountains any name?
What giddy stairways leading to the sky!
I stand alone upon the highest peak:
What a wild world of ruin lies around!
How soughs and howls the wind up this bleak pass!
Heaven! What abysses yawning at my feet!

Voice of the Specter in the distance —

To me, my best beloved, come to me!

Count Henry —

Where art thou, love? thy voice sounds from afar!

I've climbed the peak, and hang midway in air: —
How can I follow thee through this abyss?

A Voice near him —
Where are thy wings?

Count Henry — Spirit of evil, why
Thus jeer at me? I scorn thee!

Another Voice — What! a soul, —
Thy grand immortal soul, that with a bound
Could leap to Heaven, dreads to cross a chasm!
The quailing wretch implores thy feet to stay.
O valiant soul that longed to scale the infinite,
And cowers before a precipice of earth!
O dauntless soul! O manly heart! Fear conquers thee!

Count Henry —
Appear! take body! something I can seize,
Bend, break, crash, overthrow, — and if I quail,
May I lose what I love for evermore!

The Specter [*from the other side of the abyss*] —
Here, grasp my hand, and swing thyself across!

Count Henry —
What wild and sudden change comes over thee!
The flowers leave thy temples — fall to earth, —
Touching the ground, they turn to reptiles, — run
Like lizards, — crawl and hiss like vipers!

Specter — Haste!

Count Henry —
Great God! the wind tears off thy lustrous robe, —
It hangs in squalid rags!

Specter — Come! linger not!

Count Henry —
The water oozes from thy clammy hair, —
Thy naked bosom grows a skeleton!

Specter —
Come! thou hast sworn to be forever mine!

Count Henry —
Horror! the lightning burneth out thine eyes!

CHORUS OF EVIL SPIRITS.

Thy task is done: return to Hell, old Fiend!
A great proud soul thou hast seduced, undone;
Admired by men, a marvel to itself!
Thou, ruined spirit, follow thy Beloved!

Count Henry —
God! wilt thou damn me thus, because I thought

That my ideal, reflex of Thy Beauty,
Surpassed all other beauty on this earth?
Because I have pursued it, suffered for it,
Until I have become a jest for demons, —
Wilt *Thou* condemn me, God?

An Evil Spirit — Hear, brothers, hear!

Count Henry —

My last hour strikes! Tornadoes sweep the clouds
From Heaven, to plunge them in the angry sea!
Higher and higher rise the hurrying waves;
Soon they must reach me here! The earth heaves, sinks!
Forces unseen drive to the precipice!
Whirlwinds of specters mount my shoulders, drag
Me to the verge —

Evil Spirits — Brothers, rejoice! He comes!

Count Henry —

Useless to combat; vain to struggle more!
The giddy rapture of the abyss attracts:
My brain is reeling to the fatal plunge!
O God! the Enemy is conqueror!

The Guardian Angel *appears floating above the sea.*

Guardian Angel —

Lord, let Thy Peace descend on these mad waves,
And calm this raging sea!
[*To* Count Henry] —
In this same hour baptismal waters pour
On thy pure infant's head. . . . Husband, return
To thy deserted home, and sin no more!
Father, return to thy forsaken child,
And never cease to love him!

Scene VII.

The saloon in the castle in which stands the piano. Count Henry *enters.* Attendants *follow, and* Servants *bring in lights.*

Count Henry —

Where is your lady?

Servant — She is ill, my lord.

Count Henry —

She is not in her room.

Servant — She is not *here.*

Count Henry —

Not here! left home? When did she go away?

Servant —
She did not *go*, my lord: they *carried* her away.
Count Henry —
"She did not go! they carried her away!"
Who? Where? — reply at once!
Servant [*taking flight*] —
The Doctor came; he took her to the mad-house!
Count Henry —
That is not true, — that were too horrible!
Mary, thou hid'st perchance to sport with me;
Perchance to punish me. —
Did he say *mad?*
[*Calls loudly*]
Speak, Mary, speak! Mary! my Mary, come!
I suffer . . . Come to me!
Nothing . . . She is not here! . . . No word of answer!
[*Calls*] —
Jacob! John! Catherine! . . . there's no one here!
The house is deaf, and dumb, and desolate!
Can it be true? . . .
I would not wrong a fly,
Yet I have plunged the heart that trusted me,
The innocent creature whom I swore to love
And guard from evil, into Hell itself:
All whom I breathe upon I blight, — and will
At last destroy myself! Escaped I not
From Hell to do its work, and be on earth
Its burning image for a few short hours?

Upon what pillow lies that saintlike head!
What cries and horrors wound the shrinking ears! —
The shrieks and howls of madmen in their cells,
Chained, scourged, and uttering frightful blasphemies!
Mary, this is the home I've made for thee!

I see her there; her brow so pure and calm
Is wrung with pain — sunk in her little hands!
Her mind is gone astray, in search of me
To wander through the desert — and is mad
With anguish!
A Voice — Poet, thou chant'st a Drama!
Count Henry —
Ha! again my Demon speaks to me.
[*Rushes to the door and opens it violently*] —
Ho! Jacob! my Arabian! Haste! Haste!
My cloak and pistols!

Scene VIII.

A hilly country. A house for the insane, surrounded by a garden. The Wife of the Physician, *with an enormous bunch of keys in her hands, is seen opening a barred door for* Count Henry, *who follows her into a corridor.*

Wife of the Physician —
Perhaps you are a kinsman of the Countess?
Count Henry —
I am her husband's friend; he sent me here.
Wife of the Physician —
There's little hope of her recovery.
I'm sorry that my husband's not at home;
He could have told you all about the case.
Day before yesterday they brought her here
In strong convulsions.
[*Wipes her face*] — Oh, how warm it is!
We've many patients here, but none so ill as she.
We gave two hundred thousand florins for this place;
'Tis healthy, and the mountain views are fine.
Are you impatient, sir, to see the Countess?
Some say the Carbonari came at night
And carried off her husband; others say
It was a woman, — and that crazed her brain:
Are you in haste?

[*She places the key in a heavy door and unlocks it. A room with a grated window, a table, bed, and chair. The* Countess *is lying upon a low couch.*

I beg, sir, you will wait.
Count Henry [*entering*] —
Leave us! I wish to be alone with her.
Wife of the Physician —
My husband will be angry: I must stay.
Count Henry [*closing the door upon her*] —
I wish to be alone: leave me, I tell you!
Voice through the ceiling —
You've chained up God! You've put one God to death
Upon the cross, — I am the other God, —
And I am given to the hangman!
Voice through the floor —
Off to the guillotine with lords and kings!
Through me alone the people can be free!
Voice from the right —
Kneel down before the King, your Lord and Master,
Your true legitimate Sovereign! Kneel!

Voice from the left —
A comet sweeps in fire across the sky!
The trump of Judgment sounds — The Day of Wrath.
Count Henry —
Look at me, Mary! Dost thou know me, love?
Countess —
Have I not sworn thee faith till death us part?
Count Henry —
Give me thy hand. Rise, rise, and leave this place!
Countess —
Yes, but I cannot stand. My soul has left
My body; only in my brain it seethes.
Count Henry —
The carriage waits — 'tis but a step — I'll carry thee.
Countess —
Some moments more; and then I will become
More worthy thee!
Count Henry — I do not understand.
Countess —
I prayed three days and nights: at last God heard me.
Count Henry —
How did He hear thee?
Countess — After I lost thee,
There came a change o'er me. I cried, Lord! Lord!
And prayed unceasingly, and struck my breast,
And placed a blessed candle on my heart,
Did penance, cried: "Send inspiration down,
Within me light the flame of Poetry!"
And on the third day I became a Poet!
Count Henry — Mary!
Countess —
Thou surely wilt no more disdain me, Henry;
Nor leave me when the shades of evening fall,
Now that I am a Poet!
Count Henry — Nor night, nor day!
Countess —
See if I do not equal thee in power;
Grow like to thee. I understand all things,
I am inspired, flash forth in words, in songs
Of victory! I chant the seas, stars, clouds,
Battles and skies: yes, seas, and stars, and clouds,
And skies — but battles? — No. I never saw one.
An unknown word has fallen from my lips!
Take me where I can see one! — watch men die! —
I must describe them all! The night-dew, moon,

Corpses, black plumes, hearses and swords, shrouds, blood,
Coffins and funerals, — I must sing them all!

Infinite space will spread about me;
I must seek the farthest star,
Cleaving swift the air around me,
Seeking Beauty near and far.
Like an eagle onward cleaving,
All the past behind me leaving,
Chaos dark around me lying,
Through its dimness lightly flying,
Through its infinite abysses,
On through darker worlds than this is,
Till I vanish in the depths
Of limitless black nothingness.

Count Henry —
Horrible!
Countess [*throwing her arms around him*] —
Henry, I am so happy now!
Voice through the floor —
With my own hand I've murdered three crowned kings:
Ten still remain; headsman and block await them.
I've killed a hundred priests who chanted mass. . . .
Voice from the left —
The sun is going out: the stars have lost
Their way, and hurtle madly in the dark.
Woe! Woe!
Count Henry — The Day of Judgment is upon me!
Countess —
Drive off the gloom that darkens thy dear face!
It saddens me. What can be wanting still?
I know a secret which will make thee glad.
Count Henry —
Tell me! I will do all thou wouldst have done.
Countess —
Thy son will be a Poet!
Count Henry — Mary! Mary!
Countess —
The priest, when he baptized him, gave him first
The name you chose: you know, George Stanislas;
Then I rushed forward, — blessed him from my soul;
Baptized him POET! Poet he will be!
This is my work; I have won this from God!
At last I cursed him should he not be Poet!
Oh, how I love thee, Henry!

Voice through the ceiling —
Father, forgive! they know not what they do.
Countess —
Hark! Did you hear him? *He* is surely mad.
Is it not very strange men should go mad?
Count Henry —
Aye, strange indeed!
Countess — He knows not what he says;
But I can tell you how it all would be
If God went mad!
The worlds would lose their way in space, and mount, and mount;
Then fall, and fall, crashing against each other!
Each creature, worm, would cry: "Lo, I AM GOD!"
Then they would die, and lie in rottenness!
The comets and the suns would all go out;
Christ would no longer save us.
Tearing His bleeding Hands from the great nails,
He'd fling His cross into the infinite Dark,
And with it blast the hopes of myriads of souls.
Hark! how it crashes as it strikes the stars!
Bounding, rebounding, as it flashes, breaks, —
Its ruined fragments falling everywhere,
Until the dust darkens the Universe!

* * * * * * *

Only the Holy Virgin still prays on;
The stars, her servants, keep their faith with her;
But she must plunge with all the falling worlds!
Christ throws away His cross, and God is mad!
Count Henry —
Mary, hast thou no wish to see thy child?
Come home!
Countess — He is not *there*. I gave him wings,
And sent him through the Universe to find
All that is terrible, sublime, and grand;
Have dipped him in the sea, and in the clouds. . .
He will return some day, and make thee happy.
Ah, me!
Count Henry — Dost suffer pain?
Countess — Some one has hung
A lamp up in my brain: it sways and flickers
So wilderingly! Ah, me!
Count Henry — Beloved, be calm!
Countess —
When one is Poet, life cannot be long! [*Faints.*

Count Henry —
Help! Help! Send the physician quickly here!

Many women enter, followed by the Wife of the Physician.

Wife of the Physician —
Pills! Powders! No; she cannot swallow them.
Run, Margaret, run quickly; find the Doctor!
[*To the* COUNT] —
This is your fault, sir; you have made her ill.
My husband will be very angry with me, sir!
Countess —
Henry, farewell!
Wife of the Physician — Then you, sir, are the Count?
Count Henry —
Mary! Mary!
[*Takes her in his arms, covering her with caresses.*
Countess —
Darling, I'm well! I die upon thy heart! [*Her head falls.*
Wife of the Physician —
Her face is flushed! The blood o'erfloods her brain!
Count Henry —
There is no danger, none! This will be nothing. . . .

The Physician *enters and stands by the couch.*

Physician —
Your words are truth, — for there is NOTHING here!
All's over! She is dead!

THIRD PERIOD.

"Compound of clay and fire." — *Faust:* GOETHE.

Oh, child! why lie thy toys neglected round thee?
Why never leap astride a cane for horse
And gallop off? Why not impale the bright
Winged butterflies, enjoy their dying glitter?
Why never sport upon the grass, turn somersaults,
Steal sugar-plums, rob apple-trees, and wet
Thy alphabet, from A to Z, with tears?
Thou king of rabbits, dogs, bees, flies, and moths,
Of cowslips, daisies, marbles, kites, and tops;
Thou royal friend of birds, of Punch, and puppets;
Outlaw of petty mischiefs, — why resign
Thy kingdom? Poet's son, oh, wherefore art
Thou sad, — so like an angel in thy guise?

What meanings haunt the depths of thy blue eyes?
Why do they seek the ground, as if weighed down

By drooping lashes, mournful memories,
Though they have only watched the violets
Of a few springs? Why heavily sinks thy head
Upon thy small white hands? . . .
Like snow-drops burdened with the dews of night
Thy brow seems bent with weight of mystic thought.

And when thy pale cheek floods with sudden flush,
Red as a rose amidst its hundred leaves,
And, tossing back thy golden curls, thou gazest
Into the skies, — tell me, what seest thou there,
What hearest, and with whom thou holdest converse?
For then the light and quivering wrinkles weave
Their living mesh across thy blue-veined brow
From distaff all unseen; from viewless coils,
Like silken threads, the changeful web is wrought,
While in thine eyes still gleams an unknown flame,
Which none can ever trace or understand.
Thy nurse may call; thou seemest not to hear;
She vainly weeps, deeming thou lovest her not.
Thy cousins, friends, then cry to thee unheard,
And think thou dost not wish to recognize them.
Thy father speaks not, but observes thee closely,
Gloomy and silent, while the gathering tears
Swell 'neath his eyelids, — soon to disappear, —
Perchance to fall upon his heart!

When the physician comes, he feels thy pulse,
Says thou art nervous as he counts its throbs.
The old godfather brings thee sugar-plums,
And pats thee on thy shoulder, saying: "George,
Thou'lt be a statesman in thy native land!"
The learned professor takes thee, runs his hand
Among thy ringlets, says thou wilt possess
A talent for the exact sciences!
The beggar, whom thou never pass'st without
Casting a coin into his tattered hat,
Foresees a lovely wife, a heavenly crown for thee.
The crippled soldier, tossing thee in air,
Declares thou art to be a general.
The wandering gypsy scans thy tender face,
Traces the lines upon thy little hands,
Seeking in vain to read thy destiny,
Looks sadly at thee, sighs and turns away,
And will not take the gold-piece offered her.

The magnetizer strokes thy sunny curls,
And makes his passes round thy wondering face,
But stops affrighted as he feels that he,
Instead of thee, is falling into sleep.
And Father Benjamin, preparing thee
For thy confession, felt like kneeling down
Before thee as before a holy image.
A painter caught thee in a heady rage,
Stamping thy tiny feet upon the floor,
And in his picture of the Judgment Day
He painted thee among the infant demons:
A rebel cherub!

Meanwhile, thou grow'st apace,
More and more beautiful each passing hour!
Not in the childish bloom of rose and snow,
But in the spiritual loveliness
Of thoughts far and mysterious, which seem
To come to thee from unseen worlds.
And though thy cheek is sometimes pale, thine eyes
With saddened gaze droop wearily their fringes,
Thy breast contracted, — all who meet thee stop
To gaze, exclaim: "How beautiful! an angel!"
If some frail flower, already fading, had
A breath from Heaven and a glittering soul;
And if on every leaf bending towards earth,
In place of dew-drop hung an angel's thought,
Infant! such flower would most resemble thee!

Perchance such blossoms bloomed in Paradise
Before the fall of Adam!

Scene I.

Count Henry *and* George *in a grave-yard, seated near a Gothic tomb.*

Count Henry —
Take off thy hat, my son, and pray for rest
To thy dead mother's soul!
George — Hail, Mary, full of grace!
Hail, Queen, who scent'st the flowers, fringest the streams . . .
Count Henry —
Hast thou forgot the words, that thus thou chang'st the prayer?

Pray for thy mother, George, who died so young:
Died at this very hour ten years ago.

George —
Hail, Mary, full of grace,
The Lord is with thee, and the angels bless!
Ah! when thou glid'st across the sky, each plucks
Bright rainbow plumage from his sparkling wings,
And casts it at thy feet! Thou floatest on,
As though the ocean waves bore thee along!

Count Henry —
George! George!

George — Do not be angry with me, father!
When these words come to me, they hurt my head,
And I *must* say them.

Count Henry —
Rise, George! Such prayers will never reach thy God.
Thou hast no memory of thy mother; so
Thou canst not love her. . . .

George — I often see mamma.

Count Henry —
Thou seest mamma! Where dost thou see her, George?

George —
In dreams, — not quite in dreams, — before I sleep!
I saw her yesterday.

Count Henry — What say'st thou, boy?

George —
She looked so pale and thin.

Count Henry — But did she speak?

George —
It seemed to me she wandered up and down
Alone in a vast Dark; but she was white.
She sang to me last night; I know the song:
Say, shall I sing it, Father?

[*Sings*] —

"I wander through the Universe,
I search through infinite space,
I pass through chaos, darkness,
To bring thee light and grace:
I listen to the angel's song,
To catch the heavenly tone;
Seek every form of beauty,
To bring to thee, mine own!

"I seek from highest spirits,
From those of lower might,

Rainbow colors, depths of shadow,
Burning contrasts, dark and bright;
Rhythmed tones and hues from Eden
Floating through the heavenly bars,
Sages' wisdom, seraphs' loving,
Mystic glories from the stars;
That thou mayst be a poet, richly gifted from above,
To win thy father's inmost heart, and ever keep his love."

Thou seest my mother dear *does* speak to me;
That I remember all she ever says!

Count Henry [*leaning against one of the pillars of the tomb*] —
Mary, wilt thou destroy thine own fair child,
And crush me 'neath the weight of two such sepulchres?

* * * * * * *

I rave! she is as safe and calm in Heaven
As she was sweet and pure upon the earth!...
My poor boy dreams!...

George —
I hear her now, but cannot see mamma!

Count Henry —
Where?... Whence comes the voice?

George — It seems to come
From yon two cypress-trees, now glittering in
The sun's last rays:

[*Sings*] —

"I pour through thy spirit
Music and might;
I wreathe thy pale forehead
With halos of light;
E'en if blind, I would show thee
Blest forms from above,
Floating far through the spaces
Of infinite love,
Which the angels in Heaven, and men on the earth
Know as Beauty. I've sought since the day of thy birth
To waken thy spirit,
My darling, my own,
That the hopes of the father
May rest on his son!
That his love, warm and glowing,
Unchanging may shine;
And his heart, infant poet,
Forever be thine!"

Count Henry —
Do the last thoughts of dying mortals live
And torture them in their eternal homes?
Can blessed spirits still be mad in Heaven,

And take their place among Thy angels, God?
Insanity make part of immortality?

George —

Her voice grows ever fainter and more faint:
Father, it dies behind the grave-yard wall.
Father, down there!...
Mamma is still repeating as she goes:

> "That his love, warm and glowing,
> Unchanging may shine;
> And his heart, little poet,
> Forever be thine!"

Count Henry [*kneeling*] —

O God, have pity on our innocent child!
Hast Thou predestined *him* in wrath
To sickness, madness, to an early death?
Oh, rob him not of reason! Leave not void
The sanctuary Thou hast built, O God,
In Thine own Image for a holy temple!
Look down upon my restless agony!
Yield not this angel to the fiends in Hell!
I pray not for myself, for Thou hast given
Me strength to bear the weight of passions, thoughts;
But pity him! poor fragile little being!
One thought would snap his slender thread of life!
O God! my God!
For ten long years I've known no hour of peace!
Many have envied me my happiness:
They did not know how fast as cutting hail,
Tempests of agony Thou'st driven on me;
Gloomy presentiments, illusions, woes!
My reason Thou hast left, but Thou hast stricken,
Hardened my heart! Thy benefits have been
All for my mind; none for my freezing soul.
God! suffer me to love my son in peace!
And let a covenant be made between
The Creator and His creature....

[*Rises*] —

* * * * * * *

My son, now cross thyself, and come with me.
Eternal rest be with thy mother's soul!

[*Exit with* GEORGE.

Scene II.

A public square. Ladies and gentlemen walking about. A Philosopher. Count Henry.

Philosopher —
I must repeat it, and it is in me
An absolute, intuitive conviction,
The time is near for the emancipation
Of negroes and of women.
Count Henry — You are right.
Philosopher —
And from a social transformation, both
In general and particular, I deduce
A great regeneration of our race,
Through bloodshed, and destruction of old forms!
Count Henry —
You think so?
Philosopher — As on its axis oscillates
Our globe, lifting itself and sinking, by a course
Of sudden evolutions, we . . .
Count Henry —
See you this rotten tree standing beside us?
Philosopher —
With the young leaves upon its branches?
Count Henry — Yes.
How long do you suppose it still will stand?
Philosopher —
How can I know? Perhaps a year or two.
Count Henry —
Although its roots are dead, it still puts forth
A few green leaves.
Philosopher — What does that prove?
Count Henry —
Nothing, except that it will surely fall,
Be cast into the fire, because not fit
To bear the molder's chisel, rotten at heart.
Philosopher —
I cannot see how that concerns our subject.
Count Henry —
I pray you pardon me: it is your image,
As that of your disciples, theories,
And of our century. . . .

[*They pass out of sight.*

Scene III.

A gorge in the midst of the mountains. Count Henry *alone.*

Count Henry —
I've sought through many weary years to find
The last word of all science, feelings, thoughts,
To solve the problem of our destiny;
And in the depths of my own heart I've found
The tomb's dark nothingness!
I know the *names* of all the human feelings,
But I *feel* nothing!
Nor faith, desire, nor love throbs in my soul!
Some dim presentiments still haunt its desert:
I know my son will soon be wholly blind;
That this society in which I live
Is even now in pangs of dissolution:
And I am wretched as our God is happy;
That is to say in me, and for myself alone.
Voice of the Guardian Angel —
Comfort thy hungry and despairing brothers!
Love thy poor neighbor as thou dost thyself!
And thus thou shalt be saved.
Count Henry — Who was it spoke?
Mephistopheles [*passing*] —
Your very humble servant. Sometimes I
Amuse myself by drawing the attention
Of travelers by a gift I hold from nature.
I'm a ventriloquist.
Count Henry [*touching his hat with his hand*] —
It seems to me
That I have somewhere seen that face before:
In an old picture, or a print.
Mephistopheles [*aside*] — The Count
Has a good memory.
Count Henry — May God be praised[1]
Forever and for evermore! Amen.
Mephistopheles [*disappearing among the rocks*] —
Curses on thee, and thy stupidity!
Count Henry —
Poor child! condemned to an eternal blindness
Because thy father sinned, thy mother lost her senses:
Being without a passion, incomplete,
Living but in wild dreams and visions, thou

[1] Form of salutation common in Poland.

Art never destined to maturity!
Thou shadow of an angel thrown on earth,
Driven by illusions, suffering infinite sorrow!

* * * * * * *

Ha! what a monstrous eagle rises there,
Just where the stranger vanished by the rock!

The Eagle —
All Hail! All Hail!

Count Henry — He flies to me. I hear
The whirrings of his great black wings; they stir
Me like the hail of musketry in fight.

Eagle —
The sword once wielded by thy ancestors,
Draw from its sheath! Maintain their glory, power!

Count Henry —
His black wings circle me and fire my blood!
He plunges in my eyes his gaze of basilisk!
Ha! now I understand thee!

Eagle — Never yield,
Never retreat, despair; and thus thy foes,
Thy craven foes, conquered, shall bite the dust!

Count Henry —
What, gone? Then I salute thee from the rocks
Which witnessed our encounter! Come what may, —
Whether the Future be or true or false,
Or triumph, or defeat, — I trust in thee,
Herald of glory! Genius of the Past,
Come to my aid! And even if thy breath
Into God's bosom has returned, let it
Detach itself, descend in me, become
Thought, force, and action!

[*Crushing a viper with his foot*] —
Go, reptile, go! And as no sigh for thee
Will heave from nature's heart as thou liest crushed,
Thus shall they all too plunge in the abyss,
Nor leave regret, nor fame, nor memory!
Not one of all yon hurrying clouds will pause
A moment in its flight o'er heaven, to look
In pity on the army of earth's sons
Whom I will wrap in general destruction.

* * * * * * *

First they will perish . . . afterwards myself!

* * * * * * *

Oh, boundless azure of aerial blue,
Cradling the earth: she, new-born infant, wails,
Weeps, sobs; but thou, ever impassible,
Nor hear'st, nor heed'st — whatever be her moan, —
Rolling forever toward the infinite!
Farewell, O mother nature! . . . .I must go,
Become a man, take arms against my Brothers!

Scene IV.

A chamber in the castle. Count Henry, George, *and a* Physician.

Count Henry —
All science yet has failed. My last hope rests
In you alone.
Physician — You honor me too much.
Count Henry —
Speak, George, and tell us how and what you feel!
George —
I cannot see you, father; cannot see
The gentleman to whom I hear you speak.
Bright sparks, black threads, pass and repass before
My eyes unceasingly. Sometimes it is
As if a shining snake crawled out of them,
Sometimes a golden cloud. This cloud will rise,
Or fall; a rainbow then will seem upon it;
Sometimes they disappear — and all is dark.
I do not suffer, father; they give no pain.
Physician —
Come, George, beneath the shadow of this arch!
How old are you? [*He examines his eyes.*
Count Henry — Almost fifteen.
Physician — Now turn
Your eyes directly to the light!
Count Henry — What hope?
Physician —
The lids are sound; the white of the eye is clear;
The nerves and muscles not at all enfeebled;
The blue is deep; the veins are as they should be.
[*To* George] —
Be not uneasy; you will soon be cured.
[*To* Count Henry, *aside*] —
There is no hope! look at the pupils, Count:
There's no susceptibility to light;
The optic nerve is wholly paralyzed.

George —
A black cloud seems to shroud all things around me!
Count Henry [*aside*] —
It is too true! his lids are raised, his eyes
Are opened wide and gazing at the light,
But they see nothing! blue and lifeless — dead!
George —
But when my lids are shut, I can see more
Than when they're open, father!
Physician — Have a care;
His mind has killed his body! we must guard
The boy from catalepsy.
Count Henry — Save him, Doctor!
The half of my estate shall be your own.
Physician —
That which has perished cannot be revived!
[*He takes his hat and cane*] —
Accept my sympathy! I cannot stay,
I've an engagement with a lady, Count,
To couch a cataract. Farewell!
Count Henry —
For heaven's sake, stay! Something may still be done!
Physician —
Perhaps, sir, you would like to know the name
Of this disease?
Count Henry — Is there no ray of hope?
Physician —
We call it *Amaurosis*, from the Greek.
[*He departs.*
Count Henry [*throwing his arms around* GEORGE] —
But you still see a little, my poor George?
George —
Father, I *hear* your voice.
Count Henry — The sun shines clear;
Look through this window, George! What do you see?
George —
Between the pupils of my eyes and lids
A crowd of moving figures pass, repass;
Places I know, and faces I have seen,
Pages of books I've read . . .
Count Henry — Then you *do see!*
George —
With my soul's eyes; my body's have gone out, —
I'll see no more with them forever, father!

Count Henry [*falls upon his knees as if to pray, — rises after a short silence*] —
Before whom have I knelt? . . . From whom shall I
Ask justice for the woe will crush my child? . . .
[*He rises*] —
Best to bear all in silence! . . . .
God mocks our prayers, as Satan mocks our curses!
A Voice —
Thy son a poet is; — what wouldst thou more?

Scene V.

An apartment in the castle. Physician *and* Godfather.

Godfather —
It is a great misfortune to be blind.
Physician —
Unusual too at such an early age.
Godfather —
His frame was always weak. His mother died
Somewhat so, so . . . [*Touching his forehead.*
Physician — How did his mother die?
Godfather —
A little — so — not quite in her right mind.
Count Henry [*entering*] —
Pardon me that I've sent for you so late;
But during some time past my poor boy wakes
At midnight, rises, walks as in a dream.
The Doctor ought to see him: Follow me!
Physician —
I'm anxious to observe this strange phenomenon.

Scene VI.

The sleeping-apartment of George. Count Henry, George, Physician, Godfather, Relations, *and* Nurse.

First Relation —
Hush! Hush!
Second Relation — He wakens, but nor sees nor hears us.
Physician —
I pray you, gentlemen, let no one speak!
Godfather —
I think it very strange.
George [*rising*] — My God! my God!
First Relation —
How noiselessly and slowly he glides on!

Second Relation —
Look at his thin hands crossed upon his breast!
Third Relation —
His lids are motionless, eyes open wide,
His lips move not, but what a clear, shrill cry!
Nurse —
Jesus of Nazareth!
George — Darkness, depart!
I am a child of light and harmony,
And what have you to do with such as I?
I will not yield to your dominion, though
My sight is lost, borne off by the wild winds
To float in the immensity of space!
It will return to me one day, enriched
With all the light of all the burning stars!
My pupils will rekindle with a flash of flame!
Godfather —
He's mad as was his mother! He knows not what
He says! 'Tis most remarkable.
Physician — It is.
Nurse [*kneeling*] —
O Holy Mary! Mother of our Lord!
Take out my eyes, and give them to poor George!
George —
Mamma! mamma! pray send me sunny thoughts
And lovely images, that I may live
Within myself, and there create a world
Like that which I have lost!
First Relation —
Were it not well to call the family,
And hold a consultation?
Second Relation — Be silent! Wait!
George —
Mamma, thou answerest not. . . . Do not desert me!
Physician [*to the* COUNT] —
My duty is to tell you the whole truth.
Godfather —
To speak the truth *is* a physician's duty.
Physician —
Your son is threatened with insanity.
Excessive sensibility of nerves,
Combining with excitement of the brain,
Has caused this state of aberration, dream;
Being awake, asleep at the same time!
I will explain the symptoms if you wish.

Count Henry [*aside*] —
This man, my God, would read Thy laws to me,
Explain Thy judgments!
Physician — Give me pen and ink.
Cerasis laurei: two grains enough.
I'll write it down.
Count Henry — In yonder room you'll find
All things required. And now, kind friends, good-night!
I fain would be alone!
Many Voices [*as they retire*] —Good-night! good-night!
George [*awaking*] —
Father, how can they wish *good-night* to me?
I think 'twere better they should say, *long night;*
Eternal night without a dawn!
And not *good*-night, which means a happy night!
Count Henry —
George, take my arm, and lean on me; I'll lead
You to your bed.
George — What does this mean, my father?
Count Henry —
Cover yourself up warm; sleep calmly, George!
The Doctor says you will regain your sight.
George —
I feel so ill. . . . Strange voices wakened me. . . .
I saw mamma knee-deep among the lilies. [*Falls asleep.*
Count Henry —
My blessing rest upon thee, blighted boy!
Except a blessing, I can give thee nothing;
Nor light, nor happiness, nor glory!
Alas! I cannot give thee back thy sight!
Already strikes the hour of combat for me,
When I must lead the few against the many.
What will become of thee, O infant Poet!
Without protection, helpless, sick, and blind?
There will be none to listen to thee then,
Thou harmless little singer, with thy soul
In heaven, yet chained to earth by thy frail body!
Thou most unfortunate of all the angels!
My son! my son! [*Buries his head in his hands.*
Nurse [*at the door*] —
The Doctor sent me here to tell my Lord
That he desires to see him.
Count Henry — Yes, yes, I go.
Meantime, good Catherine, sit here and watch
My son.

FOURTH PERIOD.

"He was given the sacrament, as the booby asked for a priest; then hanged to the general satisfaction, etc." — *Report of Citizen Gaillot, Commissioner of the Sixth Chamber, Year III., 5 Prairial.*

A song! another song! stirring and new!
Who will begin this song? Ah! who will end it?

Give me the Past, steel-clad and barbed with iron,
Floating with plumes and knightly bannerets!
With magic power I would invoke before you
High Gothic towers and castellated turrets,
Strong, bristling barbicans and mighty arches;
Vast vaulted domes, and slender, clustering shafts: —
It may not be! the Past can ne'er return!

Speak, whosoe'er thou art, tell me thy Faith!
To abandon life were task more easy far
Than to invent a Faith and *then believe it,*
Or call it back to life again when dead!

Shame! shame upon you all! Strong-minded spirits,
Or spirits weak and vain, — all miserable, —
Without or heart or brain; in spite of you,
The world is rushing onward, ever on
To its own destinies!
It whirls you on, making wild sport of you,
Urges you forward, backward, as it will,
Planting your feet, or overturning you: —
You have no power to fuse it in your mold!

As in predestined ring the earth rolls on,
Maskers appear, vanish, and reappear,
Whirled in resistless circles round and round.
As ways grow slippery with blood, they fall!
The Dance of Death goes on: Blood everywhere!
New couples join the ring! Abyss of blood!
The world is crimsoning! . . . I speak the truth.

What throngs of people seize the city gates,
Surround the hills, press through the sheltered vales!
Beneath the shadows of the trees great tents
Are spread: long boards are placed on pikes, on clubs,
And fallen tree-trunks; these as tables serve,

And soon are filled with food, meat, bread, and drink.
The excited masses seat and help themselves;
The full cups quickly pass from hand to hand,
And as they touch the eager, thirsty mouths,
Threats, oaths, and curses pour from heated lips.
Faster and faster fly the ruby cups,
Beaded and bubbling, ever emptying, filling,
Striking and clinking as they pass, repass,
With their metallic ring and brilliant sparkle,
Among the thirsty millions. Hurrah, hurrah!
Long live the cup of drunkenness and joy!

Fierce and more fierce the agitation grows.
They wait impatiently; murmurs increase,
Break into riotous shouts and dangerous cries.
Poor wretches, scarcely covered even with rags,
The stamp of weary labors deeply plowed
Upon their sunburnt, rugged faces, set
With uncombed, shaggy, bristling, matted hair!
Great drops of sweat start from their knotted brows;
Their sinewy, horny hands are armed with spades,
With axes, hammers, shovels, scythes, and flails.
Look at that stalwart man who holds a pick;
At that stout youth who brandishes a club;
One holds aloft a gun with glittering pike;
With brawny arm another hurls a hatchet.
A boy with one hand crams his mouth with cherries,
The other thrusts an awl into the tree.
Look, how their women crowd by thousands on!
Maids, wives, and mothers, famished as themselves,
Faded before their time, all beauty gone,
With hair disheveled, tarnished and soiled with dust.
In deep, dark sockets sunk, their rayless eyes
Gleam dead and sinister, as if they mocked
A living, human look!
But they will soon be brighter, for the cup
Flies full from lip to lip; they quaff long draughts: —
Hurrah! Hurrah! Long live the foaming bowl
Of drunkenness and joy!

Hark! murmurs rustle through the living mass!
A cry of joy or terror? Who can read
The meaning of a sound from myriad mouths,
Monstrously multiform?
A man arrives, he mounts a table, speaks,

Harangues and sways the noisy multitude.
His voice drags harshly, grates upon the ear,
But hacks itself in short, strong, racy words,
Easily heard, and easily remembered.
His gestures suit his words, as music, song.
His brow is broad and high, his head quite bald;
Thought has uprooted his last hair. His skin
Is dull and tawny, and the telltale blood
Ne'er lights its dingy pallor; — feeling ne'er
Painted its living secrets there. Between
The bone and muscle of his parchment face
Deep wrinkles form and weave their yellow lines.
A heavy beard, like garland black, unwreathes
The face where no emotion ever throbs.
He gazes steadily upon the crowd,
Nor doubt nor agitation ever clouds
His clear cold eye, delays his strident voice.
He lifts his arm, and holds it stiff and straight
Stretched o'er the swaying throng who lowly bow,
Ready to kneel before him to receive
The blessing of a powerful intellect,
Not that of a great heart.
Down, down, with all great hearts! Away with them!
Away with all old castes and prejudice!
Hurrah for consolation, joy, and murder!
This is the people's idol, whom they love
With passion, rage; he is their autocrat,
Rules all the tides of their enthusiasm;
They swear by him; he plays on all their stops.
He tells them they shall have bread, sports, wine, gold: —
Their cries swell like the rushing of a storm,
And echo everywhere repeats the applause:
"Hurrah for Pancras! Bread, and wine, and gold,
For us, our children, wives! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Leaning against the table where he stands,
And at his feet, is seen his servant, friend,
Disciple; one whose dark eye, glittering through
Long, dusky lashes, marks his Orient race.
His shoulders droop, he sways from side to side,
As if his indolent limbs could scarce support his frame.
His lips are full, voluptuous, and cruel;
His fingers gleam with rings and precious stones.
With deep and guttural voice, he also cries:
"Hurrah for Pancras!"

The orator looks down
Upon him, smiles, and says to him: "Give me
My handkerchief, Citizen Neophyte!"
Meantime, the tumult ever louder grows:
"Death to the nobles!" "To the merchants, death!"
"Death to the speculators!" "Bread! Wine! Blood!"

Scene I.

A tabernacle. Lamps. An open book. Neophytes, that is to say, Jews newly baptized ["*Frankists*": *formal converts to save persecution, but not real ones*].

Neophyte —
Humiliated, loved, degraded brethren!
From holy pages of the blessed Talmud,
As from its mother's breast a new-born child
Sucks nourishment, let us draw life and force!
From it flow strength and honey for ourselves,
But gall and bitterness for all our enemies!
Chorus of Neophytes —
Jehovah is our God, and only ours;
Therefore He hath dispersed us through the earth,
To twine us, like the folds of serpent vast,
About the blind adorers of the cross.
Our coils are wound around our ignorant foes,
The haughty, weak, but still defiant nobles.
Thrice spit upon them all! Thrice curse them, God!
Neophyte —
Rejoice! the Cross of our Great Enemy
Is more than half hewn down, rots to its fall,
Projects athwart a wild, dark sea of blood.
Once fallen — it can never rise again!
The nobles are its sole defense on earth —
And they are ours!
Chorus of Neophytes —
Our work, our long, long work
Of anguished centuries is almost done!
Death to the nobles who defend the cross!
Thrice spit upon them all! Thrice curse them, God!
Neophyte —
Upon the liberty of all disorder,
Upon this slaughter which will never end,
Upon the pride of the nobility,
The license and the madness of the mob, —

We'll build anew the strength of Israel!
First we must drive the nobles on to death,
And with their corpses hide the ruins of the cross.

Chorus of Neophytes —

The cross is now our symbol, and the dew
Of baptism leagues us with the Christian host. . . .
The scorning trust the love of those they scorned!
The freedom of the Peoples is our cry,
Their welfare is our aim. . . . Caiaphas holds
The sons of Christ fast in his sinewy arms!
Ages ago our fathers crucified
Our Enemy. To-day again we raise
The cross; again we nail Him there in agony:
But He will never, never more arise
From that deep grave in which we bury Him!

Chorus of Neophytes —

Jehovah is the God of Israel,
Of it *alone!* Thrice spew the Peoples forth
To ruin! Let them perish in their sins!
May threefold curses light upon them, Lord!

[*Knocking is heard at the door.*

Neophyte —

Brethren, resume your work.

[*He hides the Talmud*] —

Thou, Holy Book,
Away from sight, that glance of none accursed
May soil thy spotless leaves!
Reply: who knocks?

Voice Without —

A friend. Ope, Brother, in the name of freedom.

Neophyte —

Quick, Brethren, to your hammers, looms, and ropes!

Leonard [*entering*] —

You're working for to-morrow; that is well:
Whetting your swords, preparing for the fight?

[*Approaching one of the* Men] —

What are you making in this corner?

One of the Neophytes — Ropes.

Leonard —

Right, friend, for he who falls not by the sword
Must surely hang.

Neophyte — Is it decided, then,
The affair takes place to-morrow, citizen?

Leonard —

He who among us is most powerful

By thought and eloquence, calls you through me;
He waits you, and will answer to your question.

Neophyte —
I'll follow you to serve our citizens.

[*To the* Men] —
Quit not your work. Yankel, take charge of them.
[*Exit* LEONARD *and* Neophyte]

Chorus of Neophytes —
Ye ropes and daggers, clubs and hatchets, swords,
Works of our hands, ye only will appear
When needed to destroy our deadly foes!
The nobles will be strangled in the fields,
Hung in the forests, gardens, by the people.
And when their work is done, our turn will come:
Then we will hang the hangers; strangle those
Who strangled, murder those who murdered!
The scorned will rise in judgment on the scorner,
Array themselves in thunder of Jehovah!
His word is life: His love is ours alone;
Destruction, wrath, He pours upon our foes;
He is our refuge, blasts our enemies.
We three times spew them forth to sudden ruin!
Our threefold curses be upon their heads!

SCENE II.

A tent. Flasks, cups, flagons, and bottles scattered in confusion.
PANCRAS *alone.*

Pancras —
Hundreds of brutes howled here an hour ago,
Ending with shouts their orgies. At each word
I uttered, they would cry: Hurrah! Hurrah!
Vivats at every gesture, — worthless praise!
Is there a single man among them all
Who really understands the aim and end
Of *that* inaugurated here with such loud joy?
Oh! *fervide imitatorum pecus!*

Enter LEONARD *and the* Neophyte.

[*To* Neophyte] —
Know you Count Henry?

Neophyte — Citizen, by sight
I well remember that I met him once,
On Corpus Christi, as I went to mass;

He cried, "Out of my way!" and glared at me
With that proud look peculiar to the nobles, —
For which I in my soul vowed him a rope!

Pancras —
Seek him to-morrow at the break of day;
Tell him I wish to visit him at night, alone.

Neophyte —
How many men are to accompany me?
Without an escort, 'twould be dangerous!

Pancras —
The mission secret, you must go alone;
My name will be an all-sufficient escort.
The lantern post to which you yesterday
Hung up the Baron, doubtless will support you.

Neophyte —
Aï! Aï!

Pancras —
Tell him that two days hence I'll leave my camp,
To visit him at midnight, and alone.

Neophyte —
And if he keeps me bound — and tortures me?

Pancras —
A martyr in the people's cause you'd die!

Neophyte —
All for the people, yes! [*Aside.*] Aï! Aï!

Pancras —
Good night! and tarry not upon the way!
[*Exit* Neophyte.

Leonard —
Why, Pancras, these half-measures, interviews?
Mark, when I swore to honor and obey you,
I deemed you hero in extremities,
An eagle flying straight unto his aim,
A man who stakes upon *one* throw his fate
And that of others; stout of heart and brain!

Pancras —
Hush, child!

Leonard — All things are ready. Sturdy arms
Have forged our weapons, spun our ropes; our men
Are drilled, the eager millions but await
The lightning of your word to burst in flame,
Consume our enemies.

Pancras — You're very young,
And through your brain the heated blood pours fire,
But when the hour of combat comes, will you

Be found more resolute than I? Restraint
You've never known; — rashness is not true courage!
Leonard —
Think what you do! The exhausted nobles now
Are driven for refuge to their last stronghold,
The Fortress of the Holy Trinity,
Where they await us as men wait the rope
Or guillotine suspended o'er their heads.
Attack without delay — and they are yours!
Pancras —
Of what importance is the hour we strike?
They've lost their corporal strength in luxury;
Wasted their mental powers in idleness;
To-morrow, or the next day, they *must fall!*
Leonard —
Whom do you fear? What can arrest your force?
Pancras — No one and nothing. My own will alone.
Leonard —
Must I obey it blindly?
Pancras — You have said it:
Blindly.
Leonard — Should you betray us?
Pancras — Betrayal winds
Up all your sentences, like quaint refrain
Of some old song. Lower! for one might hear us. . . .
Leonard —
Here are no spies. What if I should be heard?
Pancras —
Nothing, . . . save perhaps a dozen balls
Fired at your heart for having raised your voice
Too high when in my presence!
[*Coming close to* LEONARD] —
Cease to torment yourself, and trust me, Leonard.
Leonard —
I will, I do; I've been too hasty, Pancras.
But I've no fear of punishment; and if
My death avails to serve our cause — then take my life!
Pancras [*aside*] —
He is so full of life, of faith, of hope;
The happiest of men, he loves and trusts!
I do not wish his death.
Leonard — What do you say?
Pancras —
Think more; speak less; in time you'll understand me!
Have you the powder for the cartridges?

Leonard —
Deyitz conveys the stores, his escort's strong.
Pancras —
The contribution from the shoemakers,
Has it been yet collected?
Leonard — Yes. They gave
With right good will, — one hundred thousand florins.
Pancras —
I will invite them to our feast to-morrow.
Have you heard nothing new about Count Henry?
Leonard —
Nay, I despise the nobles far too much
To credit what I hear of him. I know
It is impossible the dying race
Should summon energy to cope with us.
Pancras —
Yet it is true that he collects and trains
Friends, peasants, serfs, and drills them for the fight;
And trusting their devotion to himself,
Will lead them to the very jaws of death.
He has intrenched himself within the walls
Of the old fortress, "Holy Trinity."
Leonard —
Who can resist us, when incarnate live
In us the ideas of our century?
Pancras —
I am resolved to see him, read his eyes,
And penetrate the secrets of his soul, —
Win him to join our cause!
Leonard — A born aristocrat!
Pancras —
True, but a poet still! Leonard, good-night.
Leonard —
Have you forgiven me?
Pancras — Go! rest in peace!
If you were not forgiven, you would sleep
Ere this the *eternal sleep!*
Leonard — To-morrow, — nothing?
Pancras —
Good-night, and pleasant dreams!
[*Exit* LEONARD.
Ho! Leonard, ho!
Leonard [*reëntering*] —
Chief Citizen?
Pancras — When comes the appointed hour
You'll go with me to seek Count Henry's camp.

Leonard—
My chief shall be obeyed. [*Exit.*

Pancras [*alone*]—
Why does the boldness of this haughty Count
Still trouble me? Me, ruler of the millions!
Compared with mine, his force is but a shadow.
'Tis true, indeed, some hundreds of his serfs
Cling round him as the dog stays by his master,
In trusting confidence. That is sheer folly! . . .
But why do I so long to see this Count,
To subjugate him, win him to our side?
Has my clear spirit for the first time met
An equal? Does he bar its onward flight?
Arrest it in its full development?
The only obstacle before me now
Is his resistance; that I must o'ercome!
And then . . . and afterwards . . . and then . . .

O cunning intellect, canst thou deceive
Thyself as thou dost others? . . . Canst not?—No? . . .
O wretchedness! . . . Why dost thou doubt thyself?
Shame! . . . thou should'st know thy power! Thou art the
The reason of the people; Sovereign Lord! [thought,
Thou canst control the millions, make their wills,
With all their giant forces, one with thine!
The might of *all* incarnate is in thee;
Thou art authority and government!
What would be crime in others is in thee
Glory and fame! Thou givest name and place
To men unknown; a voice, a faith to brutes
Almost deprived of mental, moral worth!
In thine own image thou hast made a world,
An age created—art thyself its god!
And yet thou hesitatest,—doubt'st thyself?
No, no! a hundred times! . . . Thou art sublime!
[*Absorbed in his reflections, he sinks in his chair.*

Scene III.

A forest with a cleared plain in its midst, upon which stands a gallows, surrounded by huts, tents, watch-fires, casks, barrels, tables, and throngs of men and women. Count Henry, *disguised in a dark cloak and liberty cap, enters, holding the* Neophyte *by the hand.*

Count Henry—
Remember!

Neophyte [*in a whisper*] — On my honor I will lead
Your Excellency right! I'll not betray you.
Count Henry —
Give one suspicious wink; raise but a finger:
And I will blow your brains out like a dog's!
You may imagine that I can attach
But little value to *your* worthless life,
When I, thus lightly, risk *my own* with you.
Neophyte —
You press my hand as in a vise of steel.
Aï! Aï! What would you have me do?
Count Henry —
To treat me as a comrade just arrived,
And so mislead the crowd. What is this curious dance?
Neophyte —
The merry dance of a free People, Count.

[*Men and women leap, dance, and sing around the gallows.*]

Chorus —
Bread, meat, and work! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Wood for the winter! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Rest for the summer! Hurrah! Hurrah!
God had no pity upon us! Hurrah!
Kings had no pity upon us! Hurrah!
Our lords had no pity upon us! Hurrah!
We give up God, kings, nobles! Hurrah!
Had enough of them all! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Count Henry [*to a* Girl] —
I'm glad to see you look so fresh and gay.
Girl —
I'm sure we've waited long enough for such
A day as this! I've scrubbed, and washed the dishes,
Cleaned knives and forks, for many a weary year,
And never heard a good word said to me.
'Tis high time now I should begin to eat
When I am hungry, drink when I am dry,
And dance when I am merry.
Count Henry — Dance, citizeness, dance!
Neophyte [*in a whisper*] —
For God's sake, Count, be careful, or you will
Be recognized!
Count Henry — Should they discover me,
'Tis *you* shall die! We'll mingle with the throng.

Neophyte —
The Club of Lackeys sits beneath that oak.
Count —
We will draw nearer; hear what they are saying.
First Lackey —
I've killed my master.
Second Lackey — And I seek my Count.
I drink to the health of the club!
Valet de Chambre — In the sweat of our brows,
Whether blacking the boots, or licking the dust from the feet
Of our arrogant lords, we have never forgotten our rights;
We have felt we were citizens, equals, and powerful men.
Let us drink to the health of our present society!

Chorus of Lackeys —
Let us drink the good health of our President!
One of ourselves, he ascends
On the pathway of honor; 'tis evident
He will conduct us to fame: —
All hail to his glorious name!

Valet de Chambre —
Citizens, Brothers, my very best thanks are your due!

Chorus of Lackeys —
From dressing-rooms and antechambers,
Kitchens, parlors, full of strife, —
Prisons where they held us captive, —
We are rushing into life!
We have been behind the curtains,
Know how brilliant shams may be,
We've read all our masters' follies,
Vices, crimes, perversity:
All their falsehood, cunning, meanness,
We have suffered one by one;
We are rushing into freedom,
Now our shameful work is done;
Brothers, drink in the light of the sun!

Count Henry —
Whose are the voices harsher than the rest,
More savage, from the mound upon our left?
Neophyte —
The Butchers meet, and sing their chorus there.

Chorus of Butchers —

The cleaver and ax are our weapons;
In the slaughter-house pass we our lives;
We love the blood hue, and we care not
What we strike with our keen-bladed knives:
Aristocrats, calves, lambs, or cattle,
All die when our blade slits the throat.

The children of slaughter and vigor,
To cut quickly the whole of our knowledge; —
He who has need of us has us;
We can kill without going through college!
For the nobles, we'll slaughter fat cattle;
For the People, we'll slaughter the nobles!

The cleaver and ax are our weapons,
In the slaughter-house pass we our lives;
We love the blood hue, and we care not
If cattle or nobles fall under our knives.
Hurrah for the shambles, the shambles!
Hurrah for the bright hue of blood!
Hurrah for the butchers, who fear not
To stand in the crimson, hot flood!

Count Henry —

Why, that is well! At least there's no pretense
Of honor and philosophy. But who
Comes here? Good-evening, Madame!

Neophyte — You forget!

Your Excellency ought to say: "Woman
Of freedom, citizeness."

Woman — What do you mean

By that word "Madame"? Fie! You smell of mold!

Count Henry —

I pray you, pardon me, fair citizeness!

Woman —

I am as free as you; as free as air;
I freely give my love to the community
Which has emancipated me. My right
To lavish it in my own way is now
Acknowledged by the world!

Count Henry — O wise new world!

Did the community give you those rings,
That purple necklace of rich amethyst?
Thrice generous and kind community!

Woman —
No. They are not from the community.
My husband gave them when I was his wife;
I seized and kept them when I was made free.
You know my *husband* means my *enemy;*
The enemy of female liberty.
He held me long enslaved; now I am free!
Count Henry —
Good-eve! A pleasant walk, free citizeness!
[*They pass on.*
Who is that curious warrior leaning on
A two-edged sword, a death's head on his cap,
One on his badge, another on his breast?
Is it the famous soldier, Bianchetti,
Now hired by the *people* for the combat,
As he was wont to be by *kings* and *nobles,*
To lead the condottieri? Is it he?
Neophyte —
It is. He joined our forces recently.
Count Henry [*to* BIANCHETTI] —
What is it you examine with such care,
Brave Bianchetti? Can you see the foe?
Bianchetti —
Look through this narrow opening in the woods,
You'll see a Fortress on that mountain crest;
With this strong glass I scan the ramparts, walls,
And the four bastions, brother Citizen.
Count Henry —
I see it now. It will be hard to take.
Bianchetti —
By all the devils! No. It can be mined,
Surrounded first by covered galleries —
Neophyte —
Citizen General —
[*He makes a sign to* BIANCHETTI.
Count Henry [*in a whisper to the* Neophyte] —
Look 'neath my cloak —
My pistol's cock is raised!
Neophyte [*aside*] — My curse on thee!
[*To* BIANCHETTI] —
How would you deem it best to plan the siege?
Bianchetti —
In freedom you're my brother, Citizen;
But not my *confidant* in strategy!
After the capture, all shall know my plans.

Count Henry [*to* Neophyte] —
Take my advice, Jew, strike him dead at once:
Such men begin all aristocracies !
A Weaver —
Curses! curse them! Aye, I curse them all!
Count Henry —
What are you doing here, poor fellow, 'neath
This tree? Why do you look so pale and wild?
Weaver —
Curses upon the manufacturers!
Curses upon the merchants! my best years
Of life, when other men make love to maids,
Or walk abroad, and meet their fellow-men
On pleasant plains, or sail upon the seas, —
The sky above, around, fresh air to breathe, —
I've passed in gloom, in dark and stifling dens,
Chained to a silk-loom, like a galley-slave!
Count Henry —
Drink down the wine you hold in your thin hands;
Empty the cup — you're faint — it will revive you!
Weaver —
I've no strength left to bear it to my lips.
I am so weak I scarcely could crawl here,
Although it is the promised Day of Freedom!
Too late! too late! it comes too late for me!
[*He falls, and gasps*] —
Food! wine! rest! sunshine! all too late for me!
Curses upon the merchants who buy silks!
Upon the manufacturers who make them!
Upon the nobles! all who wear them, curses!
[*He writhes on the ground, and dies.*
Count Henry —
Heavens! what a ghastly corpse! Poltroon of freedom,
Baptizèd Jew, look at that lifeless head
Lit by the blood-red rays of setting sun!
What now to him are all your promises,
Your sounding words that bear no heart within;
Perfectibility, equality,
The universal bliss of free humanity?
Neophyte [*aside*] —
May such a death soon seize yourself, proud Count, —
And dogs tear off the flesh from the rotting corpse!
[*Aloud.*] I humbly beg you will dismiss me now;
I must give answer on my embassy.

Count Henry —
Are you afraid? Say that, believing you
To be a spy, I forcibly detained you.
[*Looking around him*] —
The tumult of this orgy dies away
Behind us, while before, there's nothing save
Great firs and pines which wave in crimson rays
Of sunset. Lurid, ominous, that light!
Neophyte —
Clouds gather thick and fast above the trees:
A storm will soon be on us, — hear the wind!
You should return to your attendants, who
Have waited long for you within the Pass
Of Saint Ignatius.
Count Henry — Oh, I'm safe enough,
I do not fear the storm. I thank thee, Jew,
For so much loving care. But back, sir, back!
I choose to see these citizens to-night.
Voices under the trees —
Good-night, old Sun! Ham's children say: Good-night!
Here's to thy health, old enemy! Hurrah!
Thou long hast driven us on to unpaid work,
Awaked us early to unceasing toil:
To-morrow thou wilt find thy slaves asleep, —
Not caring whether thou gett'st up or not, —
Or eating, drinking, full of flesh and wine!
A Peasant [*throwing away his glass*] —
Off to the devil, empty glass! Hurrah!
Neophyte —
These bands of peasants will obstruct our way.
Count Henry —
You shall not leave me! Stand behind this tree;
And if you value life, be silent, Jew!

Chorus of Peasants —
On! on! to meet our brothers
Under the white tents' row,
Or 'neath the giant shadows
The great oaks throw below!
To pleasant sunset greetings,
To rest, to sleep, to wake;
The girl we love is waiting
Our hand in hers to take!
We've killed the fattest cattle
With which we used to plow,

They are waiting us to eat them, —
No weary labor now!

A Voice —
I drag and pull him on with all my strength;
He will not come — he turns — defends himself.
Come on, old fool! [*Strikes the* Noble.] Down! down among the dead!
Voice of the dying Noble —
My children, pity! pity!
Second Voice — Why, *you had none!*
Come, chain me to your land, and make me work
Again for nothing, will you?
Third Voice — My only son
You lashed to death! Now wake him from the dead,
Or die and join him!
Fourth Voice —
The children of Ham drink thy health, old Lord!
They kneel to thee, — pray for forgiveness, old Lord!

Chorus of Peasants [*passing out of sight*] —
A vampire sucked our blood, and lived upon our strength;
We caught him with his bloody lips, — he's ours at length!
As is a great Lord's due, we swear thou shalt swing high;
Yes, far above us all, by the devil, thou shalt die!
To every noble, death! the tyrants! they must fall!
Drink, food, and rest for us; they've starved and wronged us all!
For shelter, meat, and land, and wine we mean to have;
Though naked, we are men! Off, vampires, to the grave!

Other Peasants —
Your bodies shall lie as thick as the sheaves
On our fields; and the drifting wrecks
Of your castles shall fly like the chaff beneath
The flail, as we twist your necks!
They shall perish as bundles of straw in the flames,
While the children of Ham by the light
Will warm themselves by the great bonfire,
And merrily dance all night!

Count Henry —
I cannot see the murdered noble's face,
The crowd has grown so dense!
Neophyte — Perhaps he was
A friend of yours, a cousin, Count.

Count Henry — No more!
Him I despise; you I detest! Bah! Bah!
And yet, perchance, may poetry some day
Gild even this wild horror! Forward, Jew!
[*They disappear among the trees.*

Another part of the forest. A mound upon which fires are burning. A procession of men bearing torches.

COUNT HENRY *appears at the base of the mound with the* Neophyte.

Count Henry —
The thorns have torn my scarlet cap to tatters!
What lurid flames are those, like fires of hell,
That rise among the trees and fringe with light
The gloomy forest's long and darkening aisles!
Neophyte —
We lost our way in seeking for the Pass.
We must retrace our steps into the wood,
For Leonard here will celebrate to-night
The rites of this New Faith. I pray you, back!
To advance is death!
Count Henry — I am resolved to try;
This is precisely what I wished to see.
Fear nothing, Jew: no one will recognize us.
Neophyte —
Be prudent! here our lives hang on a breath!
Count Henry —
What monstrous ruins strew the ground about us!
There lies the dying world; colossal form,
Which lasted centuries before it fell!
Columns and capitals, and fretted roofs,
And slender shafts, and statues, cornices
With golden bands, rose windows and stained glass,
Upturned and broken, crashing 'neath my feet!
Painting and sculpture, relics, bas-reliefs
Upheaved in ruin! — Heaven! is that the face
Of God's dear Mother shining in this gloom?
'Tis gone! There gleams a cherub's head; a shrine
With railing carved in bronze; — Ha! by yon torch
I see a knight in armor sleeping on
An upturned tomb! Crosses and monuments
As thick as flakes of snow! — Where am I, Jew?
Neophyte —
We cross the graveyard of the latest church

Of the Old Faith. For forty days and nights
We labored to destroy it; built it seemed
To last eternal ages!
Count Henry — Ye New Men,
Your songs, your hymns, grate harshly on my ears!
Before me and behind, on every side,
Dark forms are moving; fitful shadows, lights,
Are driven to and fro by soughing gusts,
And float, like clouds of spirits, midst the throng!
A Passer-by —
I greet you, Citizen, in the name of Freedom.
Another —
I greet you in the slaughter of the nobles.
Third Passer-by —
The praise of Freedom 's chanted by the priests;
Why haste ye not to join the chorus?
Neophyte — Flight
Is now impossible; we must advance!
Count Henry —
And who is that young man who stands in front
Upon the ruins of an ancient altar?
Three flames are burning at his feet; his face
Shines strangely through the crimsoning fire and smoke,
His gestures wild, excited, while his voice
Rings like a maniac's shriek?
Neophyte — 'Tis Leonard, young,
Inspired prophet of our liberty.
Philosophers and poets, artists, priests,
Stand round him with their daughters and their loves.
Count Henry —
I understand, — *your* aristocracy!
Point out the man who sent to me to seek
An interview.
Neophyte — I do not see him here.
Leonard —
Fly to my arms! Come, let our burning lips
Cling to each other till our breath grows flame!
My beautiful, my love! Come, fly to me,
Disrobed of veils, of antique prejudices, —
My chosen 'mid the daughters of the free!
Voice of a Girl —
I come, I fly to thee, my well beloved!
Second Girl —
Look upon me! I stretch to thee my hands,
But in the frenzy of the rapturing bliss,

I faint and fall, belovèd, at thy feet!
I cannot rise, — can only turn to thee!

Third Girl —

Look, Prophet, look! I have outstripped them all,
Through cinders, ashes, flame and fire and smoke!
I clasp thy feet, belovèd, to my heart!

Count Henry —

Her long dark hair floats far upon the wind,
With heaving breast she leaps upon the altar.

Neophyte —

Thus is it every night with our young priest.

Leonard —

To me, my bliss! Come, child of freedom, come!
Thou tremblest with divinest inspiration.
Lend me a share that I may teach my brethren!
Prophetic words thrill through my quivering lips!

Count Henry —

Her head is bowed, she falls as in convulsion.

Leonard —

Ye People, look on us! We offer you
An image of the race from trammels freed.
We stand upon the ruins of the Past.
To us be honor, glory! We have trampled
All into dust, the God of old is dead!
His limbs are torn asunder, and our mind
Is borne triumphant to his seat, whence falls
His spirit to eternal nothingness!

Chorus of Women —

Happy and blest is the loved of the Prophet:
We stand at her feet, and we envy her lot!

Leonard —

A new world give I you; to a *new* God
I give the heavens, — a God of freedom, bliss,
The *People's God!* Let every tyrant's corpse
His fitting altar be! The pile would reach
The sky! A sea of blood will flow, and sweep
Away the pangs of past humanity!
Our tears all shed, we will inaugurate
Perpetual happiness; the Day of Freedom!
Damnation and the gallows be to him
Who would reorganize the Past, conspire
Against the perfect brotherhood of man!

Chorus of Men —

The towers of superstition, tyranny,
Have fallen! fallen!

Death and damnation be to him who'd save
One stone from that old, crumbling edifice!
Neophyte [*aside*] —
Blasphemers of Jehovah, thrice I spew
You forth to swift destruction!
Count Henry —
Keep but thy promise, Eagle, I will build
A temple to the glorious Son of God
On their bowed necks, and on this very spot!
A confused cry of Voices —
Freedom! Equality! and perfect bliss!

Chorus of the New Priests —
Where are the lords, and where the haughty kings,
Who ruled with cruel pride, and walked the earth
Adorned with crown and scepter? Where are they?

Voices —
Gone! Gone! forever gone! Hurrah! Hurrah!
An Assassin —
I killed King Alexander.
Another Assassin — I, King John.
Third Assassin —
I murdered King Emmanuel. Hurrah!
Leonard —
March without fear! Murder without remorse!
Ye are the elect of the elect, the sons
Of that God whom the *People* have *elected!*
Martyrs and heroes of our liberties!

Chorus of Assassins —
We glide in the darkness of night,
We move in the gloom of the shadow;
Dagger and sword in the clutch of our might,
We strike for the good of our brothers!

Leonard [*to the young* Girl] —
Rouse thee, my love!
[*A loud clap of thunder is heard. To the throng*] —
Answer this living God who speaks in thunder!
Ye vigorous sons of freedom, follow me!
Sing hymns, and let us once more trample down
The dead God's Church.
Awake, beloved! lift up thy drooping head!
Girl —
I glow with love to thee, and to thy God!

Oh, I would share my love with all mankind,
With the great universe! I glow! I glow!

Count Henry —
Who is that blocks the way? He falls upon
His knees, he lifts his hands, and, groaning, speaks.

Neophyte —
He is the son of our philosopher.

Leonard —
What wouldst thou, Herman?

Herman — Pontiff, I would ask
For consecration as a murderer.

Leonard —
Hand me the oil, the poniard, and the poison!
With this, the sacred oil once used to anoint
Earth's kings, I consecrate thee to their murder!
I put into thy hands the ancient arms
Of knights and nobles, — use them for their death!
I hang upon thy breast this flask of poison,
That where the sword can never reach, it may
Corrode, and burn the bowels of our tyrants!
Go! thou art consecrated to destroy
Despots in every quarter of the globe!

Count Henry —
He goes. He heads his bands of murderers!
They climb the hill, — they surely come to us, —
Leonard is at their head.

Neophyte — We must withdraw.

Count Henry —
No. I *will* dream this dream out to its end!

Neophyte [*aside*] —
Jehovah, hear! Doom him to swift destruction!
[*To* Count Henry] —
Leonard will surely know me. See you not
The dreadful knife that glitters on his breast?

Count Henry —
There, hide thee, Jew, beneath my mantle's folds.
Know you the women dancing round the man
Whom you call Leonard?

Neophyte — All I know by name.
The wives of princes, counts, who have forsaken
Their former lords, and then embraced our faith.

Count Henry —
Women I once deemed angels! idolized! . . .
The crowd surrounds and hides him from my sight,
But as the music ever fainter grows,

He must be moving from us with his train.
Jew, follow me! We can see better here!
[*He climbs the parapet of a wall.*

Neophyte —
Woe! woe! here every one will surely know us!

Count Henry —
I see him now; but other female forms,
Convulsive, pale, and haggard, throng around.
I see the son of the philosopher;
He foams and gestures, brandishes his dagger.
They reach the northern tower, dance round the wreck,
Trample the ruins, rend the Gothic shrines,
Throw fire upon the holy prostrate altars,
The sacred pictures and the broken crosses!
The fire blazes, — clouds of smoke arise
That darken all before me!
Anathema on these blasphemers! Woe!

Leonard —
Woe! woe to men who still bow lowly down,
In adoration to a lifeless God!

Count Henry —
The blackening masses of the People turn —
They drive upon us now!

Neophyte — Oh, Abraham!

Count Henry —
Eagle of glory! this is not mine hour!

Neophyte —
We're lost. Escape is none.

Leonard [*stopping them*] —
Who are you, brother, with that haughty face?
Why are you not with us?

Count Henry — But yesterday
I of your final revolution heard,
And hastened from afar to lend my aid.
I'm an assassin of the Spanish club.

Leonard —
Who is this man who hides his face beneath
Your ample cloak?

Count Henry — My younger brother, who
Has sworn an oath never to show his face
Until he kills a noble!

Leonard — Whom can *you*
Boast to have killed?

Count Henry — It was but yesterday
My brothers consecrated me to murder.

Leonard —
Whom will you strike the first?
Count Henry — The greatest tyrant; —
Yourself, should you prove false!
Leonard — Here, brother, take
My dagger for such use! [*Hands it to him.*
Count Henry [*drawing his own*] — My own is sharp
Enough to strike a traitor to the heart!
Many Voices —
Hurrah for Leonard! for the People's friend!
Other Voices —
Long live the assassin of the Spanish club!
Leonard —
Meet me to-morrow in our General's tent.

Chorus of Priests —
We here salute thee, friend, in Freedom's name.
Within thy hands thou bear'st our safety's pledge:
Who fights unceasingly, assassinates
Without misgiving, never yields to doubt
Of victory — such one is sure to conquer.

Chorus of Philosophers —
We have at last awaked the human race
From long and childish dreams, unveiled Truth's face;
We've dragged her from the Darkness into Light; —
Go thou to kill, to die, to exalt her might!

Son of a Philosopher [*to* COUNT HENRY] —
Comrade and friend, out of this hollow skull
Of ancient saint, I drink to your good health.
[*He flings away the skull.*
A Girl [*dancing up to* COUNT HENRY] —
Wilt kill King John for me?
Another — For me, Count Henry!
Children —
Bring us some nobles' heads: we want new balls!
Other Children —
Good fortune guide your daggers to their hearts!

Chorus of Artists —
We'll build our church upon these Gothic ruins;
No images shall stand within its walls.
Sharp pikes and blades shall form its vaulted arch.
The pillars borne upon eight human heads,

Thick locks of hair shall form the capitals,
Seeming to gush with crimson streams of blood!
Our altar shall be white as new-fallen snow,
Our only God will rest upon the stone: —
The scarlet cap of Liberty! Hurrah!

Other Voices —
On! on! the morning dawn already breaks.
Neophyte —
They'll surely hang us, Count, on yonder gallows.
Count Henry —
They follow Leonard; us they heed no longer —
This time, — the last, I see with my own eyes,
Embrace with my own thought the wildering future,
The chaos quickening in the womb of Time,
The black abyss that menaces destruction
To me, my brothers, all the reverend Past.
I gaze once more — ere it engulf me!
Driven by despair, urged on by bitter grief,
My soul awakens to new energy.
O God! give me again the fiery power
Which Thou of old wert wont not to refuse me, —
And I will in one burning word reveal,
Incorporate this new and monstrous world,
Which does not know itself, its destiny,
And this Word will become the Poetry
Of all the future years!
Voice in the air — Thou chantest a Drama!
Count Henry —
Thanks for the information — friend or foe!
The desecrated ashes of my sires
Shall be avenged! . . .
Anathema on these new generations!
Their whirlpool seethes around me, but it shall
Not draw me in its ever swifter course,
The widening circles of its mad abyss.
Eagle! my Eagle! keep thy promise now!
Jew, I am ready to descend the Pass.
Neophyte —
Behold the dawn: I may no further go.
Count Henry —
Put me upon the path; I will release you.
Neophyte —
Ah! why thus drag me on through fog and briers,
O'er embers, ruins? I pray you, let me go!

Count Henry —
On! on! descend with me!
The last mad songs
Of that bewildered people die behind us;
Their scattered lights scarce glimmer through the gloom!
Under these hoary trees, through this pale fog,
I see the giant shadows of the Past. . . .
Do you not hear those melancholy chants?

Neophyte —
All things are shrouded in the curdling mists;
At every step still deeper we descend.

Chorus of Spirits in the Forest —
Weep! weep for Christ, — the exiled, suffering Lord!
Where is our Holy Church? Where is our God?

Count Henry —
Unsheathe the sword! quick to the combat! I
Will give Him back to you! Will crucify
His enemies on thousand, thousand crosses!

Chorus of Spirits —
Day and night we watched the altar,
Guarded all the saintly graves:
Bearing on our wings sweet echoes,
High along the vaulted naves,
Vesper bell, or matin chiming
Falling on the faithful ear,
Swelling tones of pealing organ,
Which the angels stooped to hear; —
In the gleaming of the storied,
Heaven-hued, rainbow window panes,
Haloed heads and virgins sainted;
In the shadows of the fanes;
In the holy golden glitter
Of the world's redeeming cup;
In the whiteness of the wafer
Which the blessing Priest held up;
In Consecration, Benediction, —
Centered all our happy life:
Aï! Aï! who can aid us?
Who will end this wretched strife?
Where shall we now seek for shelter?
Altar, incense, priest, are gone!
Man now deems himself Creator!
Dreams the twilight is the dawn!

Count Henry —
Day breaks! Their shadowy forms dissolve! they melt
In the red rays of morn!
Neophyte — Here lies your way.
We've reached the entrance to the Pass at last.
Count Henry [*calling*] —
Holà! Holà! Our Lord, and my own sword!
[*He tears off the Liberty cap, throws it upon the ground, and casts pieces of silver in it.*
For memory, take the thing and emblem! they
Belong together.
Neophyte — You have pledged your word:
He shall be safe who visits you to-night?
Count Henry —
A noble ne'er repeats, nor breaks, a promise, — go!
Hail! Jesus and my sword!
Voices from the Pass — Long live our Lord!
Our swords and Mary!
Count Henry [*to* Neophyte] — Citizen, adieu!
To me, my faithful! Jesus, Mary, aid!

Scene IV.

Trees and bushes. Pancras, Leonard, *and* Attendants.

Pancras [*to his* Attendants] —
Lie on this spot, your faces to the turf;
Be quiet, beat no signal, light no fires;
If you should hear my pistol, fly to me!
If not, you must not stir till dawn of day.
Leonard —
Once more, I must implore you, Citizen!
Pancras —
Rest at the foot of this tall pine, and sleep!
Leonard —
Let me go with you! Should you trust your life
To this Count Henry, this aristocrat?
Pancras [*motioning him to remain*] —
The nobles rarely break a plighted word!

Scene V.

Night. A vast feudal hall in the castle of Count Henry. *Blazons and pictures of knights and ladies hang along the walls. A pillar is seen in the background bearing the arms and escutcheons of the family. The* Count *is seated at a marble table, upon which are*

placed an antique lamp of wrought silver, a jewel-hilted sword, a pair of pistols, an hour-glass, and clock. On the opposite side stands another table with silver pitchers, decanters, and massive goblets.

Count Henry —

Midnight! It was at this same solemn hour,
Surrounded by like perils and like thoughts,
The latest Brutus met his Evil Genius:
And such an apparition I await!
A man who has no name, no ancestors,
Who has no guardian angel, faith, nor God,
Whose mission is destruction to the past,
Will yet — unless I'm strong enough to hurl
Him back into his primal nothingness —
Destroy society, its laws and faith;
Found a new era in the fate of man!
Such is the modern Cæsar I await!

* * * * * * *

Eagle of glory, hear! Souls of my sires,
Inspire me with that fiery force which made
You rulers of the world. Oh, give to me
The lion heart which throbbed within your breasts!
Your austere majesty gird round my brow!
Rekindle in my soul your burning, blind,
Unconquerable faith in Christ, His Church,
The inspiration of your deeds on earth,
Your hopes in Heaven! Light it again in me,
And I will scathe our foes with fire and sword,
Will conquer and destroy all who oppose me,
The myriads of the children of the dust.
I, the last son of hundred generations,
Sole heir of all your virtues, thoughts, and faults!

[*The bell of the castle strikes*] —

'T is the appointed hour: — I am prepared.

Enter JACOB (*an old servant*), *fully armed.*

Jacob —

Your Excellence, the man you wait is here.

Count Henry —

Admit him, Jacob.

[*Exit* JACOB; *reappears, announces* PANCRAS, *and again retires.*

Pancras [*entering*] — I salute you, Count.
Yet that word *Count* sounds strangely on my lips.

[*He seats himself, takes off his cloak and scarlet cap, and fixes his eye upon the pillar on which the armorial bearings hang.*

Count Henry —
I thank you for the ready confidence
Placed in the honor of this ancient House.
Faithful to our old rites, I drink your health.
[*He fills a goblet and hands to* PANCRAS.
Pancras [*still looking at the pillar*] —
If I am not mistaken, noble Count,
This blue and scarlet shield was called a coat
Of arms in the lost language of the dead;
But all such trifles vanish rapidly
Forever from the surface of the earth.
Count Henry —
God aiding, they will shortly reappear!
Pancras —
Commend me to the old nobility!
You answer like a chip of the old block.
A nobleman learns nothing from the times,
Always confiding in himself, high, bold,
Though without money, credit, arms, or men.
Proud, obstinate, and hoping 'gainst all hope,
E'en like the corpse in the fable, threatening
The driver of the hearse with vengeance dire
At very gate of fatal charnel-house!
Trusting in God — at least pretending trust —
When trust in self is found impossible!
Count Henry, give me but one little glimpse
Of all the lightnings God keeps stored above
For your especial benefit, to blast
Me and my thronging millions! Show me one,
But *one* of all the hosts who fill the sky;
One of the mighty angels who are soon
To encamp upon your side, and in whose force
You trust to win the victory over me,
And, without loss, subdue the human race!
[*He empties the goblet.*
Count Henry —
Chief of the People, you are pleased to jest;
But atheism is an *ancient* formula,
And I hoped something *new*, from the New Men.
Pancras —
Laugh if you will, Sir Count, at your own wit;
My faith is far more firmly based than yours,
My formulas far wider than your own.
My central dogma is most holy, true:
The emancipation of humanity!

It has its source in wild, despairing cries
Forever rising to the throne of God
From weary hearts of millions of oppressed:
The famine of degraded artisans;
The poverty of peasants, woes of serfs;
The desecration of their daughters, wives;
The general degradation of the race;
The unjust laws, the brutal prejudice!
My dogmas spring from infinite agonies;
Such woes give me the aid of all our race!
I am resolved to establish my new creed,
Written by God upon all human hearts!
Men know He made them equal, gave them all
A birthright; right to happiness, to ease;
Possession of the earth, and liberty!
This is my power! These thoughts, my God! A God
Pledged to give rest, bread, glory, bliss to man!
This creed proclaimed, oh, what can stay its course?
[*He fills and empties the goblet.*

Count Henry —
The God who gave all former power and rule
To my strong sires!

Pancras — And can *you* trust Him still,
When He has given you as a plaything to
The devil all your life? A jest for friends?
But let us leave discussions such as these
To theologians, should there linger still
Such fossils upon earth. To facts! stern facts!

Count Henry —
Redeemer of the People, Citizen God!
What can you seek from me? why visit me?

Pancras —
In the first place, because I wished to know you:
And in the next, because I wished to save you.

Count Henry —
Thanks for the first; and for the second, trust my sword!

Pancras —
Your God! Your sword! Vain phantoms of the brain!
Look at the dread realities about you!
The curses of the myriads are upon you,
Millions of brawny arms already raised
To hurl you down to death! Of all the Past
You so much vaunt, nothing remains to you
Save a few feet of earth; scarcely enough
To offer you a grave!

The Castle of the Holy Trinity,
Your last poor fortress, only can hold out
A few days more. You know you have no men,
Artillery, appliances of war,
Nor powder, shot, nor food for garrison.
Your men may *fight*, but will not *starve*, and will
Desert you in the hour of utmost need.
I speak the truth; you know as well as I,
There's nothing left on which to hang a hope!
If I were in your place, heroic Count,
I know what I would do.

Count Henry — Speak on. You see
How patiently I hear. What would you do?

Pancras —

Were I Count Henry, I would say to Pancras:
"You speak the truth; there's not a single hope.
I will dismiss my troops; my few poor serfs,
Nor seek to hold the 'Holy Trinity,' —
For this, I will retain my title, lands,
And you will pledge your honor to the deed,
As guarantee of that agreed upon!"
How old are you, Count Henry?

Count Henry — Thirty-six.

Pancras —

No more? Then fifteen years of life are all
You have a just right to expect, for men
Of temperaments like yours always die young.
Your son is nearer to the grave than to
Maturity. A *single* case like yours
Could do no serious harm to our Great Whole.
Remain, then, where you are, last of the Counts;
Rule while you live in your ancestral home;
Have, if you will, the portraits all retouched;
The armorial bearings of your line renewed;
And think no more of that most wretched remnant
Of your fallen order, which deserves to fall!
You *know* the People have been long oppressed;
Stay not the sword of justice as it falls
On *their* oppressors! Here's a health! I drink,
The last of all the Counts!

[*He fills and drinks another goblet of wine.*

Count Henry —

Cease! cease! Each word you utter breathes new insult!
Can you suppose, to save a wretched life,
I would submit myself to be enslaved,

And dragged in chains behind your car of triumph?
Desert the nobles, whom I have sworn to aid?
No more! no more! I can endure no more!
I cannot answer as my spirit prompts;
You are my guest, and shall be sheltered from
All insult 'neath the shadow of my roof!
My Lares guard you: plighted my knightly honor!

Pancras —

"Plighted and knightly honor" in our days
Swing oft upon a gallows! You unfurl
A tattered banner, whose worn, faded rags
Seem out of place among the brilliant flags,
The joyous symbols of humanity
And universal progress. Flaunt it no more!
I know your generous spirit, and protest
Against your course, self-sacrificing Count!
Still full of life and manly vigor, you
Would bind your heart to putrefying corpses,
Cling to a vain belief in privilege,
In worn-out relics, and in dead men's bones,
Moldering escutcheons, and the word of country!
Yet in your inmost soul you're forced to own
Your brother-nobles have deserved their doom,
And that forgetfulness for them were mercy!

Count Henry —

You, Pancras, and your noisy followers,
Tell me what you deserve!

Pancras — Life! Victory!

For we acknowledge but one living right,
One ceaseless law: "the *law of eternal progress!*"
This fatal law seals your death-warrant. Hark!
Through my just lips it cries to you and yours:
"Moldering and rotten aristocracy,
Full crammed with meat and wine torn from your serfs,
Effete with luxury, worn out with ease, —
Give place to the young, the strong, the hungry, poor,
Whose vigorous blood will found a nobler race!"
I *will* save *you*, and *you alone*, Count Henry.

Count Henry —

No more! I will not brook your haughty pity!
I know you too, and your new riotous world;
I've seen your camp at night, and looked upon
The swarms upon whose necks you ride to power!
I saw it all; detected the *old* crimes,
But thinly veiled by *newer* draperies,

Far wilder and more savage than of yore; —
I saw *old* vices shining through *new* shams,
Whirling to strange new tunes, voluptuous dance, —
The robes were changed, but the old ends were there,
The same which they have been for centuries,
And will forever be while man is man, —
Adultery and theft, murder and license!
I did not see *you there!* You were not with
Your guilty children, *whom you know* you *scorn;*
And if you do not soon go mad with horror
'Mid the wild riots of the cruel people,
You will despise and hate yourself, Great Citizen!
Oh, torture me no more! . . .

[*He rises, moves hurriedly to and fro, then seats himself under his escutcheon.*

Pancras —

'Tis true my world is in its infancy,
Unformed and undeveloped; it needs food,
Rest, ease, and pleasure; but the Giant grows,
Grows rapidly; the time is coming fast
When it will its maturity attain,

[*He rises, approaches the* COUNT, *and leans against the armorial pillar* —

The consciousness of its all-powerful strength,
When it shall say in giant tones: I AM!
And there will be no other voice on earth
Able to answer: Lo! I ALSO AM!

Count Henry — And then?

Pancras —

Then from the masses quickening 'neath my breath,
Of whom I am the representative,
A stronger race will spring, higher than aught
The earth has yet produced. They will be free,
Lords of the globe from frozen pole to pole;
A blooming garden will they make of earth,
Redeem the desert, tame the wilderness.
The sea will gleam with floating palaces,
With argosies of wealth and varied commerce;
The exchange of all commodities will bear
Desires of mutual recognition on,
While civilization speeds from clime to clime,
And loving hands stretch far across the waves
To clasp each other!
Cities will cluster upon every height,
Bearing rich blessings over every plain.

Stand in the heart of Rome, eternal Rome!
Ruins of former powers, greater than yours,
Were crumbling into dust around its base:
Hundreds of gods, stronger than those you trust,
Were lying prostrate on the haunted ground;
Trampled by careless feet, they did not dare
To raise their crushed and wounded heads to gaze
Upon the Crucified! . . . *It* stood upon
The seven hills, the mighty arms outstretched
From east to west, as if to embrace the world;
The golden sunshine lit the Holy Brow,
The perfect calm in utter agony
Told man that Love was still the Conqueror, —
All hearts acknowledged Him Lord of the world!

Pancras —

An old wife's tale! as hollow as the rattling
Of these escutcheons.

[*He strikes the shield*] — Discussions are in vain;
I read your heart, and know its secret yearnings.
If you would *really find the Infinite*
Which hitherto has baffled all your search;
If you love *Truth*, and would sincerely seek it;
If you are really *man*, created in
The image of our common brotherhood, —
And not the empty hero of a nursery song, —
Oh, list to me! Let not these fleeting moments
Pass thus in vain! they fly so rapidly,
Yet are the *last* in which you can be saved!
Man of the Past, *the race renews itself,*
And of the blood we shed to-day, no trace
Will stain to-morrow!
If you are really what you once appeared,
A *man*, stand firm in all your former might,
Aid the down-trodden masses; help the oppressed;
Emancipate your fellow-men; work for
The common good; give up your false desire
Of personal glory; quit these tottering ruins,
Which all your pride and power can never prop, —
Desert your falling house, and follow me!
Come, help to make an Eden of the Earth!
Time flies. Resolve! for the last time I speak!

Count Henry —

Oh, youngest born of Satan's flattering brood!

[*Visibly agitated, he paces up and down the hall, talking to himself*] —

The sons of earth will all find happy homes,
Her helpful daughters move in active bliss,
The world will be one vast united house,
Of joyous industry, creative art.

Count Henry —

Pancras, your words and tones dissemble well,
But I am not deceived. Your rigid face
Struggles in vain to assume the generous glow,
The love of good, your cold soul cannot feel.

Pancras —

Nay, interrupt me not! for men have begged
Such prophecies from me on bended knees,
And I would not vouchsafe them to their prayers!
The *coming world* will yet possess a God
Whose highest fact will not be death, defeat,
And agony upon a helpless cross!
This God, the People, by their power and skill,
Will *force* to unveil his face; the children whom
He once in anger scattered o'er the earth,
Will tear him from the infinite recess
Of the dim heaven in which he loves to hide!
Babel will be no more. Nations and tribes
Will meet and understand their mutual wants;
A *universal language* will unite
All in the bonds of charity and peace.
The children, having reached majority,
Assert their *right to see* their maker's face;
They loudly claim the just inheritance
Due from a common Father to His Sons:
" The right to know all truth!"
The God of the humanity at last
Reveals Himself to man!

Count Henry —

Yes. He revealed Himself some centuries ago!
Humanity through him already is redeemed!

Pancras —

Let it delight in *bliss of such redemption!*
Let it rejoice in all the agonies
Endured by His disciples night and day,
And vainly crying to Him for relief
Through twice a thousand years which have elapsed
Since His inglorious defeat and death!

Count Henry —

Blasphemer, cease! I've seen his sacred cross,
The holy symbol of His mystic love,

Stand in the heart of Rome, eternal Rome!
Ruins of former powers, greater than yours,
Were crumbling into dust around its base:
Hundreds of gods, stronger than those you trust,
Were lying prostrate on the haunted ground;
Trampled by careless feet, they did not dare
To raise their crushed and wounded heads to gaze
Upon the Crucified! . . . *It* stood upon
The seven hills, the mighty arms outstretched
From east to west, as if to embrace the world;
The golden sunshine lit the Holy Brow,
The perfect calm in utter agony
Told man that Love was still the Conqueror, —
All hearts acknowledged Him Lord of the world!

Pancras —

An old wife's tale! as hollow as the rattling
Of these escutcheons.
[*He strikes the shield*] — Discussions are in vain;
I read your heart, and know its secret yearnings.
If you would *really find the Infinite*
Which hitherto has baffled all your search;
If you love *Truth*, and would sincerely seek it;
If you are really *man*, created in
The image of our common brotherhood, —
And not the empty hero of a nursery song, —
Oh, list to me! Let not these fleeting moments
Pass thus in vain! they fly so rapidly,
Yet are the *last* in which you can be saved!
Man of the Past, *the race renews itself,*
And of the blood we shed to-day, no trace
Will stain to-morrow!
If you are really what you once appeared,
A *man*, stand firm in all your former might,
Aid the down-trodden masses; help the oppressed;
Emancipate your fellow-men; work for
The common good; give up your false desire
Of personal glory; quit these tottering ruins,
Which all your pride and power can never prop, —
Desert your falling house, and follow me!
Come, help to make an Eden of the Earth!
Time flies. Resolve! for the last time I speak!

Count Henry —

Oh, youngest born of Satan's flattering brood!
[*Visibly agitated, he paces up and down the hall, talking to himself*] —

Dreams! dreams! They never can be realized!
Who has the power to mold them into fact?
The first man, exiled, in the desert died,—
The flaming sword still guards the Eden-gates,—
Man never more reënters Paradise! . . .

Pancras [*aside*] —
I have him now! Have driven the probe to the core
Of his high heart! Have struck the electric nerve
Of Poetry, which quivers through the base,
And is the life-chord of his complex being!

Count Henry —
Eternal progress! Human happiness!
Did I not, too, believe them possible? . . .
Here, take my head, provided that may . . .

[*He remains silent, absorbed in reverie, then raising his head, gazes steadily at* PANCRAS] —
The vision dies — and I can dream no more!
Two centuries ago it might have been:
Mutual accord — but now it is too late!
Accumulated wrongs on either side
Have dug a gulf of separating blood.
Nothing but murder now will satisfy!
A change of race is your necessity.

Pancras —
Then join our cry: "Woe to the vanquished! Woe!"
Seeker of happiness, say it but once;
Join us, and be the *first* among the victors!
Man's onward path lies through the People's camp!

Count Henry —
You boast, but do you know the trackless ways,
The unseen chances of the gloomy Future?
Did Destiny at midnight visit you,
And, drawing back the curtains of your tent,
Open before you all her hidden secrets?
Placing her hand upon your scheming brain,
Did she impress on it her seal of victory?
Perchance at mid-day, when o'ercome with heat
All others slept, the pitiless Form appeared,
Assured you of your conquest over me,
That thus you threaten me with sure defeat?
Are you not made of clay fragile as mine?
You may be victim of the first ball thrown!
The first bold sword-thrust may transfix your heart!
Your life, like mine, hangs on a single hair;
Like me, you've no immunity from death!

Pancras —
Dreams, idle dreams! Be not deceived by hopes
So baseless! *men live until their work is done!*
No bullet aimed by man will e'er reach me,
No sword will pierce me, while a single one
Of all your haughty caste remains to thwart
The task it is my destiny to fulfill!
And so, whate'er my final doom may be,
On its completion it will be too late
To offer you the least advantage!
[*The bell of the castle strikes*] —
Hark! time flies fast, and flying, scorns us both!
If you are weary of your own sad life,
Yet save your hapless son!
Count Henry — His pure soul is
Already saved in Heaven; on earth he must
Share in his father's fate.
[*His head sinks heavily and remains for some time buried in his hands.*
Pancras — Can you reject
All hope for him? Doom your own son to death?
[*He pauses for an answer, but* COUNT HENRY *does not speak*] —
Nay, you are silent . . . hesitate . . . reflect . . .
Why, that is well . . . reflection suits the man
Who stands on brink of ruin! . . . Save the boy!
Count Henry —
Away! away! Back from the mysteries
Now surging through my spirit's passionate depths!
Back! back! profane them not with one vain word, —
They lie beyond your sphere!
The world is yours,
The world of bodies, hungry flesh and blood!
Gorge it with meat, flood it with ruby wine,
But press not in the secrets of my soul!
Leave me, thou seeker of material bliss,
To my own thoughts; — I fain would be alone!
Pancras —
Slave of *one* phase of thought, chained to *one* form,
The corpse of the dead Past rots in thine arms!
Shame, Poet! Warrior! Prophet! Scholar! Sage!
My plastic fingers mold the world *at will*,
I can reduce both thought and form to naught,
And out of nothingness mold them, like wax, anew!
Count Henry —
You cannot read my heart, follow my thoughts,

Will never understand me, man of yesterday!
Your sires were buried in a common ditch,
Without distinctive spirit, like dead things,
And not as men of individual stamp.
[*He points to the portraits of his ancestors*] —
Look at these pictures! Love of country, home,
Race, kin, — feelings at war with your whole past, —
Are written in each line of their brave brows!
These things are in me as my vital breath,
Their spirit lives entire in their last heir,
Their only representative on earth!
Tell me, O man without ancestral graves,
Where is your natal soil, your proper country?
Each coming eve you spread your wandering tent
Upon the ruins of another's home;
Each morn you roll it up, again to unroll
At night; where'er you pitch, anew to blight and spoil!
You have not, nor will ever find a *home*,
A *sacred hearth*, as long as valiant men
Still live to cry with me: *All glory to our sires!*
Pancras —
Yes, glory to our sires in Heaven, on earth,
If there be aught *worthy* to glorify! —
We'll test the claims of your own ancestors.
[*He points to one of the portraits*] —
This noble was a very famous Starost;
He shot old women in the woods, like wrens,
And roasted living Jews; this other with
The inscription CHANCELLOR, and a great seal
In his right hand, forged acts and falsified,
Burned archives, murdered knights, and gained and stained
His vast inheritance with blood and poison;
And through him came your villages, serfs, power!
This dark man with the flashing eye played at
Adultery with wives of trusting friends:
This one with Spanish cloak and Golden Fleece
Served other countries with his own in danger!
This lady pale, with long curled raven locks,
Intrigued with her handsome page, — they murdered *him!*
This charming woman with the lustrous braids,
Reading a letter from her loving gallant,
Smiles archly, — well she may, for night is near —
And love is bold — and husband trustful, absent!
This timid beauty with the deep-blue eyes
And golden curls, that clasps a Roman hound

In her round arms, where ruby bracelets glow,
Was mistress of a king, and soothed his softer hours.
I like this fellow with a jolly face,
In shooting suit of green; he ne'er was sober,
Amused himself all day drinking with friends,
And sent his serfs to hunt the tall red deer,
With hounds for company!
Such is the true account of your most pure,
Unsullied line! Oppression everywhere!
The noble deemed the serfs' stupidity
His own best safety; thus he gave the world
Convincing proof of his own intellect!
The Day of Judgment breaks in gloom upon you;
I promise you not one of your great sires
Shall be forgotten in the dark award!

Count Henry —

Son of the people, you deceive yourself!
You and your brethren never could have lived
Had not the nobles given you their bread,
Defended you, and for you shed their blood;
Like beasts you would have perished on the earth!
When famine came, they gave you grain; and when
The plague swept over you with breath of death,
They found you nurses, built you hospitals,
And had physicians schooled to snatch you from the grave.
When they, from unformed brutes, had nurtured you
To human beings, they built churches, schools,
And shared all with you save the battle-field,
For fierce encounter, fiery shock, they knew
You were not formed to bear!
As lances sharp of pagan warriors
Were wont, shattered and riven, to recoil
From the bright armor of my ancestors,
So fall your idle words, flung quickly back
By dazzling record of their glorious deeds,
Disturbing not the dust that sleeps in fame!
Like howls of rabid dog that froths and snaps,
Until he's driven from the human pale,
Your accusations die in their insanity!

[*The castle bell again strikes*] —

'Tis almost dawn — and time you should depart
From my ancestral halls. In safety pass
From this old home, my guest!

Pancras —

Farewell, until we meet again upon

The ramparts of the Holy Trinity!
And when your powder, shot, and men are gone? . . .

Count Henry —
Then we must draw within sword's length! Farewell!

Pancras —
We are twin Eagles, but your soaring nest
Is shattered by the lightning!

[*He takes up his scarlet cap and wraps his cloak about him*] —
In passing from your threshold I must leave
The curse due to decrepitude: I doom
Yourself, your son, to swift destruction!

Count Henry —
Jacob, holà! [*Enter* JACOB.] Call up the guards! Conduct
This man in safety through our outmost post.

Jacob —
So help me God, the Lord! [*Exeunt* PANCRAS *and* JACOB.

FIFTH PERIOD.

"Bottomless perdition." — MILTON.

Perched like an eagle, high among the rocks,
Stands the old fortress, "Holy Trinity."
Now from its bastions nothing can be seen,
To right, to left, in front, or in the rear,
But morning mists, unbroken, limitless;
A spectral image of that Deluge wrath
Which, as its wild waves rose to sweep o'er earth,
Once broke o'er these steep cliffs, these time-worn rocks.
No glimpses can be traced of vale beneath,
Buried in ghastly waves of ice-cold sea,
Wrapping it as the shroud winds round the dead.
No crimson rays of coming sun yet light
The clammy, pallid, winding-sheet of foam.

Upon a bold and naked granite peak,
Above the spectral mist, the castle stands,
A solitary island in this sea.
Its bastions, parapets, and lofty towers
Built of the rock from which they soar, appear
During the lapse of ages to have grown
Out of its stony heart (as human breast
Springs from the centaur's back), — the giant work
Of days long past.

A single banner floats
Above the highest tower; it is the last,
The only Banner of the Cross on earth!

A shudder stirs and wakes the sleeping mist,
The bleak winds sigh, and silence rules no more;
The vapor surges, palpitates, and drifts
In the first rays shot by the coming sun.
The breeze is chill; the very light seems frost,
Curdling the clouds that form and roll and drift
Above this tossing sea of fog and foam.

With Nature's tumult other sounds arise,
And human voices, mingling with the storm,
Articulate their wail, as it sweeps on.
Borne on and upward by the lifting waves
Of the cloud-surge, they break against the towers,
The castle's granite walls — voices of doom!

Long golden shafts transpierce the sea of foam;
The clinging shroud of mist is swiftly riven;
Through vaporous walls that line the spectral chasm
Are glimpses seen of deep abyss below.
How dark it looks athwart the precipice!
Myriads of heads in wild commotion surge;
The valley swarms with life, as ocean's sands
With writhing things that creep and twist and sting.
The sun! the sun! he mounts above the peaks!
The driven, tortured vapors rise in blood;
More and more clearly grow upon the eye
The threatening swarms fast gathering below.

The quivering mist rolls into crimson clouds,
It scales the craggy cliffs, and softly melts
Into the depths of the infinite blue sky.
The valley glitters like a sea of light,
Throws back the sunshine in a dazzling glare,
For every hand is armed with sharpened blade,
And bayonets and points of steel flash fire;
Millions are pouring through the living depths, —
As numberless as they at last will throng
Into the valley of Jehoshaphat,
When called to answer on the Judgment Day.

Scene I.

The cathedral in the Fort of the Trinity. Lords, Senators, and dignitaries are seen on either side of the nave, each seated at the foot of a statue of a king, knight, or hero. Compact masses of Nobles stand behind the statues. The Archbishop *is seated in a chair of state, in front of the high altar, and holds a sword upon his knees. Choir of Priests around the altar.*

Count Henry *enters, holding a banner in his hand. He pauses a moment upon the threshold of the church, then advances up the aisle to the* Archbishop.

Chorus of Priests —
We, Thy last priests, in the last Church of Christ,
Implore Thee for the glory of our fathers:
Oh, save us from our enemies, our God!

First Count —
See with what pride Count Henry glares at us!
Second Count —
As if the universe were at his feet!
Third Count —
He has done nothing yet but cut his way
Across the peasants' camp, and there has left
Two hundred of our men dead on the field.
He slaughtered but one hundred of those wretches.
Second Count —
Suffer him not to be appointed chief!
Count Henry [*kneeling at the feet of the* Archbishop] —
This flag, torn from our foe, lies at thy feet!
Archbishop —
This sword, once blessed by Florian's holy hand,
I offer thee!
Voices — *Vivat! vivat!* Count Henry!
Archbishop [*making the sign of the cross upon the brow of* Count Henry] —
Brave Count, I seal thee with this holy sign
Commander of the castle, — our last rampart: —
In the name of all, I here proclaim thee chief.
Voices —
Long live our chief!
A Voice — I must protest. . . .
Many Voices — Be silent!
Away with him! Long live our chief, Count Henry!

Count Henry —
If any man has aught to urge against me,
Let him come boldly forward and advance it,
Nor hide himself, thus skulking 'mid the crowd.
[*No one responds*] —
Father, I take the sword! God punish me
If I should fail to save thee with this blade!

Chorus of Priests —
Give him Thy might, O God!
Thy Holy Spirit pour upon him!
Save us from all our foes, Lord Jesus!

Count Henry —
Swear to defend the glory of our sires,
Their faith and God! . . . Swear that though hunger, thirst,
May drive to death, they shall not to dishonor!
Swear that no pain shall force us to submission,
Capitulation, betrayal of our God!
All —
We swear!

[*The* ARCHBISHOP *kneels and lifts the cross. All then kneel.*

Chorus of Priests —
May Thy wrath strike the perjured,
May Thy wrath strike the craven soul,
May Thy wrath strike the traitor,
O Lord, our God!
All —
We swear!
Count Henry [*drawing his sword from its scabbard*] —
And I — I promise to you, glory!
For victory — yourselves must pray to God!

SCENE II.

A court-yard in the castle of the Holy Trinity. COUNT HENRY, *Princes, Counts, Barons, Nobles, Priests.*

A Count [*leading* COUNT HENRY *aside*] —
What! is all lost?
Count Henry — No. Unless courage fail!
The Count —
How long must courage last?
Count Henry — Even unto Death!

A Baron [*leading him off on the other side*] —
Count, it is said you've seen our dreadful foe:
If we should fall alive into his hands,
Will he have pity on us?
Count Henry — Such pity as
Our fathers never dreamed that men could dare
To show to them: the *gallows!*
The Baron — Naught then's left
But to defend ourselves to our last breath!
Count Henry —
What say you, Prince?
Prince — A word with you alone.
[*He draws* COUNT HENRY *aside*] —
All you have said does well to soothe the crowd,
But you must *know* we can hold out no longer!
Count Henry —
What else is left us, Prince?
Prince — You are our chief;
It is for you to arrange the proper terms,
Capitulate . . .
Count Henry — Hush! not so loud!
Prince — Why not?
Count Henry —
Your Excellency thus would forfeit life!
[*He turns to the men thronging around him*] —
Who names surrender will be put to death!
Baron, Count, and Prince [*together*] —
Who names surrender will be put to death!
All —
Punished with death! with death! Vivat! vivat! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The gallery of the tower. COUNT HENRY, JACOB.

Count Henry —
Jacob, where is my son?
Jacob — In the north tower,
Seated upon the threshold of the vault,
Before the grate that opens on the dungeons,
Chanting wild songs and uttering prophecies.
Count Henry —
Put more men on the bastion-Eleanore,
And move not from this spot. Use your best glass,
And watch the movements of the rebel camp.

Jacob —
So help us God! Meanwhile our troops are faint;
Some brandy might restore them to new life.
Count Henry —
Open the cellars of our princes, counts;
Give wine to all who stand upon the walls. [*Exit* JACOB.

COUNT HENRY *mounts some feet higher, and stands under the banner upon a small terrace* —

At last I see you, hated enemies!
With my whole power I trace your cunning plans,
Surround you with my scorn. No more we meet
Within the realm of idle words, of poetry,
But in the *real world* of deadly combat,
Sharp sword to sword, the rattling hail of bullets
Winged by the concentration of my hate!
No more with *single* arm and voice I meet you;
The strength of *many* centers in my will:

* * * * * * *

It is a joyous thing to govern, rule,
Even were it solely at the price of death:
To feel myself the sovereign arbiter,
The master of so many wills and lives;
To see *there* at my feet my enemies,
Leaping and howling at me from the abyss,
But all bereft of power to reach me here:
So like the Damned, who vainly lift their heads
Toward Heaven!

* * * * * * *

I know . . . I know a few hours more of time,
And I and thousands of yon craven wretches
Who have forgot their fathers and their God,
Will be no more forever! Be it so!
At least I have a few days more of life
To satiate myself with joy of combat,
The ecstasy of full command o'er others,
The giddy daring, struggle, victory, loss!
Thou, my last song, swell to a chant of triumph,
For death's the latest foe a man can conquer!

* * * * * * *

The sun sets fast behind the needled cliffs,
Sinks in a darksome cloud of threatening vapors;
His crimson rays light luridly the valley. —

Precursor of the bloody death before me,
I greet you with a fuller, gladder heart
Than I have e'er saluted ye, vain hopes
And promises of joy or blissful love!

* * * * * * *

Not through intrigue, through base or cunning skill,
Have I attained the aim of my desires;
But by a sudden bound I've leaped to fame,
As my persistent dreams told me I must.
Ruler o'er those but yesterday my equals,
Conqueror of death, since willingly I seek him,
I stand upon the brink: — Eternal life, or sleep!

Scene IV.

A hall in the castle lighted by torches. George *seated upon a bed.* Count Henry *enters, and lays down his arms upon a table.*

Count Henry —
A hundred fresh men place upon the ramparts!
After so fierce a fight my troops need rest.
Jacob [*without*] —
So help me God, the Lord!
Count Henry [*to* George] — Thou must have heard
The musketry, the noise of battle, George?
Keep up thy courage, boy: we perish not
To-day, no, nor to-morrow!
George — I heard it all;
It is not *that* strikes terror through my heart,
The cannon-ball flies on, and leaves no trace:
There's something else that makes me shiver, father!
Count Henry —
Thou fear'st for me? Is't that makes thee so pale?
George —
No, for I know thine hour is not yet come.
Count Henry —
My heart is solaced for to-day at least.
I've seen the foe driven from their attack,
Their ghastly corpses scattered o'er the plain.
We are alone: come, tell me all thy thoughts
As if we were once more in our old home,
And I will listen thee.
George [*hurriedly*] — Oh, father, come!
A dreadful trial is prepared, rehearsed,

Reëchoed every night within these walls!

[*He goes to a door hidden in the wall, and opens it.*

Count Henry —

George! George! Come back! Where art thou going, George?
Who showed thee this dim passage into vaults
Hung with eternal darkness, damp with death?
This dismal charnel-house of moldering bones,
Of ancient victims stricken in days long past?

George —

There where thine eye cannot perceive the light,
My spirit knows the way. Follow me, father!
Gloom roll to gloom — and darkness unto darkness.

[*He enters the door, followed by his father, and descends into the vault.*

Scene V.

Subterranean galleries and dungeons; iron bars, grated doors, chains, handcuffs, and broken instruments of torture. The Count *holds a torch at the foot of a great block of granite upon which* George *is standing.*

Count Henry —

Return! I beg you, George, come back to me!

George —

Dost thou not hear their voices, see their forms?

Count Henry —

The silence of the grave surrounds us, George,
Almost its darkness, so this torchlight flickers;
Its feeble rays fail to dispel the gloom.

George —

They're coming nearer. . . . Now I *see* them, father. . . .
I see them one by one file slowly on
From the far depths of these long narrow vaults,
Through broken grates, through cells with iron doors, . . .
They seat themselves so solemnly below . . .

Count Henry —

Thy mind is wandering, my poor boy. Alas!
It makes the things thou only *dream'st* thou seest!
Nor voices, forms are here! Unman me not
When I have utmost need of all my force!

George —

I *see* their pallid forms, grave and severe,
Collecting to pronounce a fearful judgment —
The culprit comes before the dreadful bar —

I cannot see his face — his features float and flow,
Sad as a winter's mist. . . . Hark, father, hark!

Chorus of Voices —
In the name of the right and the strength which once forced
Our manifold agonies, we, the beaten, immured, [upon us
The broken 'neath irons, the tortured, the fed upon poisons,
The prisoned, the living built up in the tombs of the walls: —
The time for our vengeance is here: — in our turn we will torture,
Probe, judge, and condemn, — and Satan is our executioner!

Count Henry —
What seest thou, George?
George — I see the prisoner.
He wrings and clasps his hands. Oh, father! father!
Count Henry —
Who is he, George?
George — My father? . . . Oh! my father . . .
A Voice —
In thee the race accursed hath reached its close!
It has in thee united all its strength,
Its wildest passions, all its selfish pride, —
Only to perish utterly in thee!
Chorus of Voices —
Because thou hast loved nothing but thyself;
Revered thyself alone, and thine own thoughts;
Thou art condemned, — damned to eternity!
Count Henry —
I can *see* nothing, but on every side,
Above, below me, I hear sobs and wails,
Judgment and threatening, and eternal doom!
George —
The prisoner! he lifts his haughty head
As thou dost, father, when one angers thee! . . .
He answers with proud words, as thou dost, father,
When thou scornest! . . .

Chorus of Voices —
In vain! in vain! what use of pleading?
Hope will wake for him no more!
In earth or Heaven, there's no salvation: —
Close the trial, — all is o'er!

A Voice —
A few more days of vain and passing glory,
Of which your sires robbed us in life, in story,

And then your name shall vanish from the earth!
You perish, but shall have no burial proud;
No tolling bell your death-hour peals aloud;
No tears of kinsmen fall, no train of friends
Bears your escutcheoned coffin to the grave,
Nor pride nor courage will avail to save.
Sad, desolate as ours your death will be,
Transfixed on the same rock of agony!

Count Henry —
Spirits accursed! . . . at last I recognize you!
[*He advances into the darkness.*

George —
My father! go no farther! I adjure
You in the name of Christ! Oh, father, stay!

Count Henry [*stops*] —
Speak, George! quick! tell me what you see below!

George —
The prisoner . . .

Count Henry — Who is it, George?

George — Father!
Another father! . . . it is thyself . . . O father!
It is as white as snow . . . heavy with chains . . .
And now they torture thee . . . I hear thy cries . . .
[*He falls upon his knees*] —
Forgive me, father! . . . but my mother comes . . .
She lights the dark . . . she orders me . . .
[*He falls in a fainting fit.*

Count Henry [*catching the falling boy in his arms*] —
Aye, this last blow alone was wanting still!
My only child must lead me to the brink of Hell!
Mary, inexorable spirit! . . . God! . . .
Thou other Mary, whom I oft have prayed . . .
Here then begins the infinite of pain,
Eternal darkness, doom!

* * * * * * *

Rouse thee, my soul! Back, back to life again!
One day of glory still is left for me.
First the fierce battle with my fellow-men . . .
Then comes the eternal combat . . .
[*He carries away his son.*

Chorus of Voices [*dying away in the distance*] —
Because thou hast loved nothing but thyself;
Only revered thyself, and thine own thoughts;
Thou art condemned — damned for eternity!

Scene VI.

A large hall in the castle of the Holy Trinity; arms and armor hang upon the walls. Count Henry. *Women, children, old men, and nobles are kneeling at his feet. The* Godfather *stands in the center of the hall; a crowd of men in the background.*

Count Henry —
No, by my son; by my dead wife, I will not!
Voices of Women —
Oh, pity! pity! Hunger gnaws our bowels!
Our children starve! we die of fear and famine!
Voices of Men —
There still is time, if you will hear the Herald
Who brings us terms; — dismiss him not unheard.
Godfather —
I've passed my whole life as a citizen,
And I fear no reproof from you, Count Henry.
If I am here as *his* ambassador,
It is because I know our age, and read
Aright its glorious mission. Pancras is
Truly its social representative,
And if I dare to speak . . .
Count Henry — Out of my sight, old man!
[*Aside to* Jacob] —
Bring here forthwith a hundred of our troops!
[*Exit* Jacob. *The women rise and weep; the men retire a few steps.*
A Baron —
It is through your fault we are lost, Count Henry.
Second Baron —
Obedience we renounce. Capitulate!
A Prince —
For the surrender of the Fort, we will
Ourselves arrange the terms with this good citizen.
Godfather —
The chief who sent me pledges life to all,
Provided you will join the People's cause,
And recognize the needs of this, our century!
Voices —
We join the People's cause! We own their needs!
Count Henry —
Soldiers, when I was chosen to take command,
I swore to perish on this castle's walls
Rather than yield this Fort. You also swore

A solemn oath before the shrine of God.
The vow was mutual, — we must die together!
Ha! nobles, can you really wish to live?
Then ask your fathers why, when they were living,
They ruled with such oppression, cruelty?
[*Addressing a Count*] —
Count, why did you oppress your cowering serfs?
[*Addressing another*] —
Why did you pass your youth in dice and cards,
Travel for pleasure o'er the earth, and quite
Forget the claims of your own suffering land?
[*Another*] —
Why have you always crawled before the great,
And scorned the lowly?
[*To a Lady*] — You, fair dame, had sons:
Why did you not make warriors of them, men,
That they might aid you now in your distress?
No, you have all preferred your pleasure, ease,
Dealings with Jews and lawyers to get gold
To spend in luxury: — go call on them for aid!
[*He rises and extends his arms toward them*] —
Why hasten ye to shame, wrap your last hours
In shrouds of infamy? . . . On! on with me!
On where swords glitter and hot bullets hail!
Not to the gallows with its loathsome coil,
Where ready stands the masked and silent hangman
To throw his noose of shame around your craven throats!
Some Voices —
He speaks the truth. On with the bayonets!
Other Voices —
We die of hunger: there is no more food!
Voices —
Pity the children! Are they not your own?
Godfather —
I promise life and liberty to all!
Count Henry [*approaching and seizing the* Godfather] —
Go, sacred Person of the Herald! go,
And hide thy gray hairs with the neophytes,
In tents with base mechanics plotting murder,
That thus I may not dye them in thy blood!

Enter JACOB *with a division of armed men.*

Aim at that brow, wrinkled with folly's folds,
That scarlet cap, which trembles at my words,
That brainless head! [*The* Godfather *escapes.*

All — Seize! bind Count Henry! seize!
Send him to Pancras!
Count Henry — Nobles, ye'll bide my time!
[*He goes from one soldier to another, as he addresses them in turn*] —
Do you remember when we scaled a cliff,
A savage wolf followed our steps, and when
You, startled, slipped, I caught you on the verge
Of the abyss, and saved your life, my friend,
At peril of my own? Then you seemed grateful!
[*To others*] —
Have you forgotten, men, when driven by winds,
Our boat upset among the Danube's crags,
And we young swimmers braved the waves together?
[*To others*] —
Jerome and Thaddeus, you were both with me
On the Black Sea: — you were brave sailors then!
[*To others*] —
When fire destroyed your homes, who built them up?
[*To others*] —
Soldiers, you fled to me from cruel lords,
And I redressed your wrongs, — will you desert me?
[*He addresses the men generally*] —
Say, will you arm to combat for our rights,
Or will you leave me here to die alone,
Smiling with scorn that midst so many men
I found no single MAN?
Men — Long live Count Henry!
Count Henry —
Let all the meat and brandy now be shared
Among the men; — and then upon the walls!
Men —
Yes, meat and brandy! then upon the walls!
Count Henry —
Go with them, Jacob! In an hour hence
They must be ready to renew the fight.
Jacob —
So help me God, the Lord!
Women — Our children starve!
We curse Count Henry in their innocent names!
Voices —
We curse thee for our fathers!
Other Voices — For our wives!
Count Henry —
And I breathe curses on all coward souls!

Scene VII.

The ramparts of the Holy Trinity. Dead bodies are lying scattered about, with broken cannons, pikes, and guns. Soldiers are hurrying to and fro. Count Henry *leans against a parapet, and* Jacob *stands beside him.*

Count Henry [*thrusting his sword into its sheath*] —
There's no intoxication can compare
With that of danger; thus to sport with life,
To win the fight, or if it must be, lose!
Well! we can lose but once — and all is said!
Jacob —
Our last good broadside drove them back a moment,
But they are gathering to renew the storm.
What can we do? for since the world was world,
None ever yet escaped his destiny!
Count Henry —
Have we no cartridges? Our last shot fired?
Jacob —
No balls; no grape-shot; powder; — all are gone!
Count Henry —
Bring my son here! for the last time I would
Embrace him. . . . [*Exit* Jacob.
The smoke has dimmed my eyes — I cannot see, —
The valley seems to rise up to my feet —
And then sinks to its place, — the rocks, cliffs, crack —
Break in fantastic angles — totter — fall!
My thoughts assume the same fantastic forms
Before my spirit — flicker like a lamp!
[*He seats himself upon the wall*] —
It is *too little* to be born a man!
Nor is it worth the pain to be an Angel:
Since e'en the highest of them all must feel,
After some centuries of existence past,
As we do after our few years of life,
Immeasurable ennui, desire
Of greater Power. . . . Spirits must long as we do! . . .
One either must be God Himself . . . or nothing! . . .

Enter Jacob *with* George.

Count Henry [*to* Jacob] —
Take some men with you; through the castle go,
Drive all before you out upon the walls!

Jacob —
Counts, princes, barons? [*Exit* JACOB.
Count Henry — Come to me, my son!
Put thy thin hand in mine, and let me press
Thy forehead to my lips! Thy mother's brow
Was once as pure and fair. . . .
George —
Before thy men took up their arms to-day,
I heard her voice . . . It seemed so far, far off . . .
Like perfume, light and sweet it floated on . . .
"George, thou wilt come to-night, and sit beside me!"
Count Henry —
George, tell me, — did she utter not my name?
George —
She said: "This evening I expect my son!"
Count Henry [*aside*] —
Must my strength fail me ere I reach the end?
Forbid it, God! . . .
Give me one moment's fiery vigor now,
I'll be thy prisoner through eternity!
[*To* GEORGE] —
Forgive me, son, the fatal gift of life!
We soon must part! . . . Ah! who can tell us, George,
How long shall last that parting? . . . Fare thee well!
George —
Father, hold fast to me! do not desert me! —
I love thee! I will draw thee on with me!
Count Henry —
Our paths lie widely sundered! Midst the choirs
Of Angels thou'lt forget me! Thou'lt not throw
Me down one drop of heavenly dew! Oh, George! my son!
George —
What are those cries? I tremble . . . they appall me!
Louder and nearer comes the thundering crash,
The cannon's roar! Father, the time draws near,
The last hour prophesied.
Count Henry — Haste, Jacob, haste!

A band of counts and princes, in confusion, rushes across the court-yard. JACOB *follows them with the soldiers.*

A Voice —
You give us broken arms — force us to fight.
Another Voice —
Have pity on us, Henry!

A third Voice — We are starving!
Other Voices —
O God! Why do they drive us? Where?
Count Henry — To death!
[*To* GEORGE, *folding him in his arms*] —
With this long kiss I would unite myself
To thee for all eternity! . . . It cannot be! . . .
Fate forces me upon another path!
[*Struck by a ball, George sinks, dying, in his arms.*
A Voice from on high —
To me! to me! pure spirit! Son, to me!
Count Henry —
Holà there! Give me aid!
[*He draws his sword and holds it before the lips of* GEORGE] —
The blade is clear!
His breath and life were carried off together!
My George! my son! . . .
Forward, men! on! They mount the parapet!
Thank God, at last they stand within the reach
Of this keen blade!
Back! back into the abyss, ye sons of freedom!
[*Rushing on of men, confusion, attack, defense, struggle.*

SCENE VIII.

Another part of the ramparts. Cries of combat are heard. JACOB *lies upon a wall.* COUNT HENRY, *covered with blood, hastily approaches him.*

Count Henry —
Faithful old man, what is the matter? Speak!
Jacob —
The devil seize you for your obstinacy,
Pay you for all that I have suffered here!
So help me God, the Lord! [*He dies.*
Count Henry [*throwing away his sword*] —
I never, never more will need thy aid,
Sword of my sires! Lie there and rust forever!
Mine are all gone! My son is safe in Heaven, —
And my last servant at my feet lies dead!
The coward nobles have deserted me:
They kneel before the victor, howl for pardon.
[*He looks around him*] —
The foe are not yet on me, — there is time
To steal a moment's rest before . . .
Ha! Now the new men scale the northern tower!

They shout Count Henry! Seek him everywhere!
Yes, I am here! Look! Look! I am Count Henry!
But you are not to judge me! I alone
Must march that way my faith hath led; — it is
To God's tribunal I will go, to give
Myself into his hands!
[*He mounts upon a ruin of the wall, above the precipice*] —
I see thee, O my dread eternity,
As rapidly thou floatest on to me,
Like an immensity of Darkness; vast,
Without or end or limit — refuge, none!
And in the center, God — a dazzling sun —
Which shines eternally — but illumines nothing!
[*He gazes for a moment, takes a step down, and stands on the verge of the precipice*] —
They see me now — they run — they scale the cliff —
The new men are upon me! Jesus! Mary!
I curse thee, Poetry! as I shall be
Cursed through eternity! . . . Grow long, strong arms,
And break a way through yonder somber waves!
[*He springs into the abyss.*

Scene IX.

The court of the castle. Pancras, Leonard; Bianchetti *standing at the head of the soldiers. The surviving princes, counts, accompanied by their wives and children in chains, pass before* Pancras.

Pancras —
Your name?
Count Christopher — Count Christopher of Vosalquemir.
Pancras —
For the last time on earth you've said it! Yours?
Prince of the Black Forest —
Prince Ladislas, of the Black Forest Lord.
Pancras —
It shall be heard no more. And what is yours?
Baron —
My name is Alexander of Godalberg.
Pancras —
Struck from the number of the living; — go
Bianchetti [*to* Leonard] —
They have repulsed us for the last two months
With worthless cannon, mounted on crumbling walls.
Leonard [*to* Pancras] —
Are many of them left?

Pancras — I sentence all!
Let their blood flow as lesson to the world: —
But he who tells me where Count Henry hides
Shall save his life.
Many Voices — He vanished from our sight.
Godfather —
As mediator, lo! I stand between you
And these, our prisoners, illustrious citizens,
Who gave into our hands the castle keys.
Greatest of men, I ask their lives from you.
Pancras —
Where I have conquered by my proper force
I want no mediator! You will yourself
Take charge of their *immediate* execution.
Godfather —
Through life I have been known as a good citizen;
I've often given proof of love of country.
I did not join your cause with the intent
Of choking with the rope my brother nobles,
All gentlemen of . . .
Pancras [*interrupting him*] — Seize the tiresome pedant,
And let him join forthwith his *noble* brothers!
[*The soldiers surround the* Godfather *and prisoners, and bear them away.*]
Has no one seen Count Henry, dead or living?
A purse of gold — if only for his corpse!

Armed troops arrive from the ramparts.

[*To the troop*] —
Have you seen nothing of Count Henry?
The Leader of the Band —
By the command of General Bianchetti
I went to explore the western rampart. Just
Beyond the parapet on the third bastion
I saw an unarmed, wounded man, who stood
Near a dead body. To my men I cried:
"Hasten to seize him!" Ere we reached him, he
Descended from the wall, and sought the brink
Of a steep rock which overhangs the vale.
Pausing a moment there, his haggard eyes
He fixed on the abyss which yawned below,
Then struck his arms out as a swimmer would
About to make a sudden, desperate plunge,
Threw himself forward with a mighty leap,
Cutting the air with his extended arms!

We heard the body bound from rock to rock
Into the abyss below. We found this sword
But a few paces from the very spot
On which we saw him first.

[*He hands the sword to* PANCRAS.

Pancras [*examining the sword*] —
Great drops of blood are thickening on the hilt:
Here are the armorial bearings of his House: —
It is Count Henry's sword. Honor to him!
Alone among you he has kept his oath;
Glory to him — to you the guillotine!
Bianchetti, see the Holy Trinity
Razed to the ground. Give the condemned to death.
Come, Leonard, come with me.

[LEONARD *accompanies him; they mount upon a bastion.*

Leonard —
After so many sleepless nights, you need
Repose. Pancras, you look fatigued and worn.

Pancras —
The hour of rest has not yet struck for me!
The last sad sign of my last enemy
Marks the completion of but half my task.
Look at these spaces, these immensities
Stretching between my thoughts and me.
Earth's deserts must be peopled, rocks removed,
Swamps drained, and mountains tunneled; trees hewn down;
Seas, lakes, and rivers everywhere connected,
Roads girdle earth, that produce circulate,
And commerce bind all hearts with links of gold.
Each man must own a portion of the soil;
Thought move on lightning wings rending old veils;
The living must outnumber all the hosts
Of those who've perished in this deadly strife;
Life and prosperity must fill the place
Of death and ruin — ere our work of blood
Can be atoned for! Leonard, this must be done!
If we are not to inaugurate an age
Of social bliss, material ease, and wealth,
Our deed of havoc, devastation, woe,
Will have been worse than vain!

Leonard —
The God of liberty will give us power
For these gigantic tasks!

Pancras — *You* speak of God!
Do you not see that it is crimson here?

Slippery with gore in which we stand knee-deep? —
Whose gushing blood is this beneath our feet?
Naught is behind us save the castle court,
Whatever is, I see, and there is no one near —
We are alone — and yet there surely stands
Another here between us!

Leonard —
I can see nothing but this bloody corpse!

Pancras —
The corpse of his old faithful servant — *dead!*
It is a *living spirit* haunts this spot!
This is *his* cap and belt — look at his arms, —
There is the rock o'erhanging the abyss, —
And on that spot it was his great heart broke!

Leonard —
Pancras, how pale you grow!

Pancras — Do you not see it?
'Tis *there!* Up *there!*

Leonard — I see a mass of clouds
Wild-drifting o'er the top of that steep rock
O'erhanging the abyss. How high they pile!
Now they turn crimson in the sunset rays.

Pancras —
There is a fearful symbol burning there!

Leonard —
Your sight deceives you.

Pancras — Where are now my people?
The millions who revered and who obeyed me?

Leonard —
You hear their acclamations, — they await you.
Pancras, look not again on yon steep cliff, —
Your eyes die in their sockets as you gaze!

Pancras —
Children and women often said that He
Would thus appear, — but on the last day only!

Leonard —
Who? Where?

Pancras — Like a tall column there He stands,
In dazzling whiteness o'er yon precipice!
With both His Hands He leans upon His cross,
As an avenger on his sword! Leonard,
His crown of thorns is interlaced with lightning. . .

Leonard —
What is the matter? . . . Pancras, answer me!

Pancras —
The dazzling flashes of His eyes are death!
Leonard —
You're ghastly pale! Come, let us quit this spot!
Pancras —
Oh! . . . Leonard, spread your hands and shade my eyes!
Press, press them till I see no more! Tear me away!
Oh, shield me from that look! It crushes me to dust!
Leonard [*placing his hands over the eyes*] —
Will it do thus?
Pancras — Your hands are like a phantom's! —
Powerless — with neither flesh nor bones!
Transparent as pure water, crystal, air,
They shut out nothing! I can see! Still see!
Leonard —
Your eyes die in their sockets! Lean on me!
Pancras —
Can you not give me darkness? Darkness! Darkness!
He stands there motionless, — pierced with three nails, —
Three stars! . . .
His outstretched arms are lightning flashes! . . .
Darkness! . . .
Leonard —
I can see nothing! Master! Master!
Pancras — Darkness!
Leonard —
Ho! Citizens! Ho! Democrats! aid! aid!
Pancras —
VICISTI GALILÆE![1]

[*He falls stone dead.*[2]

[1] "Thou hast conquered, Galilæan!" The apocryphal last words of the Emperor Julian, who had striven to restore the pagan cult, as he lay dying on the battle-field.

[2] The Count is "punished by the death of his wife for the sacrifice of his domestic duties to a false ideal," and by his son's death and his own, and the loss of his cause, for "the sacrifice of true patriotism to a false ambition" (*Revue des Deux Mondes*); the insurrectionary chief is punished for attempting through mere destruction what can only be accomplished by the spirit of Christ returning upon earth.

THE STORM.

By ALEXANDER NICOLAÏEVICH OSTROVSKY.

(Translated for this work.)

[ALEXANDER NICOLAÏEVICH OSTROVSKY, the chief of Russian playwrights, was born in Moscow, April 12, 1823; the son of a leading but pecuniarily straitened judge, who resigned his place a few years later to go into business, and still later married a rich second wife. The boy, one of a large family, had then a private tutor, who however was neither competent nor zealous, and Alexander spent most of his time around, on, and in the Moskwa, developing the love for nature and especially river scenery shown in his plays. When somewhat grown, he went to the "gymnasium" and then to the university, and studied law. In the midst of this course his father died, the stepmother resumed her property, and he was reduced to earning a few dollars a month by journalism, and very scanty meals. In his third year a quarrel with a professor led him to abandon his studies and enter the civil service as clerk in the mercantile court at Moscow. He had already begun publishing dramatic studies of Russian social life, — both of the peasantry and of the mercantile class his father had been of and dwelt among, — conspicuous for almost inhuman realism, and sometimes for a cynicism bordering on ferocity; and his experience in court for the next few years, of the seamy side of business life and the tricks attempted by traders on each other, did not tend to sentimentalize his views. Yet it must be said that he early and steadily mellowed, and grew broadly human in sympathies and in pity for the victims of circumstance, while using his scalpel no less unflinchingly. The first of his plays, "A Family Picture," a sordid presentation of the life of the rich Moscow merchants, appeared serially in 1847. The second, the terrible "comedy" (grimly so called), "You Don't Keep Reckonings with your Own" (1850), — in which a merchant arranges a fraudulent bankruptcy with one of his clerks, but as the creditors are so greedy as to claim twenty-five cents on a dollar, the clerk leaves the ex-employer in a debtor's prison, keeps all the property, and marries his daughter, — was so shocking in its dénouement that the Censor would not allow it to be published till a different ending was substituted in which the clerk gets his deserts. "The Poor Fiancée," however (1851), was not specially pessimistic; while "Don't Sit in Another's Sledge" (*i.e.* don't try to get above your station), in 1852, is a touching drama with a wholesome moral. This was the first of a number of plays working out each some popular proverb; as "Poverty is No Crime," "You Can't Live as You'd Like," "What Can't be Cured must be Endured," etc. But in 1860 he rose to his full stature in "The Storm," certainly his masterpiece of art, description, analysis, and dramatic portrayal not only of types of Russian character, but of types valid for all countries and times. Especially Katherine belongs not to Russia, but to humanity. On the other hand, Tikhon is the Russian mujik painted once for all, as Dikoï is one sort of Russian middle-class trader. This drama placed Ostrovsky incontestably at the head of the Russian stage. In fear of monotony, he now began to write historical plays, the greatest of which is the mighty Shakespearian poetic tetralogy of the confusion succeeding the assassination of Ivan the Terrible, ending in the elevation of the house of Romanof; dramas of other than his wonted analytic sort and with other scenes and characters and passions, as

"Every One is Liable to Misfortune" (1865), "The Forest" (1871), "Talents and Admirers" (1882), etc., the beautiful fairy drama "Little Snowflake," and others. Next, moved by a desire to renovate the Russian stage, he began to translate the best plays from all the other European languages; he was an especial lover of Shakespeare. In 1872 the merchants of Moscow subscribed for a handsome present to him, in recognition of the great service he had done the class by his merciless portrayal of its weak spots — probably the most extraordinary instance of kissing the rod in all history. To permanently elevate the character of the Russian stage, he wished to build a theater in Moscow for himself to manage as he would: at once on announcing the project in 1885, such was the confidence in him that an immense and more than sufficient sum was subscribed. But when the imperial authorization was sought, the Czar exclaimed: "What is the use of building a theater? Let him take the ones that are ready!" and appointed him director of the imperial theaters in Moscow. Ostrovsky entered on his duties with enthusiastic hopes; but the very fire of his zeal, after nearly forty years of strenuous production, was too much for him. At the end of the first season he went to his estate on the banks of his beloved Volga to rest, suddenly sank, and died a few days later, June 14, 1886.]

The action takes place at Kalinova, a provincial town on the bank of the Volga, in summer.

Cast of Characters.

Saul Prokofiévich Dikoï, considerable merchant of the town.
Boris Grigoriévich [Grigorich for short], his city nephew. (The only person in the play who does not wear Russian costume.)
Martha Ignatievna Kabanova [familiarly called Kabanikha], a rich widow merchant.
Tikhon Ivanovich Kabanof, her son.
Katherine, Kabanof's wife.
Varvara, Kabanof's sister.
Kuliguin, self-taught clockmaker.
Vania Kudrash, a young man, clerk in Dikoï's.
Shapkin, workman.
Feklusha [diminutive of Fekla, Russian form of Thekla], pilgrim.
Glasha [diminutive of Glafira], servant at the Kabanofs'.
A Lady of sixty-six, half insane.
People of both sexes.

ACT I.

Scene: A public garden on the steep bank of the Volga. The fields are seen in the distance, beyond the river. On the stage two benches and some shrubbery.

SCENE I.

KULIGUIN, *seated on a bench, gazes at the country beyond the Volga.* KUDRASH *and* SHAPKIN *walking about.*

Kuliguin [*singing*] —

"In the midst of a mighty plain,
On the top of a naked knoll —"

[*Breaks off.*] What a superb prospect! I must really say it, it's superb! Look here, Kudrash, my boy, it's fifty years I've been looking at the Volga, and I can't get enough of it!

Kudrash — What is it you find there?

Kuliguin — The view is extraordinary! Marvelous! It makes your soul rejoice.

Kudrash — I'm willing.

Kuliguin — What! A fellow gets enthusiastic, and you say "I'm willing!" Familiarity breeds contempt, or else you don't understand the beauty that's spread about you all through nature!

Kudrash — Pshaw! it isn't worth while to argue with you! You're an old curio, a chemist — what shall I call you?

Kuliguin — A mechanician! A mechanician who taught himself all alone.

Kudrash — It comes to the same thing.

[*A silence.*

Kuliguin [*pointing with his finger to some one behind the scenes*] — See here, Kudrash, who is that gesturing back there like that?

Kudrash — That? That's Dikoï, getting ready to hammer his nephew.

Kuliguin — He has picked out a fine place for it!

Kudrash — Oh, all places are alike to him! Besides, somebody has frightened him; so he's made a whipping-boy of Boris, and is taking it out of him.

Shapkin — Oh, but he's an ugly fellow, that Dikoï! You wouldn't find his like in a day's march. He scares a man out of his wits for a mere nothing!

Kudrash — He's a tormenting master!

Shapkin — Kabanikha is a piece, too.

Kudrash — Very likely: but she gives herself pious airs, anyway; while as to him, you'd say he was an escaped bear.

Shapkin — There's nobody here to tame him: that's why he's so quarrelsome.

Kudrash — If there were a few fellows like me in the town, we'd have taught him to play bully!

Shapkin — What is it you'd have done?

Kudrash — We'd have given him a little lesson.

Shapkin — And how?

Kudrash — Four or five of us would have waited in some alley to look him square in the face. After that he'd have been as meek as Moses: he wouldn't have breathed a word to anybody about that lesson; only he'd never have put one foot before the other again without looking behind him.

Shapkin — Huh! he wasn't so far wrong to want to make you a soldier!

Kudrash — He wanted to, but he didn't do it; that's just the same as if he hadn't wanted. Not much he won't make me a soldier! His nose tells him I won't put my head up for sale. He makes you all afraid; but as for me, I know how he has to be talked to.

Shapkin — Oh, you do, do you?

Kudrash — Yes, I do, do I! — Well, see here! they know me here for a tough customer: then why does he keep me? Because he needs me, of course. So I'm not afraid of him, and if I make him a little afraid, there's no harm in that.

Shapkin — And yet he goes out of his way to give you bad tongue!

Kudrash — Bad tongue? — he couldn't live without that! but I don't give ground a step for him: for one word he says, I pay him back ten. He fairly foams at the mouth with rage, but he goes off. No, sir, I won't ever crouch like a whipped dog before him!

Kuliguin — There is no need of taking pattern by him. Have patience; that would be better.

Kudrash — Well, you're so smart, you begin by teaching him politeness: after that, you can come and tell us what we've got to do! — What a pity all his girls are so small! If he only had one grown-up one — !

Shapkin — Why, what then?

Kudrash — Oh! why, then wouldn't I have courted her up! My pet weakness is pretty girls! Hem!

[DIKOÏ *and* BORIS *pass.* KULIGUIN *takes off his cap.*

Shapkin [*to* KUDRASH] — Let's leave: he might fall foul of us. [*They all depart.*

SCENE II.

Present: DIKOÏ *and* BORIS.

Dikoï — Have you come to this town to hold up street corners, you loafer? To hell with you!

Boris — Why, it's a holiday to-day! What should I do at home?

Dikoï — Anybody can find enough to keep busy about when he wants to! I've told you ten times over I didn't want to meet you in my path! You can't let it alone! Can't you find any place? Wherever I go, you trip up my heels! You infernal beggar! What are you standing there as dumb as an oyster for? Am I speaking to you or not?

Boris — I'm listening: what more can I do?

Dikoï — Go to the devil! I don't want to have any talk with you, you sponge! [*As he goes.*] There's no way of getting rid of you!

SCENE III.

Present: KULIGUIN, BORIS, KUDRASH, SHAPKIN.

Kuliguin — Ah, how comes it you have dealings with him, sir? That's something we can't understand. What whim took you to come and live with him and stand his insults?

Boris — It isn't a whim, Kuliguin: it's necessity.

Kuliguin — But what necessity, sir, allow me to ask you? Tell us that, if you feel you can.

Boris — Why not? — You knew my grandmother, Amphissa Mikhaïlovna?

Kuliguin — Certainly.

Kudrash — Well, I should think so!

Boris — She disliked my father because he married a noblewoman. Then my father and mother went to live in Moscow. My mother said she had not lived three days with her new relations when the sort of life they led seemed too coarse to her.

Kuliguin — Naturally, coarse! That goes without saying: it takes a long time to get used to it.

Boris — My parents gave us a good education at Moscow; they spared no sacrifice. They sent me to the Commercial School, and put my sister into a boarding-school. But the cholera carried them both off, and left me an orphan with my sister. Then we learned that my grandmother here was dead, and had put us down in her will for a sum which my uncle was to pay us when we came of age; but only on one condition —

Kuliguin — And what was that, sir?

Boris — That we should be respectful to him.

Kuliguin — Which means, sir, that you will never see your legacy.

Boris — He will do better yet, my good Kuliguin! When he has thoroughly tyrannized over us, insulted us on every occasion, discharged all his bile on us, he will end by giving us nothing at all, or some wretched scrap, and then he'll tell everybody that he has only given us that out of grace, and we have not deserved it.

Kuliguin — That's the way things go among our merchants! But even if you have been respectful to him, what is to hinder him from saying you haven't been?

Boris — Of course! He has already begun to say over and over: "I have children: why should I give my money to strangers? It would be wronging my own!"

Kuliguin — Ah, your affairs are certainly in a bad way, sir.

Boris — If I were alone, I should not mind: I would let it all go, and leave here. But it's my poor sister I am anxious for! He wrote to have her come here; but my mother's family wouldn't let her go: they answered him that she was sick. What kind of an existence would she have here? I shudder to think of it.

Kudrash — Hang it! Have these people any breeding?

Kuliguin — But how do you live here yourself! What position have you?

Boris — None. He told me, "Live with us, do what I order you, and I'll see what I'll pay you." That means that at the end of a year he will settle up with me as he sees fit.

Kudrash — That's his way. With him, if any one dares to breathe a word about wages, insults pour on him like hail: "How do you know," he always tells us, "what I'm going to do? You can't rummage around in my mind! Who knows?

perhaps the whim will take me to give you five thousand rubles!" Try to argue with him any further! Only from the day he was born up to now, no such whim ever has taken him.

Kuliguin — What is there to do, sir? You can only try to be contented some way or other.

Boris — But that's just it, Kuliguin, there's no way! His own folks even can't succeed in being contented: then how can I?

Kudrash — Nobody can succeed in it with him; for his whole life is based on wrangling. And over money it's worse than anything else: not one account is ever settled without a row. A man is only too happy to leave his property behind if Dikoï will only cool down. And if anybody upsets him in the morning, it's a bad business! He has to hunt for some way to cheat all his customers the rest of the day.

Boris — My aunt every morning begs the entire household, with tears in her eyes, "My friends, don't irritate him; my doves, don't get him mad!"

Kudrash — But the precautions don't amount to anything. He goes to market, and that's the end of everything: every peasant gets a plug put in his jaw. It's no use even to sell him at a loss, he never goes home without leaving abuse behind, and then we're in for it the rest of the day!

Shapkin — He's a fighter, isn't he?

Kudrash — Yes, and such a fighter!

Boris — The worst of all is when he is ridden over rough-shod by some one he can't pay back in his own coin. Oh, for the time, those in the house must look out!

Kudrash — Ah, my friends, what a glorious time it was when he was blackguarded by a hussar on the Volga ferry-boat! It was wonderful!

Boris — But how the house was turned upside down after it! For a fortnight everybody had to hide in the lofts and the cupboards.

Kuliguin — Why, people seem to be coming from vespers!

[*Many persons pass at rear.*

Kudrash — Come, Shapkin, let's go and have some fun. What's the use of staying planted here?

[*They bow and go out.*

Boris — Ah, Kuliguin, it is terribly hard for me to live in this section! Everybody looks at me with an evil eye; they

say I am one too many, that I am in their way! I don't understand the usages here. I understand perfectly that all this is Russian existence, thoroughly Russian, and for all that I can't get wonted to it.

Kuliguin — And you never will get wonted to it.

Boris — Why not?

Kuliguin — Ah, sir, the ways of life in our town are revolting. — Revolting! You see, sir, in our working class you find nothing but rudeness and black misery. And we never can strip that rough bark off ourselves, for honest labor never gives us more than just daily bread. As to those who have money, they merely try to get the poor devil under their thumb, and swell their money-bags still more out of his ill-paid labor. Do you know what your Uncle Dikoï said to the mayor one day? The mujiks were complaining that your uncle never paid a single bill honestly. The mayor finally said to him: "See here, try to square your accounts with those peasants as you ought! There's not a day that some one of them doesn't come to me with a complaint against you!" Your uncle slapped the mayor on the shoulder: "Pshaw! your Honor, is it worth the trouble to talk about these trifles? I have business with a lot of people in the course of the year, and then, you understand, if I clip a poor little kopeck off somebody, it grows to hundreds and thousands, and my business is prospering immensely!" That's how things go, sir! And among themselves, how they live! They enter into cut-throat competition with each other, and that not so much from greed as jealousy. They are in a state of civil war: they call into their fine houses a set of scribbling pettifoggers, drunkards, sir, drunkards who have nothing human, not even the face; and there, for a few kopecks, they get them to scrawl on stamped paper the meanest tricks against their neighbors. Lawsuits are begun, and there is no end to their troubles. A judgment is rendered here, and they take an appeal to the seat of government, where the crew are waiting for them, rubbing their hands with glee. A story is very soon told, the proverb says, but a lawsuit isn't quickly decided. They are made to go on, they are drawn on so as to never finish, and they are under a spell and ask for nothing better. "It will cost me a lot," they say, "but I'll bring him down to bare boards!" — For a moment I had the notion of putting all this into verse —

Boris — Do you know how to make verses?

Kuliguin — After the ancient fashion, yes, sir. I have read and reread Lomonosof and Derjavin. — He was a master, was Lomonosof, an investigator of nature! And then, you know, he was one of ours, he sprung from the poor.

Boris — You ought to write: it would be interesting.

Kuliguin — Do you think so? They'd eat me here, they'd swallow me alive! I already have a good deal of unpleasantness, sir, merely on account of my chatter, but it masters me. I like to make my tongue go. — And family life here! I would like to say a word on that point too, sir, but that must go till another time, the first chance: there'll be something to say about that too.

Enter FEKLUSHA *and another woman.*

Fekla — Mag-nif-i-cent, my dear, mag-nif-i-cent! It's all wonderful here, my dear, divinely beautiful! But that goes without saying, for you live in the Promised Land! And the trading class! all kind-hearted people, adorned with all the virtues, generous, charitable! I am so contented, my love, oh, so contented! My little stomach lacks for nothing. And to repay them for not having abandoned us, the Lord will multiply their wealth — especially the Kabanofs.

Boris — The Kabanofs? [FEKLUSHA *goes out.*

Kuliguin — A hypocrite, sir, that Kabanova is! She gives to the poor and makes all her own family wretched. [*A silence.*] Ah, if I could only discover perpetual motion!

Boris — What would you do?

Kuliguin — Why, sir, you know very well the English would give the inventor a million pounds! I'd use all that money for society; I'd give it to labor: the workman needs it — it is not hands that are lacking, it's work.

Boris — And you expect to discover perpetual motion?

Kuliguin — No doubt at all of it, sir! If I could only get a little money for models! — Good morning, sir. [*Goes out.*

SCENE IV.

Boris [*alone*] — It would be doing harm to disillusion him! What a worthy man! He dreams of his idea and he is happy. As for me, I see plainly I am destined to lose my youth in this hole. I was already a wreck, and here I have taken a crazy

notion into my head. What have I set my heart on? Is it for me to become sentimental? Chased around, crushed, and here I am stupidly fancying myself in love! And with whom? A woman I have never exchanged a word with. [*A silence.*] And yet it's no use, I can't get her out of my head. There she is! She is coming with her husband, and her mother-in-law is with her. What a fool I am! I'll look at her from behind this corner, then I'll go home. [*Goes out.*

Scene V.

Enter from the opposite side Kabanof, Kabanova, Katherine, *and* Varvara.

Kabanova — If you want to be an obedient son, do exactly as I've ordered you when you get there.

Kabanof — But, mother dear, how could I disobey you?

Kabanova — Oh, in these times folks have hardly any respect for their elders!

Varvara [*aside*] — Not obey you, *you?* Oh, come now!

Kabanof — Mother dear, it seems to me I never go aside one step from your wishes.

Kabanova — I should believe you, child, if I hadn't seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears how children respect their parents to-day. If they'd only call to mind a little the trouble they gave their mothers!

Kabanof — But, mother dear, I —

Kabanova — When your mother says something, even if it hurts your pride, it seems to me you ought to bear it! Hey, what do you think?

Kabanof — My dear mother, when has it happened I haven't borne anything from you?

Kabanova — A mother is an old granny, a crazy old woman, while you young folks are ever so smart; and it isn't worth while to argue with poor fools like us!

Kabanof [*aside, with a sigh*] — O Lord! [*To his mother.*] But, mother dear, could we venture to only think —

Kabanova — It is for love your parents are severe with you; it is for love they scold you, to try and teach you what's right! But the children now don't like that. They go and chatter everywhere that their mother is a grumbling old woman, that she doesn't leave them a minute's peace, that she worries them

to death! And Heaven preserve her from saying anything but compliments to her daughter-in-law, for they'll go and tell that she's eaten her alive!

Kabanof — Mother dear, has anybody ever said a word about you?

Kabanova — I haven't heard anything, my dear, nothing at all, to tell the truth. Ah, indeed, if I had heard the least thing, my fine fellow, I'd talk after another fashion! [*Sighing.*] Ah, what a great sin I have just committed! How little time it needs to commit a sin! You talk about things you hold next your heart, and there you've done it, you've got angry! — No, my dear, tell anything you want to against me, you can't hinder folks from saying, "They don't dare say it to her face, but in private it's different."

Kabanof — May my tongue dry up if —

Kabanova — There, there, don't swear: it's a sin! Come, I've seen for a long time that you care more for your wife than you do for your mother. Not since the day of your marriage have I got back your old love.

Kabanof — Why, where do you find it so, mother?

Kabanova — In everything, my dear! What a mother's eyes don't see, her heart feels: it's a conjurer for that. Perhaps it's your wife that's taking you away from me: who knows?

Kabanof — No, indeed, mother dear: think anything but that, in Heaven's name!

Katherine — You are the same as my own mother in my eyes, and Tikhon loves you just the same.

Kabanova — Seems to me you'd better keep your mouth shut when nobody's talking to you. Don't take up the cudgels for yourself, my love; make yourself easy, I shan't eat you. He's my son after all, don't forget that. What need is there of my-love-ing him before everybody? Is it so they'll see you love him? Yes, we know all about it, you're making believe before folks!

Varvara [*aside*] — Nice place to pick out for a lecture.

Katherine — Mother, why do you talk to me like that? Before folks or alone, I am always the same: I don't play a comedy.

Kabanova — Who told you it was you I was talking about? I said it in a general way.

Katherine — General or not, why do you try to hurt me?

Kabanova — Oh, indeed, such dignity! We're hurt by just a word!

Katherine — It is never pleasant to be charged with doing wrong.

Kabanova — Yes, I know very well my words don't please you, but what are you going to do about it? I am not a stranger to you, and my heart is suffering on account of you. You want to be free, I have seen that for a long time. Well, what of it? Wait a little while, and you will live free, when I am no more. Then you can do anything you like, without having old folks at your heels. And then perhaps you'll remember me.

Kabanof — But, my dear mother, we pray God day and night for you, that he may give you health and all sorts of happiness and success in your business.

Kabanova — There, that's enough! Wind up, please. Perhaps you loved your mother when you were a boy, but now you've got quite enough of her: you've got a young wife!

Kabanof — One doesn't interfere with the other: on one side I love my wife, and on the other I respect her who gave me birth.

Kabanova — You balance your wife against your mother? On my life, I wouldn't have thought that!

Kabanof — But why balance? I love you both.

Kabanova — Yes, that's it, fine words! But I can see very well I'm in your way.

Kabanof — Think what you like; you have the right to! But what unhappy star was I born under, that I never can please you in anything?

Kabanova — Look at that poor object! Do you want to be seen sniveling like that? What kind of a husband are you? Look at yourself: how do you expect your wife to be afraid of you after that?

Kabanof — Why should she be afraid of me? It's enough for me if she loves me!

Kabanova — What? *What?* "Why should she be afraid of me?" Well indeed, have you lost all spirit? But if she isn't afraid of you, still less will she be afraid of me! What order will there be in your household? Aren't you living with her according to law? Perhaps to your notions the law doesn't count for anything! If you've got maggots like that in your head, you ought at least to know enough not to say them before her, and before your sister who isn't married. Your sister will

get married some day too; and if she hears these silly crotchets, her husband will have a fine lot to thank you for, having set her head up so high! See how little brains you have! And you want to be free!

Kabanof — I, mother? why, I don't want to be free! What should I want to be free for?

Kabanova — Then according to your idea, it's got to be all sugar and honey for your wife? She mustn't ever be scolded or threatened?

Kabanof — But, mother dear, I —

Kabanova [*growing hot*] — Even if she took a lover? Hey? that's nothing either, of course, in your ideas? Hey? come, answer me!

Kabanof — But, in Heaven's name, mother —

Kabanova [*suddenly calm*] — You poor idiot! [*Sighs.*] What's the good of talking with an idiot? It only serves to make yourself sin! [*A silence.*] I'm going back to the house.

Kabanof — So am I, after I have taken a walk on the boulevard.

Kabanova — Just as you like; only take care I don't have to wait for you! You know I don't like that.

Kabanof — No, mother, God forbid!

Kabanova — Of course! [*Goes out.*

Scene VI.

Kabanof — You see it's always on your account she picks a quarrel with me. What a life to lead!

Katherine — Is it my fault?

Kabanof — I don't know whose fault it is, I'm sure.

Varvara — And you never will know.

Kabanof — Beforehand she used to nag at me with — "Get married, come now, get married, if I could only just see you married!" And now she scores me up like a wildcat; she doesn't leave me a bit of peace: and all on your account!

Varvara — Well, is it her fault? Your mother pitches into her, and you do the same; and after that you say you love your wife! Aih! I don't want to look at you, you disgust me! [*Turns her back.*]

Kabanof — But what do you want I should do?

Varvara — Keep your mouth shut, seeing you can't do anything better! — Come, what do you stay there squirming

around for? I can see very well in your eyes what you've got in your mind.

Kabanof — Well, what?

Varvara — Anybody knows. You want to go and have a drink with Dikoï: isn't it so?

Kabanof — You've guessed it.

Katherine — Tisha [*pet name for* TIKHON], come back before long; your mother will begin to grumble again if you don't.

Varvara — Yes, hurry up: if you don't, you know —

Kabanof — Oh yes, I know perfectly —

Varvara — We have no great desire to get abused on your account.

Kabanof — I won't be gone but a minute! Wait for me. [*Goes out.*

SCENE VII.

Katherine — So, Vara, you feel sorry for me?

Varvara [*looking askant*] — Of course! Reason enough.

Katherine — Then you love me? [*Kisses her vehemently.*]

Varvara — Certainly! Why shouldn't I love you?

Katherine — Thank you, you are ever so nice. And I love you to distraction. [*A silence.*] Do you know what I think?

Varvara — No. What?

Katherine — I am asking myself why we can't fly.

Varvara — What do you mean? I don't understand.

Katherine — I say I am asking myself why we don't fly like the birds. Just fancy, it seems to me at times I *am* a bird. When you are on a mountain, the wish takes you to be a bird: well, it seems to me if I gave a spring and raised my arms, I should fly away. Suppose I tried now? [*Starts to run.*]

Varvara — What's taken you?

Katherine — How lively I used to be in old times! I am all wilted up in your house.

Varvara — Do you think I haven't noticed it?

Katherine — I was another being then. I lived without a care, free as the birds. Mamma loved me above everything: she dressed me like a doll and didn't make me do any work. I did just as I liked. Do you know what kind of a life I led when I was a girl? Well, I'll tell you. I got up early in summer; I went to the spring, made my toilette, and brought the water for all the flowers around the house. I had a lot, a

lot of flowers. Then I went to church with mamma and the pilgrims; — our house was full of pilgrims. Coming back from church, we took up some work, most generally embroidering gold on velvet, and while we did it the pilgrims told us stories: what they had seen, where they had traveled, stories out of the lives of the saints, or they even sung legends. We passed the time that way till dinner. Then the older women lay down to take a nap, and I took a walk in the garden. Then we went to vespers, and in the evening again stories and songs. What a lovely life it was!

Varvara — But we live the same one with us!

Katherine — Yes, but here everything seems forced. And how I loved to go to church! It seemed to me like entering Paradise: I didn't see anybody any more, I didn't feel the time pass, and I didn't notice anything except that the office was ended. It all seemed to me not to have lasted over a minute. Mamma said everybody looked at me with astonishment. And when it was fine weather, you see, the sun sent down from the dome a beautiful ray of light where the incense was rising like a cloud, and in that light I saw angels fly up singing. And sometimes, dear, I got up in the night; — with us too, there were lamps that burned everywhere before the holy images; — I went into a little corner and prayed till morning. Or else I went into the garden early, when the sun had hardly risen, fell on my knees, praying and crying, and I didn't know why I was crying myself, and they found me there on my knees. What I asked God in my prayers those times, I don't know: I didn't need to know anything, I had enough of everything. And what dreams I had, Varinka, what dreams! Golden temples or wonderful gardens; chants of invisible voices; an odor of cypress woods and trees, not like the real ones, but such as they paint on the holy images. Sometimes it seemed to me I flew up, up! I dream now sometimes, still; but rarely, and not about that any longer —

Varvara — And what about?

Katherine [*after a silence*] — I shall die soon.

Varvara — Be still! What are you saying?

Katherine — Yes, but I know I shall die soon. Oh, my dear, something bad is going on inside me, something very strange! I never experienced anything like it. It is so extraordinary! It is as if I had begun to live a new life, or else — I don't know what it is —

Varvara — What is coming to you?

Katherine [*seizing her hand*] — Listen, Vara, I am afraid of falling into sin! I have such a terror, such a terror! It is as if I were on the edge of a precipice, and if any one pushed me over without my being able to catch hold of anything — !

[*Puts both hands to her head.*

Varvara — But what ails you? Are you sick?

Katherine — No. It would be better if I were sick! A day-dream keeps passing through my head I can't get rid of. When I try to think, I can't get my ideas together; when I try to pray, I can't. My tongue repeats the words, but I have something else in my mind: it is as if the Evil One spoke in my ear, and all he tells me is so vile! And I picture things that make me ashamed of myself. What does it mean? It forebodes some evil to me! At night, Vara, I don't sleep; I seem all the time to hear whispering near me; you would think some one was saying caressing and tender words to me, — tender as the cooing of a ring-dove. I don't dream any more as I used to, Vara, of forests and celestial hillocks, but I think I feel some one clasping me and burning me, drawing me I don't know where; and we escape, we escape together —

Varvara — Well?

Katherine — Oh, but what is it I am saying? You are only a girl!

Varvara — Talk! I am worse than you!

Katherine — Talk? No — I am ashamed.

Varvara — Then don't be ashamed! Talk!

Katherine — The house seems stifling to me; so stifling that for the least trifle I should run away. And mad desires come to me — if I were free — of journeying in a boat on the Volga, in the midst of songs, or else feeling myself drawn by a fine troïka of horses — twined in the arms —

Varvara — Not of your husband.

Katherine — How do you know?

Varvara — There's no harm in that.

Katherine — O Vara, it is a sin I have on my conscience. How much I have cried, unhappy creature that I am! what efforts haven't I made! I can't get away from it anywhere. That isn't right, is it, Varinka? It's a dreadful sin to love some one else than your husband?

Varvara — It is not for me to judge. I have my sins too.

Katherine — What must I do? I have no more strength.

Where shall I find refuge? In sheer despair, I shall end by laying violent hands on myself.

Varvara — What are you saying? Be still! Wait: my brother is going away to-morrow, and we'll think it over; perhaps there will be some means of stealing a meeting.

Katherine — No! no! it mustn't be! What are you thinking of? God preserve us from it!

Varvara — What are you afraid of?

Katherine — If I meet *him* but just once, I shall fly from the house; and nothing in the world will make me enter it again.

Varvara — Well, wait awhile, we'll see.

Katherine — No, no, don't talk any more about it to me! I don't want to hear it spoken of!

Varvara — How delightful it must be to shrivel up so! If you die of grief, do you think anybody will pity you? Take that into account! What a passion for making one's self suffer!

Scene VIII.

Enter a Lady *leaning on a staff, followed by two lackeys with three-cornered coiffures.*

Lady — Well, my pretties, what are you doing there? Waiting for the beaux, the handsome young fellows? That amuses you, heh? That amuses you? You feel good over your beauty? There's where your beauty takes you to! [*Points to the Volga.*] There, there, to the bottom! [Varvara *smiles.*] You laugh, do you? Don't feel so chirk! [*Strikes the ground with her stick.*] You'll both burn in everlasting fire! You'll boil in the pitch that never gets cold! [*Moving off.*] See it, see it, that's where beauty leads to! [*Goes out.*

Scene IX.

Katherine — Ugh! how afraid she makes me! I am all trembling: it seems like a prophecy addressed to me.

Varvara — May her prediction fall back on her own head, the old raven!

Katherine — What was it she said? ah, what was it she said?

Varvara — Silly croakings! It's hard to stand and listen to such raving. She makes the same prediction to everybody.

She's an old sinner! Ask anybody and hear the things they tell about her! — Now her time is coming, she's frightened; and what she's afraid of on her own account she threatens others with. All through the town, the very children hide when they see her. She shakes her crutch at them and calls out [*imitating the old woman's cracked voice*] — "You'll all burn in the fire!"

Katherine [*closing her eyes*] — Oh, please keep still! It makes my heart sink!

Varvara — Oh, don't be afraid! She's a crazy old woman —

Katherine — I'm afraid, I'm horribly afraid! It seems to me she is before my eyes yet. [*A silence.*

Varvara [*looking around her*] — There, my brother isn't back, and there's a thunder-storm coming up, I think.

Katherine — A thunder-storm? [*In terror.*] Run for the house! Quick!

Varvara — Have you lost your wits? How will you dare show your face in the house without my brother?

Katherine — No, that's worse yet. Back, back!

Varvara — What are you in such a fright over? The storm is a long way off yet.

Katherine — If it's a long way off, let's stay here a little while: but truly, we'd better go back; let's go home, that would be better.

Varvara — Pshaw! if something is going to happen to you, it isn't the house that will fend it off.

Katherine — All the same, we'd better go back, I should feel calmer: I will pray to God before the holy images.

Varvara — I didn't know you had such a dread of a storm. I'm not at all afraid of it, as you see.

Katherine — How can one help being afraid of it, dear? Why, everybody must be afraid of it! The dreadful thing isn't the dying, but being surprised by death with all your sins and all your bad thoughts. I am not afraid of death; but when I think how I've got to appear before God all of a sudden, just as I am, here with you, after our conversation, — that's the horrible thing! What is it I have in my mind? What sin! It's frightful to talk of! [*Flash of lightning.*] Oh!

Enter KABANOF.

Varvara — Here's my brother. [*To him.*] Hurry up!

Katherine — Oh, quick, quick!

ACT II.

Scene: KABANOF'S *house.*

SCENE I.

GLASHA *packing up.* FEKLUSHA *enters.*

Feklusha — Always at work, my pretty dear. What are you doing, my love?

Glasha — I'm packing up. The master is going on a journey.

Feklusha — Ah, he is going away, the master, our light?

Glasha — He is going away.

Feklusha — For long, darling?

Glasha — No, not for long.

Feklusha — May his road be as level as a floor. And the mistress? Will she keen or not?[1]

Glasha — I can't tell you.

Feklusha — Doesn't she keen sometimes?

Glasha — I've never heard her.

Feklusha — How I love to hear folks keen, my pretty dear, when they know how! And do you, love, take good care of the poor, so they may lack for nothing.

Glasha — Well, you are truly a queer lot! You pass your time tearing each other up! What is it you lack for? Seems to me the pilgrims find something to live on among us; and yet you pass your days backbiting and wrangling. A'n't you afraid of committing sin?

Feklusha — Oh! can one live without sin, my sweet? We are on the earth! But mind what I'm going to tell you, my pretty darling: you common people have only just one devil to tempt you, while we pilgrims have some of us six and some of us a dozen at our heels, and we have to conquer them all. Come now, it's very hard, my precious one.

Glasha — What's the reason your sort have so many?

Feklusha — It's the Enemy, my pretty one, who is furious against us because we live a holy life. As for me, my charming dear, I am not quarrelsome, not a bit! I don't have that sin.

[1] Expert wailers in Russia often extend their "keening" from funerals to all other mournful occasions of life. It is a frequent custom for wives to lie across the threshold and wail when their husband goes away on a journey: the length of the observance measuring the extent of their conjugal devotion.

But then I have another, I know quite well: I have an awfully sweet tooth for good things. But see there! the Lord sends them to me in my infirmity.

Glasha — Tell me, Feklusha, have you traveled very far?

Feklusha — No, my dear. On account of my weakness, I have not been very far; but I have heard stories, and a lot! They say there are countries, dearie, where it isn't orthodox Tsars that reign, but Sultans. There is a country where the one on the throne is the Sultan Mahmud Turk, and another where it's the Sultan Mahmud Persian. And they pass sentences on everybody, my pretty love; and all their judging is wrong end to. And you see, dear, they can't render one single solitary just sentence, because it's their destiny. With us the law is just, and with them, pretty darling, it's unjust; whatever is decided one way by our law is decided exactly the other way by their law. And all the magistrates in those countries are unjust too; that's why, darling, when one presents them a petition, he writes, "Judge me, unjust judge." And there's still another country where the people have heads like dogs.

Glasha — And why dogs?

Feklusha — Because they are infidels. — I'm going, pretty dear, — I'm going to walk around the shops, to ask something for my poverty. Good-bye.

Glasha — Good-bye. [FEKLUSHA *goes out.*] What funny countries! What wonders there are in the world! And we folks stay in our corners and don't know anything! How lucky it is there are those good people! If it wasn't for that, we shouldn't know what's done under heaven, and we should die like the beasts, just as we were born.

SCENE II.

Enter KATHERINE *and* VARVARA.

Varvara [*to* GLASHA] — Put the bundles into the kibitka; the horses are out here. [*To* KATHERINE.] They married you too young; you hadn't had time to get any fun: that's why your heart isn't calm any longer! [GLASHA *goes out.*

Katherine — And it never will be calm.

Varvara — Why not?

Katherine — I was born like that, all nerves. See here: at six years old, no more, there was some trouble among us, I don't

know what about; it was in the evening, after nightfall; I ran to the Volga, sat down in a little boat, and pushed it away from the bank. They found me next morning six or seven miles from there.

Varvara — Tell me, did the fellows look at you?

Katherine — Why, of course!

Varvara — And you truly didn't fall in love with anybody?

Katherine — No. They made me laugh, that's all.

Varvara — Look here, Katia, then you don't love Tikhon?

Katherine — Oh, but I do! How could I help loving him? I pity him so much!

Varvara — No, you don't love him. If he makes you pity him, you don't love him; to tell the truth, there is no reason you should. You are wrong to hide your heart from me: I have seen for a long time that you loved somebody else —

Katherine [*in terror*] — How? How did you see it?

Varvara — How queer you are! See here, am I a baby? Come, just one word: when you see *him*, you change color. [KATHERINE *lowers her eyes.*] That isn't all —

Katherine [*drooping her head*] — Well, what is it?

Varvara — You know him well enough yourself! What's the use of naming him?

Katherine — That isn't so. Name him! say his name!

Varvara — Boris.

Katherine — Well, yes, Vara, it is he. Only, in heaven's name, Vara —

Varvara — That's all it would need. But take care and not betray *yourself.*

Katherine — I don't know how to act a part: I can't hide anything.

Varvara — But there isn't any other way! Think where you live! The whole house is based on that. No more was I double-faced, but I learned it when I had to. — Yesterday, when I was out walking, I met him we've been talking about.

Katherine [*after a moment's hesitation, lowering her head*] — Well?

Varvara — He sent his regards to you. It was too bad, he said, that we couldn't see each other anywhere.

Katherine [*lowering her head more and more*] — Where should we see each other? and why?

Varvara — It's so sad!

Katherine — Don't talk to me about him any more, please!

Keep still! I don't want to hear him spoken of. I *will* love my husband! Tisha, my darling, I wouldn't swap you for anybody else! I don't want to think of him, and it's you, Varvara, that keep tempting me!

Varvara — Well, don't think of him, then! Nobody's forcing you to!

Katherine — You haven't the least pity for me! You tell me, "Don't think of him," and you keep bringing him up yourself! I'd rather not think of him at all; but it's no use, I can't get him out of my head. Whatever I am busy about, he is always there before my eyes. I try to conquer myself, but I can't succeed. See here, this very night the devil tempted me. I had only just left the house.

Varvara — You're a queer one! Heaven be good to you! Will you believe me? Do what you like so long as you pull the wool over everybody's eyes.

Katherine — That way? Never! That isn't right at all. I'd rather suffer, so long as I can have patience.

Varvara — And at the end of your patience what will you do?

Katherine — What shall I do?

Varvara — Yes, what will you do?

Katherine — What the wish seizes me to do —

Varvara — Try it! Everybody here will tear you to rags.

Katherine — All the same to me! I'll go away, and they shall never hear me spoken of again.

Varvara — Where will you go? You are a married woman.

Katherine — Ah, Varvara, you don't know me! Certainly, God forbid that should come; but if life is too painful here, no force will hold me back. I'll throw myself out of the window, I'll drown myself in the Volga. I don't want to live here, I won't live here when they'd cut me to pieces. [*A silence.*

Varvara — See here, Katia, when Tikhon goes away, let's sleep in the garden summer-house.

Katherine — Why?

Varvara — Well, why not? Isn't it the same thing?

Katherine — I'm afraid to sleep in a place I don't know.

Varvara — What an idea! Glasha will be with us.

Katherine — I'm a little afraid all the same. However, just as you like.

Varvara — I shouldn't have asked you, but mother wouldn't allow me to sleep there alone, and I must —

Katherine [*looking closely at her*] — Why must you?

Varvara [*laughing*] — To work magic.

Katherine — You are joking, aren't you?

Varvara — Certainly I'm joking. Could you imagine it was serious? [*A silence.*

Katherine — Where is Tikhon?

Varvara — What do you want of him?

Katherine — Nothing — but he's going away.

Varvara — He is shut up with my mother, who has set about eating into him as rust eats into iron.

Katherine — Why?

Varvara — Nothing: simply to teach him to be a man of good sense. He is to be gone a fortnight — immense affair! Just fancy! She is sick at heart to think he'll go about free. She has set out to give him orders each more terrible than the others; then she'll lead him up to the holy images, and make him swear to act point by point as she has ordered him.

Katherine — So that even at liberty he will be chained down.

Varvara — Chained down? Oh, come now! He'll be hardly off before he begins to drink. At this moment he's listening: well, at the same time he's trying to find means of getting away quicker —

Scene III.

Enter Kabanova *and* Kabanof.

Kabanova — You remember all I've said to you, straight? Look out and don't forget anything.

Kabanof — I won't forget anything, mother.

Kabanova — There, now everything is ready. The horses are brought up: you have nothing to do but say the good-byes, and God be with you.

Kabanof — Yes, mother, it is time to go.

Kabanova — Well?

Kabanof — What is it you want?

Kabanova — Are you going to stay planted there? Don't you know the Russian custom? Give your wife directions as to the life she is to lead while you are gone.

[Katherine *lowers her eyes.*

Kabanof — But she knows all about it, I should think!

Kabanova — Are you going to begin to argue? Come, come, give your commands! Let me hear what you are going

to order her to do; and when you come back you ask her if she has obeyed you in everything.

Kabanof [*going up to his wife*] — Obey my mother, Katia.

Kabanova — Tell her not to be saucy to her mother-in-law.

Kabanof — Don't be saucy.

Kabanova — To respect her mother-in-law like her own mother.

Kabanof — Katia, respect your mother-in-law like your own mother!

Kabanova — Not to stay all the time with her arms folded like a great lady.

Kabanof — Keep at work at something while I am not here.

Kabanova — Not to be always poked out of the window.

Kabanof — But, mother dear, has she ever —

Kabanova — Come! come!

Kabanof — Don't look out of the window.

Kabanova — Not to ogle with the young fellows while you are gone.

Kabanof — But, dear mother, in heaven's name —

Kabanova [*sharply*] — Don't be stubborn! You ought to do what your mother tells you. [*Smiling.*] Everything goes better when orders have been given.

Kabanof [*embarrassed*] — Don't look at the young folks.

[KATHERINE *looks him in the face.*

Kabanova — Good! Now talk with each other if you want to talk. Come, Varvara! [*They go out.*

SCENE IV.

KATHERINE *and* KABANOF *standing as if petrified.*

Kabanof — Katia! [*A silence.*] Katia, are you angry with me?

Katherine [*after a short silence, shaking her head*] — No.

Kabanof — Then what ails you? Come, forgive me.

Katherine [*same attitude, softly shaking her head*] — God forgive you! [*Hiding her face in her hands.*] She has hurt me.

Kabanof — If you take the least thing to heart like that, you'll soon be a consumptive. Why do you pay any attention to what she says? She's got to keep her tongue going. But let her talk, and listen without hearing her. There, good-bye, Katia!

Katherine [*throwing her arms around him*] — Tisha, don't go! In heaven's name, don't go! Dear, I beg and pray you!

Kabanof — I can't do that. Katia! when my mother sends me, how can I refuse to go?

Katherine — Then take me with you, take me!

Kabanof [*disengaging himself from her embrace*] — But I can't do that!

Katherine — But why can't you do it, Tisha?

Kabanof — Travel with you? That would be gay! You're all nagging me here: I'm not dreaming of running away, and what do *you* keep sticking to me like a plaster for?

Katherine — Don't you love me any more, then?

Kabanof — Yes, indeed, I always love you! Only, to get away from such slavery a fellow would leave a prettier woman than you. Just take stock of things a little: after all, I'm a man, and to live as I live here would make a fellow run away from everything, even his wife. And, now I'm sure for a fortnight of not getting a storm around my ears, and not having my legs tied, am I going to fret myself with my wife?

Katherine — How can I love you if you say words like those to me?

Kabanof — Words? What words? Well, what do you want I should say to you, then? I don't understand what you're afraid of! You're not alone: you stay with mother!

Katherine — Don't talk to me about your mother, don't lacerate my heart! Oh, wretched, wretched me! Poor little thing, where shall I hide? Who shall I ask help of? O my God, my God, I am lost!

Kabanof — Oh, come now! look here!

Katherine [*springing toward her husband and pressing close to him*] — Tisha, dear, if you'll stay or if you'll take me with you, how I will love you, how I will adore you, my darling!

Kabanof — I don't understand you at all, Katherine! There are times when I can't get a love touch out of you, not even a word; and other times you make the first advances.

Katherine — Tisha, if you leave me all alone, misfortune will come, misfortune will come.

Kabanof — But there's no way, so what do you want me to do?

Katherine — Then listen: demand some frightful oath of me —

Kabanof — What oath?

Katherine — Well, that in your absence I shall not say a word under any pretext to any stranger, and that I shall think of absolutely no one but you.

Kabanof — But what's the good of all that?

Katherine — Make peace for me, my dearest, do me that charity!

Kabanof — Can people answer for themselves? So many things can pass through your head!

Katherine [*falling on her knees*] — May I never see my father and my mother again! May I die in final impenitence, if —

Kabanof [*raising her up*] — Will you hold your tongue! What blasphemy! I don't want to hear it!

Kabanova [*her voice heard from outside*] — Come, Tikhon, you must go.

Scene V.

Enter Kabanova, Varvara, *and* Glasha.

Kabanova — Tikhon, you must go. God guide you. [*Sits down.*] Sit down, all of you![1] [*All seat themselves. A silence.*] Well, good-bye! [*Rises, and all the rest imitate her.*]

Kabanof [*approaching his mother*] — Good-bye, mother dear!

Kabanova [*pointing to the floor*] — At my feet, at my feet! [Kabanof *bends the knee, bows to the ground, then rises to kiss his mother.*] Say good-bye to your wife.

Kabanof — Good-bye, Katia!

[Katherine *throws herself on his neck.*

Kabanova — What do you mean, you brazen thing, throwing yourself on his neck? It isn't a lover you're saying good-bye to — it's your husband, your master! Don't you know the law? At his feet! [Katherine *throws herself at his feet.*

Kabanof — Good-bye, sister! [*Kisses* Varvara.] Good-bye, Glasha. [*Kisses* Glasha.] Good-bye, mother. [*Inclines himself.*]

Kabanova — Good-bye! I won't go out with you: no useless tears.

[Kabanof *goes out.* Katherine, Varvara, *and* Glasha *follow him.*

[1] It is old Russian custom that when any one goes on a journey, all in the house sit down for a few moments of silent self-communion and invocation. The sons then salute their parents and prostrate themselves before them, and the wife does likewise to her husband.

A Scene in St. Petersburg.

Scene VI.

Kabanova [*alone*] — These young folks! Truly, they are comical! If they weren't my own, I should laugh myself sick. They don't know anything, not even usages! They don't even know how to say good-bye for a journey. When the old people are there, it does well enough: the house is kept in order so long as they are alive. And these boobies want to live at their own sweet will! But when they try it everything goes crossways, and they get laughed at by the good people; very likely some folks pity them, but the biggest part just make fun of them. To tell the truth, there's no reason for not making fun of them: they invite guests and don't know how to place them; and more than once they even forget some of their relations! It's all just simply laughable. And yet these old customs are going out. When I go into other people's houses, it's in spite of myself, and I want to come out again right away, crawling with disgust. What will happen when we old ones are dead? How will the world get on? Really, I don't know. One consolation at least is that I shan't be here to see it.

Scene VII.

Enter Katherine *and* Varvara.

Kabanova — You that brag of loving your husband so much, I see just now what your love amounts to! Anybody else, a true wife, after seeing her husband off, would have lain down across the threshold and keened for an hour and a half at least; but you, it's all one to you.

Katherine — What good would it do? And besides, I don't know how to keen. Why should I make a show of myself?

Kabanova — It isn't so hard to keen! If you loved your husband, you'd have learned easy enough! If you don't know how to keen as it ought to be done, you might at least make believe do it — it would be more decent, anyway; but I see very plainly that everything is mere words with you! I'm going to say my prayers now. Don't let anybody disturb me.

Varvara — And I'm going out.

Kabanova [*sweetly*] — Why not? Go on, child, till your turn comes. You'll have time enough to stay inside.

[Kabanova *and* Varvara *go out.*

Scene VIII.

Katherine [*alone, dreamingly*] — Now calm reigns here. Oh, how tedious it all is! If there were only children in the house! Ah me, I have no children. I would have stayed by to amuse them. I do so love to talk to little children! They are little angels! [*A silence.*] If I had died in childhood, it would have been better. From the height of heaven I should have looked down on the earth and rejoiced, or else I should have flown invisibly everywhere I liked. I would have darted into the plain and flown from one wild flower to another, at the will of the wind, like a butterfly. [*Sinks into a reverie.*] I know what I'll do: I'll set myself a task; I'll go to the bazaar and buy linen, and I'll make up underwear and distribute it among the poor. They will pray to God for me. Vara and I will sit at the table and work, and we shall see the time fly; and at last Tisha will come back.

Scene IX.

Enter Varvara.

Varvara [*before a mirror, adjusting a fichu on her head*] — I am going to take a walk. Glasha will make up our beds in the summer-house — mother agrees. There's a little gate in the garden hedge, behind the raspberries; mother has locked it and keeps the key. I've taken the key out and put another in its place, so she won't notice. Here, it may be some use. [*Hands her the key.*] If I meet *him*, I'll tell him to come in by the little gate.

Katherine [*frightened, refusing the key*] — Why? why? No, there's no need of a key!

Varvara — For you, possibly not; but for me there is. Take it, it won't bite you.

Katherine — But what scheme are you up to, sinful girl? Is it possible? Have you considered what you are doing, have you considered?

Varvara — Oh, come, I don't want to palaver, and besides, I've no time. I've got to go and take a walk. [*Goes out.*

Scene X.

Katherine [*alone, the key in her hand*] — What *is* she doing? What's in her mind? Oh, she is mad — yes, mad! Here is what will be my destruction! Here it is! This key must be thrown away, thrown far away, into the river, where it never can be found again. It burns my hand like a hot coal. [*Dreamily.*] That's how we women go to destruction! Slavery is no fun for anybody! What things pass through your head! Anybody else would be enchanted with what is coming to me, and fling themselves at it head foremost. How can one act so and not consider, not reason with themselves? A calamity is so quick to get here! And afterwards you have all your life to shed tears and torture yourself; and the slavery seems bitterer still. [*A silence.*] And slavery *is* bitter, oh how bitter it is! Who wouldn't suffer under it? And we women still more than the rest. Take me for instance, at this moment: I go over and over it to no purpose, I can't see a ray of light. And I never shall see one! The farther I go, the worse it is. And now here's this new sin I've just taken on my conscience. [*Dreams for a moment.*] Without my stepmother. — It's she that has broken me down; it's she that has made me disgusted with this house: I hate the very walls of it. [*Pensively gazing at the key.*] Must it be thrown away? Of course it must! And how did it come into my hands? To lead me astray, to ruin me! [*Listening.*] Ah, there's somebody! My heart fails me. [*Puts the key in her pocket.*] No — it isn't anybody! Why am I in such terror? And I've hidden the key. — Well, it's got to be, that's clear: destiny will have it so. And besides, what sin is there in seeing him once, perhaps a long way off? And even if I talked with him a little, where would be the harm? But my husband — Well, he would have it so! I may not find another such chance in all my life. And then I shall cry and say, "You had a chance to see him, and you didn't profit by it." But what am I talking this way for? What's the use of talking to myself? I'll die for it if I must, but I *will* see him. Who is there to deceive here? — Throw away the key? No, not for anything in the world! I've got it now! Let come what will, I will see Boris! Oh, if the night would only come quicker!

ACT III.

First Phase.

Scene: A street. Driveway of the Kabanofs' *house. Bench before the gate.*

Scene I.

Kabanova *and* Feklusha *seated on the bench.*

Feklusha — The end of the world is approaching, my good Martha Ignatievna, all the signs announce it. Your town is still Paradise and tranquillity: but the others are veritable Sodoms, my kind lady; they cry out and go back and forth and run about without stopping. The people run here and there like the lost ones.

Kabanova — Why should we hurry, my dear? We live here without putting ourselves about.

Feklusha — No, my kind lady: if there is so much peace here in your town, it is because you see so many people there — come, you for instance — adorned with all the virtues just as one is decked out with flowers. That's why everything goes on here quietly and properly. For this hurry-skurry, good mother, what is it all? Vanity and nothing else! At Moscow, for instance, people scamper hither and thither without knowing what for. It's just vanity. They are a vain people, my good Martha Ignatievna, that's why they run. They fancy they're running about some business, and they hurry, the poor wretches! The people don't recognize each other: they imagine they see somebody making a signal to them; but when they've got to the place, they find nothing at all — it was a vision. And then they fall back into the same restless ways. Others fancy they are running after some one they know. A person of sound mind who was there would see at once there was nobody; but they imagine out of vanity that they are running after some one. Vanity, you see, is a thing like a fog. Here with us, for all it's such a magnificent evening, you see no one goes out, even to sit at their own doors: but in Moscow by this hour there's nothing but promenades and sports; everywhere in all the streets there's a hullabaloo, such shouts and yells! And just fancy, my good Martha Ignatievna, they go and harness

up fiery dragons! And always for the same thing, to get around quicker!

Kabanova — Yes, my dear, I have heard tell of that.

Feklusha — And I've seen it with my own eyes. Of course there are folks that out of vanity don't see anything, and fancy it's a machine, and they call it a machine; but I've seen it work its paws like this. [*Claws with her fingers.*] And such shrieks! but shrieks that only people of religious lives can hear.

Kabanova — Let them call it what they like — machine if they want to: the people are fools and they'll swallow it all! But as for me, you might cover me with gold and I'd never travel in it!

Feklusha — Travel! O my dear lady, may Heaven preserve us from such a misfortune! And see here, my kind Martha Ignatievna, I had a vision at Moscow. One morning at the first peep of day I went out. On top of a house, a very high house, on the roof, I saw a black figure standing upright.[1] You understand what it was! — It made as if it was sowing something with its hands, but nothing fell. I guessed immediately it was sowing tares, and that the people picked them up all day without seeing them, from vanity. That's why they all run around so; that's why their women are all so thin, and why their babies look not as if they were taking a walk, but as if they were hunting for something they had lost: there is such uneasiness on their faces that you pity them.

Kabanova — Everything is possible, my dear. In times like ours we mustn't be surprised at anything.

Feklusha — The times are bad, my good Martha Ignatievna, very bad! Even time is getting shorter!

Kabanova — How shorter, my dear?

Feklusha — Naturally, we in our vanity can't see it, but enlightened persons notice that the time has grown shorter. Formerly winter and summer lasted on, stretched out as though they never would end; but now you haven't time to see them pass. The days and hours seem to have stayed the same; but for our sins the time shrinks more and more. That's what enlightened persons say.

Kabanova — And that will grow worse and worse, dear!

Feklusha — If only we mayn't live till then!

Kabanova — Who knows? Perhaps we shall see it!

[1] Chimney-sweep, unknown in the smaller Russian towns then.

SCENE II.

Enter DIKOÏ.

Kabanova — Heh, neighbor, what are you walking out so late for?

Dikoï — Well, what's to hinder?

Kabanova — Why should anybody hinder? And who'd take the job of doing it?

Dikoï — Then shut your mouth. Maybe I'm to be under anybody's thumb? [*To* FEKLUSHA.] Oh, you're here yet, are you, like a little she-devil?

Kabanova — That's enough, hold your jaw! Go and find somebody that'll stand it: I'm not that kind. Come, make tracks. Let's go in, Feklusha. [*They rise.*

Dikoï — Wait, neighbor, wait a bit! Don't get hot. We've got plenty of time to go in. Your house isn't behind the mountains: it's right here!

Kabanova — If it's business, stop bawling and talk like a sane man.

Dikoï — There isn't any business: I'm muzzy, that's all.

Kabanova — Do you want me to pay you compliments for that, here and now?

Dikoï — Neither compliments nor bad tongue. I'm muzzy, that's the whole business. As long as I keep awake, nobody's got anything to do with it.

Kabanova — Well, then, get along and go to sleep!

Dikoï — Where the devil shall I go?

Kabanova — Home, gracious me!

Dikoï — And suppose I don't want to go home?

Kabanova — Why shouldn't you go, allow me to ask?

Dikoï — Because there's a fight at my place.

Kabanova — Why, who could be fighting at your house? There's no one there but your own self that's a fighter!

Dikoï — Well, what if I am a fighter, as you say? What? answer me that!

Kabanova — What? Nothing. But respect is no great matter to you, for you spend your life scrapping with old women. That's what!

Dikoï — That means they have to give in to me. Maybe folks want it to be me that should give in?

Kabanova — You do seem to me to be a queer body! Among all the people quartered in your house, there isn't one that can satisfy you.

Dikoï — Oh, here's another of 'em!

Kabanova — Well, what do you want of me?

Dikoï — Here's what it is: argue me out of being mad any longer. You're the only one in town that knows how to argue.

Kabanova — Feklusha, go and tell them to get something ready for you to put in your stomach. [FEKLUSHA *goes out.*] Come into my room.

Dikoï — No, I won't go into your room. I feel awkward in rooms.

Kabanova — What have you got mad about?

Dikoï — They've made me mad ever since daylight.

Kabanova — They must have asked you for money.

Dikoï — Just so! They're all in cahoots, the rascals! First one and then the other, they've all been at me the whole day.

Kabanova — They must need it, to be at you like that.

Dikoï — I don't say they don't; but what the devil do you want me to do, when I've got a disposition like this? I know very well it's got to be paid; but with a good grace, it's impossible! You are my friend: very well, if I owed you money and you came to get it, I should abuse you. I'd give it to you, yes, but I should abuse you. When anybody only looks as though they were going to talk to me about money, it burns me inside; yes, it burns me all through inside, and then I barge a man for the least thing!

Kabanova — You've no master to rule over you, that's why you play bully.

Dikoï — Hush up, neighbor, hush up, and listen to what I did. It was in Lent, High Lent; I was doing my devotions, but there the Enemy sent me a mujik that came to ask money of me for the wood he had drawn. It was my bad luck he came at such a moment. I sinned! I poured insults on him, oh, such insults you couldn't ask bigger ones: I came near whaling him! Well, see what a good heart I have: I asked his pardon, I threw myself on my knees, yes, on my knees. I am telling you true, I went down on my knees before that mujik. That far my good heart carried me: there in the street, in the mud, I went on my knees to him, and before all the world too!

Kabanova — And why do you make yourself mad on purpose? That isn't right, neighbor.

Dikoï — What do you mean by on purpose?

Kabanova — I know what I've seen. When you notice any-

body's going to ask you anything at all, you turn the conversation to some of your things, on purpose to work yourself up. You know very well nobody cares to come near you when you are irritated. That's what you do, neighbor.

Dikoï — Well, and suppose I do? Don't everybody hold on to his own stuff?

Enter GLASHA.

Glasha — Martha Ignatievna, supper is ready.

Kabanova — Come, neighbor, come in! Profit by God's bounties.

Dikoï — All right.

Kabanova — Come in, please.

[*Lets* DIKOÏ *pass, and follows him.*

Glasha [*arms crossed, on the threshold*] — There's Boris Grigorich coming! Is it to look for his uncle or take a walk? — Yes, he must be going for a walk.

SCENE III.

Enter BORIS.

Boris — Isn't my uncle in here?

Glasha — He is in here. Do you want him?

Boris — They sent me from our place to know where he is; but as he's here, let him stay, — nobody wants him. At home, everybody's delighted he's gone out.

Glasha — If our mistress was only his wife, he'd soon be brought to reason. But what possesses me to stay here and chatter? Good-bye. [*Goes.*

Boris [*alone*] — Good heavens! if I could only get a look at her! To go into the house — impossible: you can't enter there without being invited. What a life! To live in the same town, almost side by side, and only meet once a week, at church or in the street, just once! Here, for a girl, to be married or buried is the same thing. [*A silence.*] I ought never to see her again: it wouldn't be so hard! But to see her for one minute, and even that before the world, under the spying of a hundred eyes — it's good for nothing except to lacerate one's heart! I have not the strength to master myself: I go to walk and always find myself before this door. And why come here? I never can see her, and perhaps it would make talk into the bargain,

and I should be the cause of unhappiness to her! What a hole I have fallen into! [*Walks a few paces and meets* KULIGUIN.

Kuliguin — Good morning, sir. Are you taking a walk this way?

Boris — Why, yes, a little bit of one: it's superb weather to-day.

Kuliguin — It's a good time for a walk, sir. The night is calm, and the air is so sweet! You smell the perfume of the flowers that grow on the other bank of the Volga; the sky is clear —

> "The abyss yawns overhead, thick sown with stars, —
> Unnumbered stars, abyss without an end."

Would you like to take a turn on the boulevard, sir? There isn't a soul there.

Boris — All right.

Kuliguin — That's the way they are in our little town. They've made a boulevard, and they don't walk there. It's almost never, except feast days, they walk there. Even then they only make a pretext of it: they go there really to show off their clothes. You meet hardly anybody there aside from some clerk who comes out of the public-house drunk, and goes back home staggering. As to the poor, they have no time to take walks: they work day and night. They sleep three hours out of the twenty-four. — And the rich, what do they do? Nothing hinders them, does it, from waking out and breathing the fresh air? Of course not. But at this hour, sir, they have already long ago locked their doors and let out their dogs. Perhaps you think they are doing some good work, like praying to God? No, indeed; and if they lock themselves in, it isn't for fear of robbers, it's so people won't see how they tyrannize over their own, how they torment their families. What makes the tears flow behind those bolts is that no one can see. But I don't know why I tell you this, sir: you can judge by what happens to yourself. And if you knew, sir, all the black debauchery and drunkenness there is behind these locked doors! But all those unseen and unknown things nobody sees or knows anything of but God. "Let them look at me," they say, "in the street, before the world; but they have nothing to see in my family. That is what I have bolts, locks, and biting dogs for. The family," they say, "is a secret and sacred thing!" We know these secrets of theirs. They are secrets that profit no one but

the head of the family: as to the rest, they may howl like the wolves! A secret! Everybody knows that secret: to despoil orphans, parents, nephews, and to thrash the whole household so that nobody shall dare breathe a word of what they are hatching up! That's all the secret! And yet there are people who go to walk: do you know which? Youths and girls. They steal a short hour from sleep and go to walk in couples. There, here's a couple here just this minute!

KUDRASH *and* VARVARA *appear, kissing each other.*

Boris — They are kissing!

Kuliguin — That's no matter.

[KUDRASH *retires.* VARVARA *comes forward to the carriage gate, and signals to* BORIS; *he approaches her.*

SCENE IV.

Kuliguin — I am going to the boulevard. Why should you put yourself out? I'll wait for you there.

Boris — Very well, I will rejoin you. [KULIGUIN *goes out.*

Varvara — Do you know that ravine behind the Kabanofs' garden?

Boris — Yes.

Varvara — Try and be there early.

Boris — To do what?

Varvara — Stupid! You'll see. But don't be late, you'll be waited for. [BORIS *goes out.*] He didn't recognize me. Pshaw! let him exercise his imagination. As to Katherine, I am perfectly sure she can't hold in any longer, and she'll be there. [*Goes out.*

SECOND PHASE.

NIGHT. — *Scene: A ravine overgrown with bushes; above, the Kabanofs' inclosed garden and a small gate. — A foot-path.*

SCENE I.

Enter KUDRASH, *a guitar in his hand.*

Kudrash — Nobody! What can she be doing? Let's sit down and wait a bit [*seats himself on a stone*], and sing a song to while away the time. [*Sings.*

"Lo, the Cossack of the Don leads his war-steed to the water;
Now he stands before the gate,
Stands and dreams before the gate,
Dreaming how his consort he will slaughter.
And the wife implores her husband's grace,
Grovels at his swift avenging pace:
'O my dear one, O my treasure,
Do not strike me, do not slay me here at nightfall:
Strike and slay me not till midnight!
Leave my children time to sink in slumber,
My sweet children and our kindly neighbors.'"

Scene II.

Kudrash [*breaking off his song*] — Well, well! Look at his serene air! Here he is, going to have some of it like the rest.

Boris — Kudrash, is it you?

Kudrash — It's I, Boris Grigorich.

Boris — What have you come here after?

Kudrash — I? I probably needed to come here, Boris Grigorich, seeing I'm here! I shouldn't have come for nothing. And where are you going yourself, Boris Grigorich?

Boris [*examining the surroundings*] — See here, Kudrash, I need to be here alone: I suppose it's all the same to you, being here or somewhere else?

Kudrash — No, Boris Grigorich. I see you are here for the first time; but this place has known me for a long time, and it's I that beat this path. I am your friend, sir, and ready to render you any service; but don't meet me any more at night on this road! If you do — God forbid it, but there'll be trouble! Harmony is better than gold.

Boris — What has got into you, my dear Vania?

Kudrash — "My dear Vania!" Yes, I know very well my name is Vania; but go your own road, that's all. Scrape up a little acquaintance if you like, and go and take a walk with her — nobody'll have anything to say to that; but don't meddle with other people's goods! Things don't go down that way with us: the young fellows will break every bone in your body. As to me, if it was my case, I don't know what I should be capable of: I'd cut your throat.

Boris — You are wrong to get hot. I don't want to poach on your preserves at all: I shouldn't have come here if I hadn't been invited.

Kudrash — Who invited you?

Boris — I couldn't see who; it was too dark. It was a girl who stopped me in the street and told me to come to this very spot, behind the Kabanofs' garden, where there was a path.

Kudrash — Who could it have been?

Boris — Look here, Kudrash, a fellow can speak to you frankly, can't he? You're not loose-tongued?

Kudrash — Go ahead, don't be afraid! I'm a perfect graveyard.

Boris — I don't know anything about this town, either usages or manners; but this is how it is —

Kudrash — You're in love with somebody?

Boris — Yes.

Kudrash — Well, there's no harm in that! With us, such things are free. The girls go their own gait; the father and mother pay no attention. It's only the married women that are kept under lock and key.

Boris — That's just the trouble.

Kudrash — Oh, thunder! it's a married woman?

Boris — Married.

Kudrash — Then, Boris Grigorich, drop that like a hot potato.

Boris — It's easy for you to talk! Very likely it's all the same to you, you can drop one and pick up another; but I can't. When I have once begun to love —

Kudrash — But do you want to ruin her utterly, Boris Grigorich?

Boris — Good God! Heaven save me from it! No indeed, Kudrash, how could I want to ruin her? I only want to see her a minute, no matter where, and I shall ask nothing more.

Kudrash — But, my dear fellow, how can a man answer for himself? And besides, the people are so savage here: you know that well enough! They'll eat you alive; they'll nail you up in your coffin!

Boris — Oh, please, Kudrash, don't talk that way! Don't terrify me!

Kudrash — And does she love you?

Boris — I don't know.

Kudrash — But you must have seen each other now and then before this?

Boris — Just once, when I was at her house with my uncle. We only meet at church or on the boulevard. O Kudrash, if

you could see how she prays! What an angelic smile she has on her lips! You would say her face shed light all around it!

Kudrash — It's the younger Mrs. Kabanof, isn't it?

Boris — Yes, Kudrash.

Kudrash — Ah, that's the way the cat jumps! Well, I congratulate you!

Boris — Congratulate me? What on?

Kudrash — O Lord, your affair must have been going along swimmingly, seeing you've been brought here.

Boris — Then you think it's she that had me told that?

Kudrash — Who should it be?

Boris — Oh, no, you're laughing at me: it isn't possible. [*Puts his head in his hands.*]

Kudrash — What ails you?

Boris — I am mad with joy.

Kudrash — Reason enough! Only look here: don't get yourself into a scrape, and bring misfortune on that poor creature! I'm willing her husband should be a booby, but that mother-in-law is an awful woman!

Scene III.

Varvara *comes out of the garden by the little gate, and sings at the gateway.*

"Beyond the rapid river my dearest Vania hies;
Out there my precious Vania is waiting for my eyes."

Kudrash [*continuing*] —

"And he is buying pretty things —"

[*Whistles.*

Varvara [*coming down the path, and advancing towards* Boris *with her face hidden by a handkerchief*] — Wait here, young man. Something's going to come. [*To* Kudrash.] Let's go out on the Volga.

[*Puts her arm around his waist and leads him off.*

Boris [*alone*] — This must be all a dream! This night, these songs, this appointment. — They've gone off hugging! That sort of thing is so new to me, so sweet and so charming! I'll wait for something too! And what I'm waiting for I don't know and can't imagine; only my heart is throbbing and I am all of a tremble. I can't even find words to say to her; my breath comes short and my knees are giving way under me.

When my heart begins to thump like that all at once, nothing can quiet it down. Here she is! [KATHERINE *slowly descends the slope of the ravine, a large white veil on her head, her eyes on the ground. A silence.*] Is it you, Katherine Petrovna? [*A silence.*] I don't know how to thank you. [*Fresh silence.*] If you knew how I love you, Katherine! [*Tries to take her hand.*]

Katherine [*in terror, without raising her eyes*] — Don't touch me! Oh, don't touch me!

Boris — Don't be angry with me! —

Katherine — Go away, off with you, wretch! Don't you know that a whole lifetime of prayers would not be enough to wash out this sin? This sin is like a stone on my heart, like a stone!

Boris — Don't drive me away!

Katherine — Why did you come? Why did you come, you author of my ruin? Am I not a married woman? Ought I not to live with my husband till death parts us?

Boris — You told me to come yourself.

Katherine — Do you understand, you enemy of my salvation? — till death parts us!

Boris — It would have been better for me never to have seen you.

Katherine [*wildly*] — What is it I am preparing for myself? Where shall I find a refuge, tell me, do you know?

Boris — Calm yourself. [*Takes her by the arm.*] Sit down.

Katherine — Why do you wish my ruin?

Boris — *I* wish your ruin, when I love you more than all the world, more than myself!

Katherine — No, no, you have ruined me!

Boris — What sort of wretch do you take me for?

Katherine [*shaking her head*] — You have ruined, ruined, ruined me!

Boris — But it was of your own free will!

Katherine — I have no will. If I had had one, I should not have come to you. [*Raises her eyes and looks at* BORIS. *Short silence.*] Now it's your will that is over me, don't you see? [*Throws her arms around his neck.*]

Boris [*seizing* KATHERINE *in his arms*] — My life!

Katherine — Do you know, I would like to die at this moment, all in a breath!

Boris — Why should you die, when life is so sweet to us?

Katherine — No, I shall not live, I know I shall not live.

Boris — Pray, pray don't talk so, don't make me sad!

Katherine — Yes, you are happy, you are free as a free Cossack; but I — !

Boris — No one will know anything of our love! Do you believe I shall be so cruel?

Katherine — Ah, why do you have mercy on me? It's no one's fault, I wanted it myself. Don't have mercy, ruin me! Let everybody know it, let everybody see what I have done! [*Kisses* BORIS.] If I am not afraid of sinning for your sake, why should I be afraid of men's judgment? They even say the sin is not so heavy to carry when you suffer for it here below.

Boris — Why have such fancies when we are happy at this moment?

Katherine — You are right. I shall have time to think and shed tears at leisure.

Boris — And I afraid just now! I thought you were going to drive me away!

Katherine [*smiling*] — Drive you away! Of all things! Did you think that? If you had not come, I believe I should have gone to you myself.

Boris — I didn't even know you loved me.

Katherine — I have been loving you for a long time. It was to make me a sinner that you came to our town. From the day I saw you, I have not been my own any longer. The first time I saw you, I think if you had beckoned to me I should have followed you: you might have gone to the end of the world, and I would have walked behind you without turning back.

Boris — Is your husband gone for long?

Katherine — A fortnight.

Boris — Then we have time to walk together.

Katherine — Yes, and afterwards — [*Dreamily.*] When they lock me in again, it will be my death. But if they don't shut me up, I will find means of seeing you.

SCENE IV.

Enter KUDRASH *and* VARVARA.

Varvara — Well, have you come to an understanding?

Boris — Yes.

Varvara — Then go and take a little walk. We'll wait here. When the time comes, Vania will call you.

[BORIS *and* KATHERINE *go out.* KUDRASH *and* VARVARA *seat themselves on a rock.*

Kudrash — That was a tough notion of yours, profiting by this gate. Good scheme for sports like us!

Varvara — It was I that arranged everything.

Kudrash — Oh, you haven't your equal for games like that. But suppose your mother catches you?

Varvara — Pshaw! the bare idea never would come to her.

Kudrash — Yes, but sometimes luck —

Varvara — Her first sleep is very sound. It's only towards morning that she begins to be wakeful.

Kudrash — Yes, but you never know! Suppose some imp should rouse her?

Varvara — Well, what then? There's a door to our summer-house that locks from inside. Mother will knock and knock, and end by going away. In the morning we'll tell her we were sleeping very sound, and didn't hear anything. And besides, Glasha stands sentinel. If the least thing happens, she'll call out. You must always be on your guard: if you don't, there'll be trouble in short order!

[KUDRASH *plays a few chords on his guitar.* VARVARA *leans on his shoulder, and he keeps on playing very softly without heeding her.*

Varvara [*yawning*] — What time has it got to be?

Kudrash — After midnight.

Varvara — How do you know?

Kudrash — The watchman struck his gong.

Varvara [*yawning*] — It's time. Call them. To-morrow we'll come early; then we shall have more time — to walk.

Kudrash [*whistles, and sings in a loud voice*] —

"Everybody is snug at home,
Everybody is snug at home,
But I don't want to go in!"

Boris [*from side scene*] — I hear.

Varvara [*rising*] — Well, good-bye. [*Yawns, then kisses* KUDRASH *indifferently, like an old acquaintance.*] To-morrow, come early, you know? [*Turns to the side where* BORIS *and* KATHERINE *have disappeared.*] Not so many farewells! You're not parting for life: you'll see each other again to-

morrow. [*Yawns and retires.* KATHERINE *comes up running.* BORIS *follows.*]

SCENE V.

Katherine [*to* VARVARA] — Quick, let's hurry. [*They start along the path.* KATHERINE *turns back.*] Good-bye.

Boris — Till to-morrow!

Katherine — Yes, till to-morrow! And tell me what you have seen in your dreams. [*Passes through the gate.*

Boris — Yes.

Kudrash [*sings, accompanying himself on his guitar*] —

[1] "Walk awhile, my little maid,
Till the dawn is here,
Aï-leli, a little while,
Till the dawn is here."

Varvara [*at the entrance to the gate*] —

"Maiden I, and I'll walk awhile,
Till the morning dawns,
Aï-leli, a little while,
Till the morning dawns."

[*Disappears.*

Kudrash [*continuing*] —

"When the morning sky is red,
I will go and seek my bed," etc.

ACT IV.

First wing, a narrow gallery with vaulted arcades, of ancient form, and beginning to crumble; here and there, grass and shrubbery. Through the arcades the river with its bank is seen.

SCENE I.

Several promenaders of both sexes are passing through the arcades.

First Promenader — There are little rain-drops. If only it won't come up a storm!

Second — You'll see how it will pour down!

First — It's lucky we have a place to take shelter in.

[1] A popular dance song.

A Woman — And those people down there on the boulevard! It's a holiday, and everybody is out. The shopwomen are tricked out like shrines.

First Promenader — They must shelter themselves where they can.

Second do. — You'll see that everybody will flock in here.

First [*looking at the pillars*] — Say, see here, old fellow! There are paintings on this. A few of them are left yet.

Second — Huh! of course it was painted. At present that's the way, — everything is left in neglect, and it all crumbles down and the grass grows around it. Since the fire, nothing has been touched. You don't remember that fire: it's forty years since it happened.

First — But say, old fellow, what was it that was painted on this? You can't make out much of it.

Second — It's the hell of fire and brimstone —

First — Ugh!

Second — Where people of all ranks enter —

First — Yes, yes, I see now.

Second — And all classes.

First — Negroes too?

Second — Negroes too.

First — And this one, my dear fellow, what is this?

Second — That? That's a Lithuanian invasion: a battle, you see. Ours are fighting against Lithuania.[1]

First — What is Lithuania, anyhow?

Second — Lithuania? Er — it's — er — why, it's Lithuania.

First — They say it fell from heaven on us.

Second — I couldn't tell you — it's very likely.

The Woman — Possible, indeed! it's a thing known to everybody, that it fell from heaven. And in the places where there were fights with it, they have put up kurgans [burial mounds] in memory of it.

First Promenader — Certainly, dear boy, that's so.

Scene II.

Enter Dikoï, *and behind him* Kuliguin, *hat in hand. Every one bows to the merchant, and assumes a respectful attitude.*

Dikoï — I'm as wet as a drowned rat. [*To* Kuliguin.] Let me alone! get out! [*Angrily.*] You fool!

[1] He means Poland, which the Russian lower classes confound with Lithuania.

Kuliguin — But, Saul Prokofich, it would be of general utility!

Dikoï — Go and soak your head! What utility? Who needs your utility?

Kuliguin — You first of all, your Honor! It would be put on the boulevard, in an open spot. And what would it cost? a mere nothing, — a stone column. [*Indicates the dimensions of each object with his hands.*] A little copper plate, round like this, and a straight needle [*makes corresponding gestures*] — it's perfectly simple. I'd take the job of setting it up, and cut the figures myself. And when you were walking along, you or other promenaders, you would only have to come near it to see what time it is. Just now there's a good place where the view is superb, and that looks too empty. Travelers — you know they come here sometimes, your Honor — they come here to admire the landscape: well, a little ornament wouldn't be a bad thing for the eye.

Dikoï — What do you hang on to me to tell me all that rot for? Who told you I wanted to talk with you? You ought to find out first whether I'm in a mood to listen or not, you idiot! Do you take me for an equal? See the prize I've struck! You've got to poke your nose in everywhere to gab!

Kuliguin — If it was for my own interest, I should be wrong. But it is for the general interest, your Honor; and truly, a bare dozen of rubles spent for society is a very small thing.

Dikoï — How are we to know you don't want to steal it?

Kuliguin — Since I am willing to give my work for nothing, what is there I could steal, your Honor? Everybody knows me in the town, and no one has anything bad to say of me.

Dikoï — Let 'em know you if they want to: I don't want to know you.

Kuliguin — Why hurt an honest man's feelings, Mr. Dikoï?

Dikoï — So we've got to account to you now! I don't account to people higher up than you. I choose to think badly of you, and I do think so: there you have it! For other people you're an honest man, and for me you're a robber, and that's all there is about it! Is that what you wanted to have me say? Well, I tell you you are a robber, flat! Have you got it into your head you're going to get up an argument with me? Make up your mind you're nothing but a caterpillar: if I take a notion, I'll spare you; if I like I'll smash you!

Kuliguin — God's blessing on you, Saul Prokofich. I am only a poor fellow, sir, and people can insult me. But you know the old proverb, sir: "Virtue is respectable under rags."

Dikoï — See here, no insolence, do you hear?

Kuliguin — I am not giving you insolence, sir: I am talking with you, hoping that perhaps one day you will be seized with the desire to do something for the town. You *can* do a great deal, your Honor: if only you had the disposition to do some good work! Now for instance: we have frequent thunder-storms here, and we put up no lightning-rods.

Dikoï [*disdainfully*] — That's all bosh!

Kuliguin — No, it is not bosh, for experiments have been made.

Dikoï — What are lightning-rods made of?

Kuliguin — Steel.

Dikoï [*with irritation*] — And what more?

Kuliguin — Just steel rods.

Dikoï [*more and more irritated*] — Yes, yes, rods, that's all right, you fool! He thinks there's no need of saying anything more when he has said "rods"! But what else must there be?

Kuliguin — Nothing else.

Dikoï — And what is a thunder-storm, according to you? Come, speak up!

Kuliguin — Electricity.

Dikoï [*stamping*] — What are all these stories about electricity? And then you say you're not a robber! The storm is a punishment sent us to make us reflect; and you, God forgive us, you want to protect us with a few poles or forks! What are you, I'd like to know? A Turk, a'n't you? A Turk, hey? Speak up! a Turk?

Kuliguin — My good Mr. Saul Prokofich, the poet Derjavin has said: —

"My body will return to dust,
My spirit rules the levin flame."

Dikoï — Just for those words you ought to be sent before the magistrate, and he'd treat you as you deserve. Hey, folks, listen a minute to what he says.

Kuliguin — What can I do? I have to yield! But when I've got a million, then I'll talk.

[*Makes a scornful gesture with his hand, and goes off.*

Dikoï — A million? Who'll you steal it from? Catch the beggar! Are these kind of fellows to be treated like men? Really, I don't know what it means. [*Addressing the crowd.*] You infernal wretches, you'd make a saint sin! I didn't mean to get wrathy to-day, and one would say he did it on purpose to put me out of temper. Devil take him! [*Angrily.*] Has it got done raining finally?

First Promenader — I think so.

Dikoï — You *think?* Can't you go and see? "I think!" Look at that fool!

First Promenader — It isn't raining any longer.

[DIKOÏ *goes out, and the rest follow. The stage remains empty a moment.*

SCENE III.

VARVARA *comes out suddenly from behind a pillar, and looks stealthily about.*

Varvara — It's he, I think. [BORIS *appears at rear.*] 'St! 'St! [BORIS *turns round.*] Here! [*She beckons,* BORIS *approaches.*] What's to be done about Katherine, please tell me?

Boris — What has happened to her?

Varvara — A very disagreeable thing. Her husband has come. Did you know it? He wasn't expected, and suddenly he came.

Boris — I didn't know anything about it.

Varvara — She has lost her head altogether.

Boris — Well, I have lived ten poor little days while he wasn't here. Now it's over, and I shall never see her again!

Varvara — How queer you are! But see here: she is trembling in all her limbs as if she had a fever; she is white as a sheet and comes and goes in the house as if she were looking for something. Her eyes look insane. This morning she began to cry and sob. Good heavens, I don't know what to do any more!

Boris — She will calm down, most likely.

Varvara — Really, I don't know at all. She hardly dares raise her eyes to her husband. Mother has noticed it, and walks around her looking at her out of the corner of her eye, which disturbs her still more. It hurts to see her like that. And I am afraid —

Boris — What are you afraid of?

[illegible] he [illegible] other [illegible] anything [illegible] he is capable

[illegible] heavens [illegible] to rea- [illegible] anyway [illegible] to

[illegible] listen to me. The

[illegible] opinion, what [illegible] might

[illegible] confess

[illegible]

[illegible] visit. But

[illegible] vits

[illegible] anything.

[illegible] conditions.

[illegible]

Kabanof — But, mother, what sins of such size can she have? She has the same sins as we have! And if she's afraid, that's only natural!

Kabanova — What do you know about it? Nobody can see clearly into another's soul!

Kabanof [*jokingly*] — During my absence, I don't know: but so long as I was here, I don't believe there was anything.

Kabanova — But while you weren't here?

Kabanof [*jestingly*] — Come, Katia, confess, since you must! What is your sin? I am not to be taken in. Come, come, I know everything!

Katherine [*looking fixedly at her husband*] — My dear —

Varvara — Come, don't plague her! You know very well she is sick enough already without that.

[BORIS *comes out from behind a pillar and bows to the* KABANOFS.

Katherine [*with a sudden spasm*] — Ah-h!

Kabanof — What has frightened you? Did you think it was a stranger? It's a friend. [*To* BORIS.] How is your uncle?

Boris — Very well, thank God.

Katherine [*to* VARVARA] — What does he want of me again? Does he think I am not tormented enough? [*Leans on* VARVARA *and sobs.*]

Varvara [*in a loud voice, so that her mother shall hear*] — We can't do anything more, we don't know anything more to do for her, and here are strangers coming to poke themselves in. [*Signals to* BORIS, *who goes away.*]

Kuliguin [*appearing in the center of the stage and addressing the crowd*] — What are you afraid of, pray tell me? At this moment, the tiniest floweret, the smallest blade of grass rejoices, and yet we human beings hide, we are frightened as if in presence of a misfortune! The storm slays — but this is not the storm, it is abundance, yes, abundance! You see storms everywhere! When the aurora borealis glows, you ought to contemplate and admire the Wisdom on high: "In the heart of dead night the aurora rises." But you tremble with fear and imagine it forebodes war and pestilence! If a comet appears, don't turn away your eyes: it is a beautiful spectacle! The stars are alike every day; but a comet is an extraordinary thing. You should gaze at it and enrapture yourselves. But you are afraid

Varvara — You don't know her. She is not like other girls. You can expect anything on her part. She is capable of —

Boris — Oh, good heavens! what can be done? Try to reason her out of it, anyway: is it possible she can be deaf to advice?

Varvara — I've tried, but she didn't even listen to me. The best way is to let her alone.

Boris — But really, in your opinion, what is it she might do?

Varvara — Throw herself at her husband's feet and confess everything to him, that's what! It's just that I fear.

Boris [*in terror*] — Is it possible?

Varvara — With her it is possible.

Boris — Where is she at present?

Varvara — She has gone to walk with her husband on the boulevard. Mother is with them. Go there if you wish. But no, stay here, that would be better: she might lose her wits entirely on seeing you. [*Peal of thunder in the distance.*] A storm? [*Looks about her.*] It has begun to rain again: here's the crowd coming back. Hide wherever you can: I shall let myself be seen here so they mayn't suspect anything.

Scene IV.

Enter many Promenaders *of both sexes and various conditions.*

First Promenader — There's a little woman who seems to be badly scared, for she's hurrying to get under shelter.

A Woman — Oh, there's no use getting under shelter! If something is foreordained, there's no escaping it.

Katherine [*entering in great haste*] — Ah, Varvara! [*Seizes her arm and clings to her passionately.*]

Varvara — There, there! what has come over you?

Katherine — It is the hour of my death!

Varvara — Come, come, make an effort! Come back to yourself!

Katherine — No, I can't: I have no power. My heart aches horribly.

Kabanova [*entering with* Kabanof] — Now you see: always live so as to be prepared for death, and then you won't have these fears.

Kabanof — But, mother, what sins of such size can she have? She has the same sins as we have! And if she's afraid, that's only natural!

Kabanova — What do you know about it? Nobody can see clearly into another's soul!

Kabanof [*jokingly*] — During my absence, I don't know: but so long as I was here, I don't believe there was anything.

Kabanova — But while you weren't here?

Kabanof [*jestingly*] — Come, Katia, confess, since you must! What is your sin? I am not to be taken in. Come, come, I know everything!

Katherine [*looking fixedly at her husband*] — My dear —

Varvara — Come, don't plague her! You know very well she is sick enough already without that.

[BORIS *comes out from behind a pillar and bows to the* KABANOFS.

Katherine [*with a sudden spasm*] — Ah-h!

Kabanof — What has frightened you? Did you think it was a stranger? It's a friend. [*To* BORIS.] How is your uncle?

Boris — Very well, thank God.

Katherine [*to* VARVARA] — What does he want of me again? Does he think I am not tormented enough? [*Leans on* VARVARA *and sobs.*]

Varvara [*in a loud voice, so that her mother shall hear*] — We can't do anything more, we don't know anything more to do for her, and here are strangers coming to poke themselves in. [*Signals to* BORIS, *who goes away.*]

Kuliguin [*appearing in the center of the stage and addressing the crowd*] — What are you afraid of, pray tell me? At this moment, the tiniest floweret, the smallest blade of grass rejoices, and yet we human beings hide, we are frightened as if in presence of a misfortune! The storm slays — but this is not the storm, it is abundance, yes, abundance! You see storms everywhere! When the aurora borealis glows, you ought to contemplate and admire the Wisdom on high: "In the heart of dead night the aurora rises." But you tremble with fear and imagine it forebodes war and pestilence! If a comet appears, don't turn away your eyes: it is a beautiful spectacle! The stars are alike every day; but a comet is an extraordinary thing. You should gaze at it and enrapture yourselves. But you are afraid

to lift your eyes to heaven, and trembling seizes you! You make a bugbear out of everything! Ah, poor people! I, you see, am not afraid. Are you coming, sir?

Boris — Yes, let's go! I am more afraid here than anywhere else. [*They go out.*

Scene V.

Kabanova — There's a sermon for you! Worth listening to, isn't it! The appointed time must have come, when you meet preachers of that sort. If an old man argues like that, what can you expect of the younger ones?

A Woman — The sky is all clouded over; it's as if we were under a big cap.

First Promenader — Look, my dear fellow, the clouds are rolling up like haycocks. You'd say there was a live animal growling up there.

Second do. — Remember what I just told you: that storm won't pass over without breaking. I tell you that because I know it. It will either kill somebody or burn a house: you see! Look yourself what a remarkable color!

Katherine [*listening*] — Hear what they are saying! They are saying the storm will kill some one.

Kabanof — That's an old story: when you look up in the air, you've got to talk rubbish!

Kabanova — Don't go to passing judgment on your elders! They've known about it longer than you. Old people know the signs for everything. An old man never talks wide of the mark.

Katherine [*to her husband*] — Tisha, I know who will be killed by the storm.

Varvara — Hush up!

Kabanof — How do you know?

Katherine — It is I who will be killed. Pray for me.

Scene VI.

Enter the Lady *with the lackeys.* Katherine *utters a cry and hides.*

Lady — Why do you hide? There's no use of your hiding. It's easy to see you're afraid: you don't want to die! you want to live! Why shouldn't one want to live when she's so pretty?

Ah, ha, ha! your beauty — you ought to pray God to take it away from you! Your beauty is your perdition. Your beauty is good for nothing but to ruin you, to lead people into temptation: rejoice in being fair after that! What numbers your beauty'll have seduced into sin! The rattle-heads will fight duels and run each other through with their swords: very amusing, isn't it? And the old codgers and respectable people forget death and let themselves be led astray by beauty. And who'll be responsible? It's you who will have to answer for all that. Better you had been at the bottom of the river with your beauty! Get away! Run! [KATHERINE *hides.*] Where can you hide, you goose? Do you think you can escape God? [*Peal of thunder.*] You'll all burn in eternal fire. [*Goes out.*

Katherine — Oh, I'm dying!

Varvara — Don't torture yourself so. Go a little way off and pray: that will comfort you.

Katherine [*approaching the wall, falling on her knees, then rising precipitately*] — Oh, to think of hell, of hell, of the lake of fire and brimstone! [KABANOF, KABANOVA, *and* VARVARA *surround her.*] Oh, my heart is in flames — I can't stand it any longer! Mother! Tikhon! I have sinned before God and before you! Didn't I swear I wouldn't look at anybody while you were gone? You remember, don't you? Well, do you know what I did while you were gone, wretch that I am? The first night, the very first, after you went away, I left the house —

Tikhon [*distractedly, bathed in tears, grasping her by the arms*] — No! no! Be still! Don't say it! Mother is here!

Kabanova [*roughly*] — Come, come! talk ahead, seeing you've begun!

Katherine — And for ten nights I have taken walks — [*Breaks down sobbing.* KABANOF *tries to take her in his arms.*]

Kabanova — Don't touch her! [*To* KATHERINE.] Who with?

Varvara — She's gone crazy; she doesn't know what she's talking about.

Kabanova — Hold your tongue! Pretty business this is! [*To* KATHERINE.] Come, speak up! who with?

Katherine — With Boris Grigorich. [*Crash of thunder.*] Oh! — [*Falls fainting into her husband's arms.*]

Kabanova — There, my son, that's where wanting to be free leads to. I told you, and you wouldn't listen to me. You see now!

ACT V.

Scene: Same as in Act I. Twilight.

SCENE I.

KULIGUIN *seated on a bench;* KABANOF *passing by on the boulevard.*

Kuliguin [*sings*] —

"The night from on high
Has veiled in the sky.
Men sink in repose,
Their eyelids now close," etc.

[*Perceiving* KABANOF.] Good evening, sir! Are you going far?

Kabanof — I am going home. You know what has happened, don't you, my friend? The whole house is upside down.

Kuliguin — I know; yes, sir.

Kabanof — I left for Moscow, you remember. My mother reeled off a whole string of you-musts for the journey, but I'd no sooner set out than I started in to drink, I was so jolly at having broken my chain! I drank the whole way, and at Moscow I didn't do anything else! Fact is, I paid myself up for a whole year's slavery. That whole time I never thought once about the house; but even if I had, I never should have guessed what was going on. Have they told you about it?

Kuliguin — Yes, sir.

Kabanof — Ah, my friend, I am a most unfortunate man at present! And it's for a mere nothing, for a piece of foolishness, that I'm disgraced!

Kuliguin — Your mother is terribly severe.

Kabanof — Oh, yes, it's she that's been the cause of it all. But why should I be disgraced, tell me that? I went to Dikoï's, and we took a nip together. I thought that would comfort me, but it didn't; it made me worse, actually! What my wife has just done — Why, nothing worse could happen!

Kuliguin — It is a strange affair — and hard to pass judgment on.

Kabanof — Well, but there's worse to come! Mother makes out that it wouldn't be enough to kill her, that she ought to be

buried alive for a warning. And as for me, I love her, and I pity her too much to touch her with the end of my finger. I thrashed her a little — but it was mother ordered me to. It hurts me to look at her, honest, Kuliguin. Mother torments her all day long; but she's like a ghost, always dumb, always crying, and she's thinning down like wax. And I'm wasting away seeing her like that.

Kuliguin — It would be better to smooth it over, no matter how. Come, you ought to forgive her, and then never go away again. You are not sinless yourself, I imagine?

Kabanof — O Lord, no!

Kuliguin — It ought to be fixed so that even when you were drunk you should never reproach her for the past. She will be a good wife to you, sir; yes, the best of wives.

Kabanof — But, my friend, look here: myself, I don't ask anything better; only there's my mother — how can you make her listen to reason?

Kuliguin — You are old enough, sir, to act according to your own judgment.

Kabanof — But must I cut myself in two? They pretend I'm not in my right senses; that is, I'm to be a schoolboy all my life. Well, this is what I'll do: I'll drink up my last copper. After that my mother can take care of me, idiot fashion, if she wants to.

Kuliguin — Ah, sir, these are all very intricate affairs. And Boris Grigoriévich, what has become of him?

Kabanof — The blackguard is going to Kiakhta, among the Chinese. His uncle is putting him into the counting-room of one of his merchant friends. He'll stay there three years.

Kuliguin — But meanwhile, what is he doing?

Kabanof — He is worrying, too, and crying. This morning I and his uncle laid into him, and we scored him down for his fool performances. He held his tongue. He had such a curious expression! "Do what you like to me," he said, "but don't torture me." He pities her too.

Kuliguin — He is a good fellow, sir.

Kabanof — He has got everything all ready now: his horses are harnessed. He puts a man out of temper! I can see very well he'd like to say good-bye to her, and that's natural; but no, there's been enough of that sort of thing. For after all, he's my enemy, Kuliguin. He ought to be cut in pieces, to teach him —

Kuliguin — We must pardon our enemies, my dear sir.

Kabanof — Go and tell my mother that, and see what she'll say to you. Ah, friend Kuliguin, what a family ours is just now! Everybody keeps by themselves. We are not relations any more, we are each other's enemies. My mother has nagged at Varvara so much about it that my sister couldn't stand it any longer, and she's run away.

Kuliguin — Where has she gone?

Kabanof — Who can tell? They say she's cleared out with Vania Kudrash, and it's a fact that *he* isn't around any more either. You see, Kuliguin, if the truth must be told, the whole thing is my mother's fault: she started in to plague her, and wanted to lock her in. "Don't shut her in," my sister said: "if you do, there will be more mischief still." And it's happened just as she said! What can I do now, would you let me know? How am I to live? The house is a horror to me: I'm ashamed to show myself. If I try to work, my arms drop. At this moment I'm going home: do you think it's any fun?

Enter GLASHA.

Glasha — Tikhon Ivanich, my good master!

Kabanof — What is it now?

Glasha — Things are not going well down there at the house.

Kabanof — Good God! more bad luck? Speak up! what is it?

Glasha — Our young mistress —

Kabanof — Well, what! Is she dead? Go on!

Glasha — No, sir: she has gone out, and we can't find her. We have hunted so much we can't stand on our feet any longer.

Kabanof — Kuliguin, my friend, we must hurry and search for her. Do you know, my dear fellow, what I'm afraid of? That in her trouble she's done for herself. She suffers so much, so much! O Lord! my heart breaks when I look at her. [*To* GLASHA.] What were you thinking of, to let her leave? Has she been out long?

Glasha — Not a great while. We certainly ought to have kept closer watch over her; but as the proverb says, the best of sentinels goes to sleep sometimes.

Kabanof — What are you doing here? Hurry up! [GLASHA *departs.*] And let us go too, Kuliguin.

[*They go out. The stage remains empty a moment.*

SCENE II.

On the opposite side KATHERINE *is seen slowly crossing the stage and coming forward. Through all this and the following scene she speaks draggingly, and repeats her words with a dreamy and wandering air.*

Katherine [*alone*] — No! — nowhere! What is he doing now, the unhappy being! If I could only say good-bye to him, and then after that — then after that, die! Why did I drag him into harm? His harm doesn't lighten mine! If I were at least ruined alone! But I am ruined, and I have ruined him. — For me, dishonor; for him, eternal reproaches. Yes! dishonor for me, eternal reproaches for him! [*A silence.*] I wish I could recall what he said, how he commiserated me, the words he uttered. [*Takes her head in her hands.*] I can't remember any longer. I have forgotten everything. The nights, the nights are terrible above all. All the rest go to sleep, and I can't sleep; they are all just as usual, and I am as if I were in my grave. And I am so afraid in the dark! Strange noises are all about, and I hear singing like a burial service; only it is so low I scarcely hear it, and it is far away, very far away from me. — I am so glad when daylight comes again! And yet I have no desire to rise, to see the same people again, to hear the same words, to endure the same suffering once more. Why do they look at me so? Why not put me to death for that sin? Why was it done formerly? Yes, it seems they did kill formerly. If they had taken and thrown me into the Volga, I should have been glad. Death, they say, will take away your sin: now live and suffer for your fault. And I have suffered so much already! Must I suffer for a long time still? — What is the good of living now? what is the good? I have no desire for anything, I don't love anything, — I don't love the good God's light any more! — And death does not come. I call in vain, it does not come. All I see, all I hear, hurts me *here.* [*Indicates her heart.*] If I could live with him, perhaps I could find a little joy yet. — That wouldn't harm me any more now. I have lost my soul already. How I pine for him! oh, how I pine! If I can't see you, at least let me hear you afar off! Storm winds, carry him my pain! Lord, I am sad, oh, so sad! [*Approaches the bank and cries in a loud voice.*] My joy, my life, my soul, I love you: answer me! [*Weeps.*]

SCENE III.

Enter BORIS.

Boris [*without seeing* KATHERINE] — Good heavens, but it is her voice! Where is she? [*Turns around.*]

Katherine [*runs to him and throws herself on his neck*] — At last I see you! [*Weeps on his bosom. A silence.*]

Boris — We can at least mourn together! It is God who brought about our meeting.

Katherine — Then you haven't forgotten me?

Boris — Forgotten you? What are you talking about?

Katherine — No! that was not what I wanted to say. You are not holding ill-will toward me?

Boris — Why should I hold ill-will toward you?

Katherine — Forgive me! I didn't mean to do you harm; I acted without meaning it. I didn't know what I was saying nor what I was doing.

Boris — Hush, hush!

Katherine — And now what are you going to do?

Boris — I am going away.

Katherine — Where are you going?

Boris — Very far away, Katia, — to Siberia.

Katherine — Take me with you!

Boris — I cannot, Katia: it is not of my own will I am going. It is my uncle who is sending me out there, and the horses are already harnessed. He has granted me but a brief minute; but I wanted at least to say good-bye to the place where we saw each other for the first time.

Katherine — Go, and God be your guide. Do not feel too sorrowful on my account. You will be sad for a while, my poor dear, but then forgetfulness will come.

Boris — Why talk of me? I am free. But you, how will you live? Your mother-in-law —

Katherine — She tortures me, she locks me in. She says to everybody outside, and to my husband, "Don't trust her, she is tricky." They all harry me and laugh in my face. They keep throwing your name up to me.

Boris — And your husband?

Katherine — Sometimes kind to me, sometimes angry; he drinks all the time. I can't bear the sight of him any longer: his kindness is more painful to me than his blows.

Boris — You are most unhappy, Katia!

Katherine — Yes, yes! so unhappy, so unhappy that I would rather die.

Boris — Who would have thought that for loving each other we should be so tortured? I should have done better to fly that time!

Katherine — It was a misfortune that I met you. For a short space of joy, what torments, what torments! And how many others still, later on! But why think of the future? Now I have seen you, they cannot take that away from me; and I need nothing more. That is because, dear, it was an absolute necessity for me to see you! I feel much better now: it is as if a mountain had been lifted off my shoulders. I thought all the time you were angry with me, that you were cursing me —

Boris — O Katherine!

Katherine — No, I am speaking all amiss: that isn't what I mean to say. I was pining for you, that was it; but now that I have seen you —

Boris — Suppose they should come and find us here!

Katherine — Wait, wait! I had something to tell you. And there, I've forgotten it! It was something I absolutely must tell you! Everything is such a whirl in my head, I can't recall anything.

Boris — I have to leave, Katia.

Katherine — Wait, wait.

Boris — What do you want to tell me?

Katherine — In a minute! [*Reflects.*] Oh yes! When you are on your journey, do not let a single poor person go by without giving them alms, and tell every one to pray for my poor sinful soul.

Boris — Ah, heavens! If those wretches knew what I am suffering in separating myself from you! God send them to undergo one day what I am undergoing now! Good-bye, Katia! [*Kisses her and starts to go.*] Wretches! monsters! Oh, if I only had the power!

Katherine — Wait, wait! Let me look at you one last time! [*Gazes at him fixedly.*] There, that's enough. Now go, and God be your guide! — Go on! Go quick!

Boris [*making a few steps and then stopping*] — Katia, I am not easy in my mind. I am sure you are planning something dreadful. I shall be in torture during the journey, thinking of you.

Katherine — Never mind about me. Go now! God's grace be with you! [*He starts to approach her.*] No, no, enough!

Boris [*sobbing*] — God protect you! [*To himself.*] There is only one thing to ask of God, and that is that she may die soon so as not to be tortured long! Good-bye!

[*Bows himself to the waist in saluting her.*

Katherine — Good-bye! [BORIS *departs.* KATHERINE *follows him with her eyes, and remains pensive for a long time.*]

SCENE IV.

Katherine [*alone*] — Where shall I go now? Home? No, home or the grave is all one to me. — Yes, home or the grave. — Well, no, the grave would be better — A little grave under a tree — That is so charming. — The kind sun warms it, the soft showers water it; in the spring the grass pushes up, so sweet! — The birds come and perch on the trees to sing and make their nests; the flowerets spread around, yellow and red and blue, all colors. — It is so calm! it is so nice there! — I seem to feel better! I don't want to think of life. Live still? No, no, I have had enough of it: life is dreadful. People fill me with horror, and the house fills me with horror, and the walls fill me with horror. I never will go back there! No, no, I never will go back there. If I went there, I should see them talk and walk, and what is all that to me? Ah! it's getting dark! They are beginning to sing again somewhere. What is it they are singing? I can't distinguish it. — If I should die now — But what *is* it they are singing? — For death to come or for me to go after it is the same thing, isn't it? — and I don't want to live! It is a sin — wouldn't they pray for me? Those who love me will pray. — They will cross your hands — in the coffin. Yes, this way, I remember. If they catch me, they will make me go back home. — Ah, quick, quick! [*Approaches the river bank. Cries out:*] My love, my darling, good-bye! [*Darts out.*

SCENE V.

Enter KABANOVA *with* KABANOF, KULIGUIN, *and a workman with a lantern.*

Kuliguin — They say she was seen here.

Kabanof — Quite sure?

Kuliguin — They say it was certainly she.

Kabanof — God be thanked if she was seen alive!

Kabanova — Look at him getting scared and beginning to cry! Fine reason! We shall have her long enough yet to wear ourselves out over!

Kabanof — Who'd have suspected she would have come here! — such a frequented place! Who'd have thought of hiding here!

Kabanova — You see what a bad nature she had! She's bound to show her character.

People arrive from all sides with lanterns.

Man from the People — Well, has she been found?

Kabanova — No, she hasn't! You'd think she had sunk into the ground!

Various Voices — It's past all understanding! — What a business! — Where can she have gone?

Man from the People — Oh, come, she'll be back again!

Another — O Lord!

A Third — She'll come back all by herself, you see!

Voice behind the scenes — Hey, there, a boat!

Kuliguin — Who is calling there? Who is there?

The Voice — A woman has thrown herself into the water!

[KULIGUIN *darts out, followed by several others.*

SCENE VI.

Kabanof — O Lord, it's she! [*Starts to rush out;* KABANOVA *holds him by the arm.*] Let go of me, mother, or it will be my death! She must be saved, or else — What shall I do without her?

Kabanova — No, I won't let go of you. Kill yourself for her! Is she worth the trouble? It wasn't enough for her to have covered us with shame: she has taken the new notion —

Kabanof — Let me go!

Kabanova — There have enough others gone. If you go, I'll put my curse on you.

Kabanof [*falling on his knees*] — Only let me see her!

Kabanova — They'll pull her out of the water, you'll see her!

Kabanof [*rising and addressing the crowd*] — Neighbors, have you seen anything?

First Man from the People — It's getting dark below, and you can't see anything. [*Noise behind the scenes.*

Second — Seems to me they are calling out something, but you can't make out what.

First — Why, that's Kuliguin's voice.

Second — You know they're following the Volga bank with a lantern.

First — They are coming! Ah, they are carrying her!

Several men from the people reappear.

A Man — What a fellow that Kuliguin is! She was in a hole not far from the bank; you can see 'way under the water with a lantern; he saw a scrap of her dress and pulled her out.

Kabanof — Alive?

Another — How should she be alive? She threw herself from up high, and the river bank is plumb down! She must have fallen on an anchor, for she is wounded, poor little thing! To see her, you wouldn't suppose she was dead. She only has a slight wound on her temple, and one drop, just one little drop of blood.

[KABANOF *darts towards the rear. He comes upon* KULIGUIN *and a number of peasants carrying* KATHERINE'S *body.*

SCENE VII.

Kuliguin — There is your Katherine. Do what you like with her. Her body is here — take it. As to her soul, that is not yours: it is now before her Judge, who is more compassionate than you. [*Lays the body on the ground and departs.*

Kabanof — Katia, Katia! [*Throws himself upon her.*

Kabanova — There, come! it's a sin to cry over her.

Kabanof — Mother, it is you that have destroyed her, it's you, it's you, it's you!

Kabanova — What's that? Have you lost your wits? Do you forget who you are talking to?

Kabanof — It is you that have destroyed her; it's you! it's you!

Kabanova — All right, we'll talk that over when we get home. [*Bows low to the crowd.*] Thank you for your help, good people. [*All bow.*

Kabanof — You are there at peace, Katia! and I have to stay on earth to suffer! [*Falls on* KATHERINE'S *body.*

OBLÓMOF.

By IVÁN ALEKSANDROVICH GONCHARÓF.

(Translated for this work from the Russian.)

[IVÁN ALEKSANDROVICH GONCHARÓF, one of the foremost of the great roll of modern Russian novelists, the son of a rich merchant, was born in 1812 at Simbirsk on the Volga; orphaned at three, he was reared by his mother and his godfather, a retired naval officer, and taught till twelve by a priest with a French wife and a private library rich in romances, poetry, and adventure. The next seven years he was solidly instructed in Moscow, and at nineteen entered the university there, under zealous professors and among a brilliant group of youths, many of whom became famous later. He then entered the government finance bureau at St. Petersburg, the tone of which he has so raspingly described in "Oblómof." He found a congenial young literary society, however, and published humorous articles in their organ just founded. His first long story was "Obuiknavénnaya Istóriya" (An Ordinary Story), whose theme is the stifling of youthful ardor for progress by bureaucratic obstructionism; it appeared in 1847. The following year the sketch which was afterwards expanded into his greatest novel came out as "Son Oblómova" (Oblómof's Dream). In 1852 he was made private secretary to Admiral Putyátin for a tour around the world, and for some years made literary capital of the voyage in magazine articles and a book. In 1857 he finished at Carlsbad his great "Oblómof," which had been on the stocks for many years, and it appeared in 1858–1859. The selections here given indicate its purpose, the "hero" being a great Russian type, and so recognized by Russians, who have coined from the title the word "oblómovshchina," or Oblómofism. It may be added here that he falls in love with a girl of energy and ideals, and has a chance of being waked from his lethargy; but finally dares not face matrimony, and sinks back hopelessly into nothingness. "Abruif" (The Precipice) was published in 1868; the hero is a Nihilist. Goncharóf wrote also literary essays and recollections.]

I. OBLÓMOF AT HOME.

IN GARÓKHAVAYA [Pease] Street, within one of those huge mansions whose population would do for a whole country town, lay one morning abed in his chamber Ilyá Ilyích Oblómof [Elias Eliasson Half-Made]. He was a man of perhaps thirty-two or three, medium height, agreeable presence, and dark-gray eyes that gazed inattentively at the walls and the coverlet, with a vague speculation which showed that he was neither interested in anything nor ruffled by anything. From the visage this inattentiveness ran over the entire body, even to the folds of his dressing-gown. Now and again his look was overshadowed by an expression as of weariness or boredom; but neither weariness nor boredom could chase from his brow for one moment the slack softness which was the prevailing

and dominant expression not only of his countenance, but of his very soul — so openly and clearly did that soul shine out in his eyes, in his smiles, in every movement of the head or the hands. Even the cool superficial observer, glancing casually at Oblómof, would have said, "He must be a good-hearted, honest fellow!" A deeper and more sympathetic type of man, scrutinizing his face for some time, would pass on with a smile in pleasant meditation.

Ilyá Ilyích's complexion was neither ruddy, nor brown, nor definitely pallid, but indeterminate; or perhaps seemed so because Oblómof curiously was not sere in accordance with his age, from lack either of motion or fresh air, or possibly both. His body in general, judging from the excessive chalky white of his neck, his small plump hands, and his smooth shoulders, was too effeminate for a man. His movements, when he was not actually roused, were guided also by a languid indolence not devoid of its own grace. If a cloudlet of care from his spirit alighted on his face, then his glance darkened, wrinkles appeared on his brow, doubt and pain and fear played over it; but this disquiet seldom congealed in the shape of a settled idea, and still more seldom turned into a resolution. The whole disturbance evaporated in a sigh, and died away in apathy or dreaming.

How well Oblómof's indoor garb became his impassive features and his delicate body! He wore a *khalat* [dressing-gown] of Persian stuff; a regular Oriental khalat, without the slightest whiff of Europe, — without tassels, without velvet, without shaping, but very commodious, so that Oblómof could have wrapped himself twice in it. The sleeves, in the unchanging Asiatic fashion, widened steadily from fingers to shoulders. Though this khalat had seen its best days, and in places made up for its first natural gloss by another well earned, it still preserved the brilliancy of the Oriental colors and the closeness of its texture. This khalat had in Oblómof's eyes many inestimable qualities: it was soft and pliant; you could not feel it on you; like an obedient slave, it hearkened to the slightest motion of your body.

At home Oblómof always went without cravat and without waistcoat, because he loved looseness and comfort. He wore long, wide, soft slippers; if without looking he dropped his legs from the bed to the floor, they infallibly slid into the things at once.

Ilyá Ilyích's lying in bed was neither from necessity, as with a sick person or one who wants to sleep; nor casual, as with one who is tired; nor a recreation, as with a sluggard: it was his normal condition. When at home — and he was almost always at home — he always lay there, and invariably in the room where we just found him, which served for bedroom, living room, library, and drawing-room. He had three other rooms, but seldom looked into them, unless in the morning — and that not every time — when the servant swept his living room, which did not happen every day. In these rooms the furniture was kept covered up and the curtains down.

The room where Ilyá Ilyích lay appeared at first sight finely furnished: here, a mahogany bureau, two silk-upholstered sofas, and handsome screens with embroidered birds and fruit not to be found in nature; there, silken shades, rugs, several paintings, bronzes, porcelains, and a quantity of handsome bric-à-brac. But the trained eye of a person with fine taste would have read, by one careless glance at everything there, only the desire to somehow preserve appearances in unavoidable decencies, and be content with them. Oblómof, naturally, cared only for that when he arranged the living room. A refined taste would not have been pleased with these hard ungraceful mahogany chairs, and those fragile *étagères*. The back of one sofa had given out, and the veneer was peeling off in spots. Pictures, vases, knickknacks — all wore the same character.

The host himself, however, looked on the fittings of his apartment so coolly and indifferently that he seemed asking with his eyes, "Who moved in and set all this up here?" On account of this cool view that Oblómof took of his prospect, and possibly the still cooler view of his servant Zakhar on the same subject, the sight of the living room, if you looked observingly at its contents, was astounding for the neglect and carelessness that bore sway there. On walls and pictures hung festoons of cobwebs laden with dust; the mirrors, instead of reflecting objects, would have served better for the scrawling of memoranda in the dust upon them. The rugs were all stains. On the sofa lay a forgotten towel; on the table in the morning you rarely missed finding a plate not yet removed after yesterday's supper, with a salt-cellar, a gnawed bone, and undevoured bread-crusts.

But for this plate, and the pipe just smoked and flung on the bed, and the host himself lying on it, you might fancy no

one lived here — everything was so dirty, tarnished, and destitute of traces of living human presence. On the *étagères*, it is true, lay two or three open books, and a newspaper was thrown there; on the bureau stood an inkstand with pens: but the pages at which the books were open were deep in dust and yellowed with exposure — obviously they had long lain so; the date of the paper was of a previous year; and from the inkstand, if one had dipped his pen in it, would have started out only, with a buzz, a frightened fly.

Ilyá Ilyích had awakened, contrary to his custom, very early, say eight o'clock. He was very anxious about something. Over his face alternately passed now alarm, now chagrin, now vexation. Evidently an inward struggle had taken possession of him, but his mind had not yet come to his aid.

A trifle, was it? — stared in the face by having to ponder means for taking some kind of measures! However, let us do justice to Ilyá Ilyích's activity in his affairs. Upon receiving his overseer's first discomforting letter some years before, he began at once to outline in his mind a plan for various changes and improvements in the method of managing his property. In accordance with this plan it was determined to introduce various new economic, administrative, and other measures. But the plan was still far from fully thought out as yet; and the overseer's unwelcome letters were repeated every year, rousing him to action, and consequently disturbing his repose. Oblómof recognized the necessity of undertaking something decisive.

So as soon as he awoke, he determined to get up at once, bathe, and having taken his tea, to deliberate methodically, evolve something, jot it down, and in general attend to ordering this matter as it should be. He lay there a half-hour longer, tormenting himself with this resolution. Then he reflected that there was time enough to finish this up after tea, and the tea could be drunk in bed as usual; this would be all the better, in fact, for it does not muddle you up to think lying down. He therefore did so. After taking the tea, he slightly rose in bed and almost got up; glancing at his slippers, he had even put one foot out of bed for them, but promptly drew it back again.

The clock struck half-past nine. Ilyá Ilyích was startled.

"What am I to do about this business?" he said aloud with chagrin. "I ought to be ashamed: time to get to work! If a man could only do as he liked — "

"Zakhar!" he cried.

In the room separated only by a narrow corridor from Ilyá Ilyích's chamber was first heard something like the growling of a watch-dog, then the thud of feet jumping down from heaven knows where. It was Zakhar, who had sprung down from the stove-seat where he usually spent his time plunged in a doze.

Into the room stepped an elderly man in a gray coat with a hole under the arm, from which protruded a piece of the shirt, and a gray waistcoat with brass buttons; his skull as bald as a knee cap, and with dense blond whiskers, gray in spots, each half sufficient for three full beards.

Zakhar had not taken the trouble to change either the countenance God had given him or the costume he wore in the country. His clothes were made after the pattern he brought from the village. The gray coat and waistcoat pleased him, moreover, because in this half-uniform he saw a slight resemblance to a livery he had once worn when accompanying his deceased masters to church or on a visit. This livery was the only thing that recalled to his memory the dignity and splendor of the house of Oblómof. Nothing except this reminded the old servant of the lordly and tranquil seigniorial life in the country isolation. The old master and mistress are dead; the family portraits are still at the old homestead, probably lying somewhere about the lumber-room; the traditions of the former life and the importance of the family are steadily disappearing, or live only in the memory of a few old people left behind at the village. That is why the gray coat was so precious to Zakhar: in it — as in certain traits persisting in the features and ways of the master that reminded him of the parents, and the master's whims (over which, it is true, he grumbled both to himself and aloud, but which nevertheless he inwardly respected, as a token of the seigniorial will, the baron's right) — he saw a true suggestion of the bygone lordship. Without these whims he somehow did not feel there was a master over him. Without these nothing recalled his youth, the village they long since left, and the traditions of this ancient house. That house of Oblómof was once rich and noted in its district, but afterwards, God knows from what cause, it grew impoverished, declined, and finally lost itself imperceptibly among the younger houses of nobility. Only the servants who had grown gray in the house preserved and transmitted to one

another a true remembrance of the past, and cherished it as a sacred relic. That is why Zakhar so loved his gray coat. Possibly he valued his whiskers on that account, too, for in his youth he had seen many old servants with this ancient and aristocratic adornment.

Ilyá Ilyích, buried in thought, did not notice Zakhar for a long time. Zakhar stood before him in silence; at length he coughed.

"What is it?" asked Ilyá Ilyích.

"You called, didn't you?"

"Called? What should I call for? Don't remember!" he answered, stretching himself. "Go back and I'll try to recollect."

Zakhar went out, and Ilyá continued to lie there and think about the cursed letter.

A quarter of an hour passed.

"Well, I've lain here long enough!" said he; "I've got to get up some time; — however, I'll read the overseer's letter once more with some care, and after that I'll really get up. Zakhar!"

Again the same jump and the same rough growling. Zakhar entered, and again Oblómof plunged in meditation. Zakhar stood for a couple of minutes looking askant at his master; at last he started toward the door.

"Where are you going?" Oblómof suddenly asked.

"You don't say anything, so why stand around here for nothing?" said Zakhar, with a rattle in default of a voice, which according to his own story he lost riding to hounds one time he hunted with his old master, and a powerful (alleged) gust of wind blew down his throat. He stood, half turning in the middle of the room, and still looked sidewise at Oblómof.

"Are your legs dried up, then, so you can't stand? You see I'm in trouble — so wait! Haven't you had enough sleep in there? Hunt up the letter I got from the overseer yesterday. What have you done with it?"

"What letter? I haven't seen any letter," said Zakhar.

"Why, you got it from the letter-carrier: a very dirty one."

"Where have you put it? how should I know?" said Zakhar, tapping papers and various objects that lay on the table.

"You never know anything. Look over there in the basket! Or hasn't it got covered up on the sofa? So the back of the

sofa isn't mended yet? Can't you get a joiner to mend it? It was you who broke it."

"I didn't break it," answered Zakhar: "it broke itself; it couldn't last forever; it had to break sometime."

Ilyá Ilyích did not think it necessary to prove the contrary.

"Found it, huh?" he merely asked.

"Here are some letters."

"Not those."

"Well, there are no more," said Zakhar.

"All right, get out," said Ilyá Ilyích, impatiently: "I'll get up and find it myself."

Zakhar went to his room; but scarcely had he laid hands on the stove-seat to jump up to it when the sharp call was again heard: "Zakhar! Zakhar!"

"Great Lord," grumbled Zakhar, betaking himself again to the front room, "what an existence! If death would only come soon!"

"What do you want?" he said, stopping with one hand on the door of the cabinet and regarding Oblómof, as a sign of ill humor, so much askant that he could only see half his master, and to the master was visible only an immense half beard from which you would almost expect to see two or three birds fly out.

"A handkerchief, quick! You might have guessed that yourself: you don't see anything!" Ilyá Ilyích remarked severely.

Zakhar displayed no particular displeasure or astonishment at this command and reproof of his master — probably finding both very natural.

"Where the devil is that rag?" he grumbled, striding about the room and feeling every chair, though any one could see there was nothing on the chairs.

"You lose everything!" he remarked, opening the door into the hall to see if it were not there.

"Where are you going? Look in here for it: I haven't been out there since day before yesterday. But hurry up!" said Ilyá Ilyích.

"Where is that handkerchief? There isn't any handkerchief!" said Zakhar, spreading out his hands and looking around him in all the corners.

"Why, there it is," he suddenly cried out in a peevish rattle: "under you! There's the end sticking out. Lie on the handkerchief yourself and then ask for it!"

And without waiting for an answer, Zakhar started out. Oblómof was a little uneasy at his own blunder, and quickly found other grounds for blaming Zakhar.

"Where's your cleanliness all through here? dust here, dust there! Good Lord! There, there: look in the corners! — You don't do a thing."

"I don't do a thing, indeed —" began Zakhar, in an injured tone: "I work away and don't even spare my life! I dust and sweep almost every day."

He pointed to the middle of the floor, and to the table from which Oblómof was eating.

"There, there," said he, "everything is cleaned and put in order as if for a wedding. What next?"

"And what is that?" broke in Ilyá Ilyích, pointing to the walls and ceiling; "and that? and that?" He pointed also to the napkin thrown away from the meal of the previous day, and to the plate with a piece of bread, forgotten on the table.

"Oh, that, beg pardon; I'll clean it off," said Zakhar, condescendingly, taking the plate away.

"Only that! And the dust on the walls, and the cobwebs?" said Oblómof, pointing to the walls.

"I'll wipe that off in Easter week: I clean the images and brush away the cobwebs then."

"And clean the books and pictures?"

"The books and pictures before Christmas; then Anissya and I will put all the closets in order. But how can I clean up now? You are always at home."

"I often go to the theater, and dine out. There's a chance —"

"How can we clean up at night?"

Oblómof looked at him reproachfully, shook his head, and sighed; and Zakhar looked indifferently toward the window and sighed too. The master seemed to be thinking, "Well, my dear fellow, you are even more of an Oblómof [half-made] than I am." And Zakhar pretty certainly thought: "Nonsense! You talk queer pitiful stuff just because you are master, but dust and cobwebs are nothing to you."

"Do you realize," said Ilyá Ilyích, "that moths hatch out of dust? I actually often see bugs on the wall."

"There are fleas on me, too!" observed Zakhar, indifferently.

"Is that nice? Why, it's outrageous."

Zakhar smiled with his whole face, so that the smile included even his brows and his whiskers, which thereupon spread apart on each side, and his whole face flattened into a red spot, even to the forehead.

"Is it my fault there are bugs in the world?" said he, with naïve surprise. "Did I invent them?"

"They come from uncleanliness," interrupted Oblómof: "what are you everlastingly talking for?"

"I didn't invent uncleanliness either."

"Look there side of you: the mice are running about here in the night — I hear them."

"I didn't invent mice either. There are lots of these animals everywhere: mice, cats, and bugs."

"Then how comes it there are no moths and bugs in other houses?"

Zakhar's face expressed a suspicion, or more correctly a serene certainty, that such was not the case.

"I've got a lot to do," said he, stubbornly; "one can't look after every bug, nor go into the cracks for them."

And he seemed thinking to himself: "And what would a sleep be without bugs?"

"Sweep up and get the dust out of the corners, and there won't be any," Oblómof broke in.

"Red up, and to-morrow it will collect again," said Zakhar.

"It won't collect," interrupted the master; "it mustn't!"

"It will collect — I know it," repeated the servant.

"And if it does collect, sweep it up again."

"What! Clean up all the corners every day?" asked Zakhar. "What kind of life would that be? God send death sooner."

"Then how is it others are so clean?" responded Oblómof. "Look at the piano-tuner's opposite, it's a pleasure to see, and just one maid."

"And where could those Germans get any dirt from?" replied Zakhar, sharply. "Just see how they live! The whole family gnaws a week at the same bone. The coat passes from the father's back over to the son, and from the son to the father again. The wife and daughters wear little short dresses; they are always drawing their feet up under them like geese. Where could they get any dirt from? It isn't the same with them, I tell you, as it is with us, where a lot of old cast-off clothes lie about in the closets the year round, or a whole

corner gets filled with bread crumbs through the winter. With them not a crumb is scattered around: they make biscuits of them, and even drink them with beer!"

Zakhar spit through his teeth at the very thought of such a wretched life.

"Don't chatter!" rejoined Ilyá Ilyích, "but clean up."

"I did want to clean up once, but you wouldn't have it," said Zakhar.

"There he goes again! Always I who interfere, you see."

"You do, all the same; you're always at home, and how can I clean up when you are here? Go out for a whole day and I'll clean up."

"That's another great notion — I go out! You'd better go out yourself."

"Really!" Zakhar went on. "If you'd go out to-day, though, Anissya and I would clean up everything. But we two couldn't manage it alone; we should have to hire women to wash it all."

"What an idea! women! Get out," said Ilyá Ilyích.

He was already sorry he had provoked this conversation with Zakhar. He constantly forgot that this delicate subject could hardly be touched on without stirring up a wrangle. Oblómof wanted the cleaning done, but he wished it done somehow without his knowing it. But Zakhar invariably began to fuss as soon as any one ventured to ask him to dust or sweep the floor, or the like; and in such case he always set out to prove that a general upset in the house was indispensable, knowing full well that the bare thought of such a thing would strike terror to his master's heart.

Zakhar went out, and Oblómof sank again into meditation. After some minutes another half-hour struck.

"What!" said Ilyá Ilyích, almost frightened, "eleven o'clock so soon, and I not up yet nor even washed! — Zakhar! Zakhar!"

"Oh, great Lord! well!" came from the antechamber, and then the usual jump.

"Washing things ready?" asked Oblómof.

"Ready long ago," answered Zakhar: "why don't you get up?"

"Why didn't you say it was ready? I'd have been up long ago. Go ahead: I'll follow right after you. I've got to work; I'll do some writing."

Zakhar went out, but after a minute returned with a scribbled-up and dirty pass-book and some pieces of paper.

"Here: if you're going to write, you may as well look over the bills at the same time. There's money has got to be paid."

"What bills? Money for what?" said Ilyá Ilyích, discontentedly.

"Why, the butcher, the grocer, the washerwoman, and the baker: they all want their money."

"They care for nothing but money!" grumbled Ilyá Ilyích. "And why don't you hand in the bills one at a time, instead of all at once?"

"But you always put me off with 'To-morrow, oh, to-morrow.'"

"Well, can't this possibly go till to-morrow?"

"No, they are crowding hard, and won't let us have anything more on credit. To-day is the first of the month."

"Ah!" said Oblómof, sadly; "a new trouble! Well, why do you stand there? Lay them on the table. I'll get up at once and wash myself and see to it," said Ilyá Ilyích. "You say water is ready?"

"All ready."

"Well, then —"

Sighing deeply, he began to raise himself from the bed in order to get up.

"I forgot to tell you," Zakhar began, "that just now when you were asleep the steward sent the porter to say it was absolutely necessary for us to move out, — he needs the house."

"Well, what of that? If he needs it, of course we'll move out. What do you bother me for? That's the third time you've told me about it."

"They bother me too."

"Tell them we'll move out."

"'You've been promising that for a month,' they say, 'but you don't go. We'll inform the police,' they say."

"Let 'em inform," said Oblómof, resolutely: "we'll move out of our own accord when it gets a little warmer, say in three weeks."

"Three weeks, is it? The steward says two days from now the workmen will be here and tear out everything. 'Move out,' they say, 'to-morrow or next day.'"

"Ha, ha, ha! too much hustle; — to-morrow! See here, better yet: weren't the orders for right off? But don't you dare remind me of the tenement again. I've forbidden you once already, but you keep at it. Look out!"

"What shall I do, then?" rejoined Zakhar.

"What shall you do? — He throws it off on me!" answered Ilyá Ilyích. "He asks me! What is it to me? Do just as you like so long as you don't disturb me, only don't move out. He can't take any trouble for his master!"

"But how then, sir, Ilyá Ilyích, shall I manage it?" began Zakhar, in a soft, husky tone: "the house isn't mine. How can a man stay in another's house if he's turned out? If it were my house, I'd take great pleasure in —"

"Can't we persuade them somehow? We've lived here a long time, tell them, and we'll pay on the nail."

"Said so," replied Zakhar.

"And what did they say?"

"What? The same old song: 'Move out,' they say, 'we must alter over the rooms.' They want to make one large apartment out of the doctor's and this one, for the heir's wedding."

"Oh, good Lord!" said Oblómof, pettishly: "such asses, these people who marry."

He turned over on his back.

"You might write to the landlord, sir," said Zakhar: "perhaps he'll leave you undisturbed and order that room torn out first." And Zakhar pointed somewhere at the right.

"Very well, I'll write as soon as I get up. You go back and I'll think it over. You can't do anything," he added: "I've got to look out for even these trifles myself."

Zakhar went out, and Oblómof began to think it over. But he was in doubt which to reflect on: the overseer's letter, the removal to the new apartments, or undertaking to straighten out his accounts. He lost himself in this flood of vital questions, and continued to lie there, turning from one side to the other. But from time to time short, broken exclamations were audible, as "O Lord, what a pest life is! always something disagreeable. Things happening everywhere."

No one knows how much longer he would have remained in this state of irresolution if the bell in the antechamber had not rung.

"Some one has come already," said Oblómof, putting on a

dressing-gown, "and I am not up yet. A disgrace, nothing else. Who can this be, so early?"

And lying down again, he looked with curiosity toward the door.

II. The Evolution of Oblómof.

Oblómof, nobleman by birth, college secretary by occupation, was living for the twelfth consecutive year at Petersburg.

At first, during his parents' lifetime, he lived in rather close quarters, occupying two rooms, and contenting himself with the one servant, Zakhar, brought with him from the country. But after the death of his father and mother he became the sole possessor of three hundred and fifty souls, which fell to him as a legacy in one of the remote provinces, almost in Asia. Instead of five thousand he received now from seven to ten thousand paper rubles income, and his living too assumed another and more generous scale. He rented larger apartments, added a cook to his household, and bought a span of horses. At that time he was still young, and if it cannot be said that he was lively, at any rate he was livelier than now. He still had a thousand different aspirations, was always hoping for something, and expecting much of fate as well as of himself. He was preparing himself for a career; above all, of course, for a rôle in the government service, which was the very object of his coming to Petersburg. Afterwards he thought, too, of a rôle in society. Finally, in a distant perspective, in the turning of youth to mature age, domestic happiness gleamed and smiled in fancy. But day after day passed, and years followed years; the down on his chin turned to a rough beard, the beaming eyes faded to two dull spots, the shape grew stout, the hair began to fall out pitilessly; — it struck thirty, but he had not advanced a step on any career, and still stood at the threshold of his arena where he was ten years before.

Life, to him, was divided into halves: one of which consisted of work and weariness — which with him were synonymous; the other of rest and quiet enjoyment. That is why his principal career, the government service, jarred on him most unpleasantly from the first.

Brought up in a remote provincial corner, amidst the gentle and hearty native manners and customs, passing in the course

of twenty years from embrace to embrace of relatives, friends, and acquaintances, he had become so thoroughly imbued with the family principle that even his future service appeared to him a sort of domestic occupation, — like that, for example, of making entries in a book of receipts and expenditures, as his father used to. He imagined that the officials of a place formed a small, harmonious family among themselves, unceasingly solicitous for their mutual repose and contentment; that invariable attendance at the office was not an obligatory custom, which had to be observed every day; and that wetness, heat, or merely indisposition would always serve as sufficient and legitimate excuses for neglect of his work. But how distressed he was when he saw that nothing short of an earthquake would entitle a well man to remain away from his office, and by ill luck, earthquakes are unknown in Petersburg; a flood, it is true, might serve equally well as a hindrance, but floods seldom occur either. Still more was Oblómof startled when packets gleamed before his eyes with the superscriptions "important" and "very urgent"; when he was required to make various researches and extracts, to rummage among documents, and to write reports two fingers thick, which are humorously called "memoranda." Besides, everything was wanted in a hurry. Everybody was hurrying some way or other, and no one kept still at anything; a man scarcely got one thing out of his hands when he eagerly seized something else, as if his whole existence were in that; this finished, he forgot it and flew at a third — there was never once an end to it. Once or twice he was wakened in the night and obliged to write "memoranda"; sometimes he would be called away from company by a courier — always on account of these "memoranda": all of which alarmed him and wearied him greatly. "When am I to live? *live?*" he repeated sorrowfully.

He had been told at home that the chief was the father of his subordinates, and so he formed the pleasantest and fondest idea of this person. He pictured him somewhat in the light of a second father, who breathed only to recompense his subordinates one after another, deservedly or undeservedly, and to provide for not only their needs but their pleasures. Ilyá Ilyích thought that a chief was so much concerned about the welfare of a subordinate that he would anxiously inquire how he had passed the night, why his eyes looked heavy, and didn't his head ache? But he was cruelly undeceived the first day of

his service. With the arrival of the chief began scurrying and confusion; all were upset, all hustled each other about; many rearranged their toilet, fearing that as they were they didn't look fine enough to show themselves to the chief. This, as Oblómof noticed later, was because there are some chiefs who read in the faces confronting them, of underlings almost out of their wits, not only respect for them, but zeal as well, and often fitness for the service.

Ilyá Ilyích did not need to stand in such fear of his own chief, a kind and chatty man, who never harmed any one; his clerks were as content as could be, and asked no better. No one ever heard him say an unpleasant word, or shout or storm; and he never ordered anything done, but always begged it. Work to do — he begged you; to dine with him — he begged you; to put yourself under arrest — he begged you. He never called any one "thou," but every one "you," whether a single official or all in a body. Yet his subordinates were inexplicably timid in the chief's presence: they answered his friendly questions not with their own voice, but with a strangely different one, which they never used in speaking with others. Ilyá Ilyích, too, became suddenly afraid, without himself knowing why, when his superior entered the room, and his voice would fail and give place to an unpleasant falsetto as soon as the chief started to speak with him. Ilyá Ilyích suffered from fear and weariness in the service, even under this good, indulgent chief. God knows what would have become of him if he had fallen under a stern, exacting one. Oblómof had to serve two years; possibly he would have held out a third also, till he received a title, but a peculiar accident occasioned his quitting the service earlier.

He once sent some important papers to Archangel instead of to Astrakhan. The matter came to light; the culprit was sought for. All the others waited with curiosity for the chief to call Oblómof and coldly and calmly inquire, "Was it you who sent these papers to Archangel?" and all were in doubt with what voice Ilyá Ilyích would reply. Some thought he would not answer at all — would not have the power. Glancing at the others, Ilyá Ilyích was afraid too, though he knew as well as the rest that the chief would confine himself to a reproof. But his own conscience was far more severe than any reproach. Oblómof did not wait for the deserved punishment; he went home and sent a medical certificate. In this

certificate it was recited that "I, the subscriber, testify, over my seal, that the college secretary Ilyá Oblómof is attacked by hypertrophy of the heart, with dilatation of the left ventricle" (*hypertrophia cordis cum dilatatione ejus ventriculi sinistri*), "and at the same time by a chronic pain in the liver" (*hepatitis*) "which threatens developments dangerous to the health and life of the patient, which ailments forbid his daily attendance at the office. Therefore, to prevent a repetition and aggravation of these painful attacks, I deem it necessary for Mr. Oblómof to discontinue for a time his attendance at the office, and I prescribe generally the abstention from mental occupation and every kind of activity."

But this availed for a short time only: he would have to get well — and there again in perspective was the daily round of duty. Oblómof could not endure it, and tendered his resignation. Thus ended — and never to be resumed — his official employment.

His rôle in society was more successful. In the first years of his residence in Petersburg, in his fresh youthful days, his calm features were oftener animated, his eyes shone for a long period with a vital fire, and beamed forth rays of light, of hope, and of strength. He had emotions like every one else, hoped, found delight in trivialities, and suffered because of bagatelles. But all that was long ago, at that tender time when man fancies every other man a sincere friend, falls in love with almost every woman, and is prepared to offer each his hand and his heart, — which often results in anguish to others for the rest of their lives. In these happy days there likewise fell to Ilyá Ilyích's share, from the host of pretty women, not a few tender, velvety, even passionate glances, an ocean of smiles that promised much, two or three unprivileged kisses, and still more of affectionate hand-pressures actually painful even to tears.

Still, he never fell a victim to the fair sex, never was its slave, nor even a very assiduous adorer, for the very reason that association with women brings great disquietude. Oblómof generally confined himself to adoring them afar at a respectful distance. Seldom did chance bring him to that point in his companionship with a woman where he could glow for some days and think himself beloved. So his love affairs never went the length of a romance; they stopped at the beginning, and from innocence, simplicity, and purity he never yielded to love for some boarding-school girl in her teens. . . .

Immediately after the overseer's first letter, about unpaid rents and bad harvests, he first replaced his friend the cook by a woman cook, then sold his horses, and finally discharged his other "friends." Scarcely anything took him out of doors, and he shut himself up in his lodgings closer and more immovably every day.

From the first he found it hard to remain dressed all day; then he became too lazy to dine out, except with intimate friends — preferably in bachelor households where one could take off his cravat, unbutton his waistcoat, "lop out," or even sleep an hour or so. Soon even these evening calls wearied him; for you had to put on a coat and shave every day. He had read somewhere that only the morning exhalations were wholesome, while those of the evening were injurious; and he began to be afraid of dampness. Despite all these whims, his friend Stoltz succeeded in dragging him out into the world; but Stoltz was often absent from Petersburg, in Moscow, Nijni, the Crimea, even foreign lands, and without him Oblómof sank clean to the ears again in solitude and isolation, out of which only something unusual could bring him, something out of the course of the every-day incidents of life. Nothing of the sort happened, however, nor could be forecast in the future.

Added to all this, there returned to him with age a certain childish timidity, an apprehension of danger and misfortune in whatever lay without the sphere of his daily existence — the result of estrangement from the varieties of external phenomena. He was not frightened, for example, by a crack in the ceiling of his bedroom: he was used to that. No more did it occur to him that the air in a room always closed, and the constant sitting in seclusion, were more injurious to the health than evening damp, and that overfilling the stomach daily is a kind of gradual suicide; but he was wonted to these and did not fear them. He was not accustomed to movement, to life, to throngs and confusion. In a large crowd he was stifled; he got into a boat with but uncertain hope of reaching the other shore; he rode in a carriage expecting a runaway and smash-up. Or else a nervous fear overcame him: he was afraid of the silence around him — or simply, without himself knowing why, chills would run over his body. He often glanced fearfully sidewise at a dark corner, expecting his imagination to play him a trick and conjure up some supernatural vision.

So played itself out his rôle in society. Slothfully he let go all youthful hopes, which disappointed him or which he disappointed; all those tenderly sad, luminous memories with which many a heart throbs even in declining years.

What then did he do at home? Read, write, study? Yes, if a book or a newspaper fell into his hands, he set out to read it. Did he chance to hear of a notable work, he was seized with a desire to become acquainted with it; he hunted about, asked for the book, and if it were brought soon, threw himself on it, and an idea of the subject began to take shape in his mind — another page and he would have grasped it: but look, he is lying down already, gazing apathetically at the ceiling, the book beside him, unread, uncomprehended. His ardor cooled even quicker than it kindled; and he never returned to the forsaken book. However, he studied like others, like everybody — that is, in a boarding-school till fifteen; when he left there, the elder Oblómofs, after much discussion, decided to send young Ilyá to Moscow, where willy-nilly he pursued the science course to the end. His timid, apathetic nature prevented him from fully revealing his laziness and his whims to strangers at the school, where no exceptions were made in favor of spoiled children. He sat straight in the class because he had to; he heard what the teachers said because there was nothing else to do; and with tribulation, sweat, and sighs he learned the lessons assigned him.

He never glanced beyond the line which the master had marked with his finger-nail as the end of the lesson, asked no questions, and demanded no explanations. He contented himself with what was written in the book, and manifested no importunate curiosity even when he did not comprehend all he heard or was taught. If he somehow succeeded in mastering a book entitled Statistics, History, or Political Economy, he was perfectly content. But when Stoltz brought him books that had to be read as well as studied, Oblómof looked long and silently at him: "Thou too, Brutus, against me," he would sigh, beginning the volume. Such inordinate reading seemed to him intolerable and against nature. "What good are all these books, that use up so much paper, time, and ink? What good are these manuals? And lastly, why six or seven years shut in, full of pains and penalties, sitting and pining over lessons, forbid to run, frolic, and amuse one's self, if even that isn't the end? When is one to *live?*" he mused again; "when,

in a word, is he to employ this capital of knowledge, the greater part of which will not be needed in life? Political economy, for example, algebra, geometry — what am I to do with those at Oblómofka? History itself can only make you sad: we learn or read that a time of calamity has come, and man is unfortunate; behold him collecting his strength, working, disquieting himself, suffering and toiling terribly, ever preparing for better days. At length they come; — if history could only rest here! — but no, again the clouds appear, again the building tumbles in, again they work and wail — the fine days do not last, they speed away — and life is ever flying, ever flying, always hurly-burly and helter-skelter."

Serious reading tired him. The philosophers did not succeed in creating in him a thirst for speculative truths. On the other hand, the poets absorbed him utterly: he was young like every one else. For him too was beginning that happy season which smiles on all and betrays none, that blooming of strength, of hope in life, desire for fortune, renown, activity, a time of mighty heart-throbs and pulse-beats, of tremblings, of passionate speeches and delicious tears. His mind and heart grew clear; he shook off his drowsiness; his soul longed for activity. Stoltz helped him to prolong this moment as far as was possible for a nature like that of his friend. He caught Oblómof reading the poets, and for a year and a half held him under the rod of thought and science. Taking advantage of the eager flight of young imagination, he gave to the reading of the poets other aims and other enjoyments, pointed out more rigorously in the distance the course of his own life and his friend's, and lured him with the future. Both were moved to tears, and exchanged solemn promises to walk in the path of reason and of light. Stoltz's youthful fervor infected Oblómof; he burned with zeal for work, for a distant but enchanting goal.

But the flower of life blossomed and bore no fruit. Oblómof's intoxication subsided; and it was but seldom, under Stoltz's guidance, that he read some book or other — not at one sitting, nor rapidly, but without interest, lazily running his eyes over the lines. However interesting the passage he had reached, if he was overtaken by the dinner hour or bedtime, he would lay the book face down and go to his meal, or extinguish the light and go to bed. If he was given the first volume, after reading it he would not ask for the second; but if brought, he slowly

So played itself out his rôle in society. Slothfully he let go all youthful hopes, which disappointed him or which he disappointed; all those tenderly sad, luminous memories with which many a heart throbs even in declining years.

What then did he do at home? Read, write, study? Yes, if a book or a newspaper fell into his hands, he set out to read it. Did he chance to hear of a notable work, he was seized with a desire to become acquainted with it; he hunted about, asked for the book, and if it were brought soon, threw himself on it, and an idea of the subject began to take shape in his mind — another page and he would have grasped it: but look, he is lying down already, gazing apathetically at the ceiling, the book beside him, unread, uncomprehended. His ardor cooled even quicker than it kindled; and he never returned to the forsaken book. However, he studied like others, like everybody — that is, in a boarding-school till fifteen; when he left there, the elder Oblómofs, after much discussion, decided to send young Ilyá to Moscow, where willy-nilly he pursued the science course to the end. His timid, apathetic nature prevented him from fully revealing his laziness and his whims to strangers at the school, where no exceptions were made in favor of spoiled children. He sat straight in the class because he had to; he heard what the teachers said because there was nothing else to do; and with tribulation, sweat, and sighs he learned the lessons assigned him.

He never glanced beyond the line which the master had marked with his finger-nail as the end of the lesson, asked no questions, and demanded no explanations. He contented himself with what was written in the book, and manifested no importunate curiosity even when he did not comprehend all he heard or was taught. If he somehow succeeded in mastering a book entitled Statistics, History, or Political Economy, he was perfectly content. But when Stoltz brought him books that had to be read as well as studied, Oblómof looked long and silently at him: "Thou too, Brutus, against me," he would sigh, beginning the volume. Such inordinate reading seemed to him intolerable and against nature. "What good are all these books, that use up so much paper, time, and ink? What good are these manuals? And lastly, why six or seven years shut in, full of pains and penalties, sitting and pining over lessons, forbid to run, frolic, and amuse one's self, if even that isn't the end? When is one to *live?*" he mused again; "when,

in a word, is he to employ this capital of knowledge, the greater part of which will not be needed in life? Political economy, for example, algebra, geometry — what am I to do with those at Oblómofka? History itself can only make you sad: we learn or read that a time of calamity has come, and man is unfortunate; behold him collecting his strength, working, disquieting himself, suffering and toiling terribly, ever preparing for better days. At length they come; — if history could only rest here! — but no, again the clouds appear, again the building tumbles in, again they work and wail — the fine days do not last, they speed away — and life is ever flying, ever flying, always hurly-burly and helter-skelter."

Serious reading tired him. The philosophers did not succeed in creating in him a thirst for speculative truths. On the other hand, the poets absorbed him utterly: he was young like every one else. For him too was beginning that happy season which smiles on all and betrays none, that blooming of strength, of hope in life, desire for fortune, renown, activity, a time of mighty heart-throbs and pulse-beats, of tremblings, of passionate speeches and delicious tears. His mind and heart grew clear; he shook off his drowsiness; his soul longed for activity. Stoltz helped him to prolong this moment as far as was possible for a nature like that of his friend. He caught Oblómof reading the poets, and for a year and a half held him under the rod of thought and science. Taking advantage of the eager flight of young imagination, he gave to the reading of the poets other aims and other enjoyments, pointed out more rigorously in the distance the course of his own life and his friend's, and lured him with the future. Both were moved to tears, and exchanged solemn promises to walk in the path of reason and of light. Stoltz's youthful fervor infected Oblómof; he burned with zeal for work, for a distant but enchanting goal.

But the flower of life blossomed and bore no fruit. Oblómof's intoxication subsided; and it was but seldom, under Stoltz's guidance, that he read some book or other — not at one sitting, nor rapidly, but without interest, lazily running his eyes over the lines. However interesting the passage he had reached, if he was overtaken by the dinner hour or bedtime, he would lay the book face down and go to his meal, or extinguish the light and go to bed. If he was given the first volume, after reading it he would not ask for the second; but if brought, he slowly

waded through it. Soon he could not achieve the first volume even, and spent the greater part of his leisure with his elbows on the table and his head on his elbows; sometimes instead of elbows he used a book that Stoltz had forced him to read.

Thus did Oblómof complete his course of education. The date on which he heard his last lecture was also the Pillars of Hercules of his learning. The principal of the institution, in signing his certificates, marked the limit, just as the master had formerly done with his finger-nail, beyond which our hero did not deem it necessary to extend his endeavors after knowledge. His head was a confused magazine of dead facts, persons, epochs, figures, religions, unrelated political economics or mathematics or other sciences, problems, and the like. It was a library composed solely of odd volumes in all branches of learning.

Study affected Ilyá Ilyích curiously. For him, between learning and life there was an absolute gulf, which he made no attempt to cross. For him life was life and science was science. He studied all existent and long non-existent laws, he even went through a course in practical law procedure: then when a theft in his house made it necessary to compose a letter to the police, took a sheet of paper and a pen, thought and thought, and finally sent for the public scrivener. The accounts of the estate were kept by the overseer. "What has science to do with that!" he argued, with dubitation.

He returned to his solitude without sufficient weight of knowledge to give direction to the thoughts that wandered at will in his head or slumbered in idleness. What then did he do? He kept on tracing the pattern of his own life. In it he found, not without reason, more philosophy and poetry than could be exhausted, even without books or learning. Having deserted the service and society, he began to solve the problem of his existence by other means. He reflected upon his destiny, and finally discovered that the sphere of his activity and profession reposed in himself. He realized that the welfare of the family and the care of the property fell to his share. Up to this time he had no systematic knowledge of his own affairs, which Stoltz sometimes attended to in his stead; he did not know his exact receipts and expenditures, struck no balance sheet — nothing.

The senior Oblómof had transmitted the estate to his son just as he received it from his father. Though he spent his

whole life in the country, he did not elaborate nor break his head over innovations, as men do nowadays; how to discover new sources of productivity for the soil, or increase and reënforce the old, and so on. As and wherewith the fields had been sown by his grandfather, and such as were then the methods of marketing the crops, such they remained under him. The old man was wont to be delighted if a good harvest or advanced prices gave him an income larger than last year's: he called that a blessing of God. But he disliked to scheme and strive for a harvest of money. "God gives, let us be satisfied," he said.

Ilyá Ilyích pinned his faith no longer to father or grandfather. He had studied and lived in the world: it all suggested to him a variety of ideas strange till then. He understood that not only is gain no sin, but that it is every citizen's duty to contribute by honest work to the general well-being. Thus it was that the largest part of the life-design he traced in his solitude was devoted to a new and fresh plan, in accordance with the needs of the time, for administering his property and managing his peasants. The fundamental idea of the plan, the arrangement, the principal parts — all have long been ready in his head; there remain now only details, estimates, and figures. He has worked untiringly for several years on this plan; he thinks about it and ponders it, both afoot and in bed, at home as well as in company; now filling out, now changing various portions, now recalling to mind some point conceived yesterday and forgotten during the night; and sometimes, swift as lightning, a new, unexpected idea flashes upon him and begins to seethe in his brain — the work is going on swimmingly. He is no petty executive of others' ready-made notions: himself is the creator and himself the executor of his ideas. As soon as he rises from bed in the morning, after his tea he throws himself at once on the sofa, rests his head in his hands and meditates, without sparing his strength, till his head at length is fatigued by the arduous labor, and his conscience says: "Enough done to-day for the public good."

Free from business cares, Oblómof loved to retire into himself and live in a self-created world. He was accessible to the joy of lofty purpose; he was no stranger to the general interests of humanity. Many a time in the depth of his soul he wept bitterly over the miseries of mankind; he experienced mysterious nameless suffering and sorrow, and vague longing

for a distant land, probably for that world where Stoltz had often led him; — and sweet tears trickled down his cheeks. Sometimes, too, he is filled with contempt for human vices, for the falsehood, the calumny, the evil that floods the world, and he is inflamed with a desire to show mankind his hurts: suddenly there glow within him ideas that come and go in his mind, like waves on the sea, then grow to purposes, setting all his blood on fire; the purposes are transformed to endeavor; impelled by a moral force, he changes his attitude twice or thrice in a minute; with sparkling eyes he half rises in his bed, stretches forth his hand and casts an inspired look about him. Now, now the endeavor is about to be realized, turn into a fact — and then, great Heaven! what miracles, what beneficial results might not be expected from an effort so sublime! — But see, the morning passes, the day is already inclining to its end, and with it Oblómof's wearied strength inclines to repose; the storms and tempests in his soul abate, his head cools from thought, the blood courses more slowly in his veins. Oblómof, tranquil and pensive, stretches himself on his back, and casting a mournful glance toward the window, with melancholy eyes follows the sun as it sinks majestically behind some four-story house. How many times he has thus followed the setting sun!

In the morning life returns; once more emotions and illusions. He often loves to fancy himself some invincible general, before whom not only Napoleon but Yeruslan Lazarevich are as nothing; he pictures a war and its causes: in his mind, for example, the people of Africa hurl themselves on Europe; or he organizes new crusades, makes war, decides the destinies of nations, destroys cities, spares, puts to death, does deeds of kindness and magnanimity. Or else he chooses the career of the thinker, or the great artist: all do him honor; he reaps laurels; the crowd follows him, crying, "There he is, there he is, there goes Oblómof, our celebrated Ilyá Ilyích!"

In bitter moments he is tormented by cares, turns from one side to the other, lies face down, sometimes even completely loses himself; then he rises from bed, falls on his knees, and begins to pray warmly, fervently, beseeching Heaven to avert from him some threatening storm. Then, having shifted the care of his fate on Heaven, he becomes calm and indifferent toward everything in the world, and the storm is wholly forgotten.

Thus he puts his moral strength in play; thus he often agitates himself for entire days, and only awakes with a deep sigh from enchanting visions or painful anxieties when the day is declining, and the great sphere of the sun begins to descend in glory behind the four-story house. Then he follows it again with a dreamy look and a melancholy smile, and rests peacefully from his emotions.

III. An Old Family Servant.

Zakhar was over fifty years old. He was no longer the direct descendant of those Russian Calebs, the knights of the antechamber, without fear and without reproach, devoted to their masters even to self-immolation, distinguished by all the virtues and without a single vice: this knight was both of fear and of reproach. He belonged to two epochs, and both had impressed their seal upon him. From one he had inherited a boundless devotion to the house of Oblómof; from the other more recent one, refinement and corruption of morals. Passionately devoted to his master, he rarely passed a day without lying to him. The old-time servant often restrained the master in his dissipations and excesses; but Zakhar loved to carouse with his friends at his master's expense. The former guarded his master's money as faithfully as any strong box; Zakhar watched the chance to cheat him in some outlay by a ten-kopeck piece, and invariably appropriated any ten or five-kopeck bit he found lying on the table. So, too, if Ilyá Ilyích forgot to ask Zakhar for the change, he would never see it again. Zakhar did not steal large sums, — either, perhaps, because he measured his needs by ten-kopeck pieces, or was afraid of being caught; in any case it was not from an overplus of honesty.

Furthermore, Zakhar was a tattler. In the little shop, in the interviews at the gate, he every day complained that it went hard with him; that no one ever heard of such a hard master; that he was capricious, miserly, ill-tempered, impossible to please: in a word, that it was better to die than live with him. Zakhar did this not from malice nor from any desire to injure his master, but from habit, left him as a legacy by his grandfather and father — to calumniate the master at every favorable opportunity. Often from idleness, or for lack of subjects of conversation, or to interest his listeners more,

he would suddenly recount some enormity about his master. He declared, for example, that his master was the greatest card-player and drunkard the world ever knew; that he sat up every night till daybreak playing cards and drinking whisky. Nothing of the sort occurred: Ilyá Ilyích went nowhere, slept quietly at night, and never touched cards.

Zakhar is not neat. He rarely shaves, and though he washes his hands and face, it is apparently more for show than anything else; for he washes without soap. When he comes to the bath his hands will be simply black, for some two hours afterward red, then black again.

He is very awkward: if he starts to open the gate or the folding-doors, while he is opening one half the other closes, he runs to the latter and the first closes. He never succeeds in picking a handkerchief or anything from the ground at the first attempt: he ducks at least three times as if he had it, and finally picks it up on the fourth, and then sometimes lets it fall again. If he is carrying dishes or other objects through the room, at the first step the things on top begin to desert to the floor; first one thing tumbles down; he makes a sudden but tardy and useless motion to save it and loses two more; he looks with open-mouthed wonder at the falling articles, but not at those remaining in his hands, so he holds the tray aslant and the things keep on tumbling: in this way he sometimes reaches the opposite side of the room with a wine-glass or a plate; but quite as often, scolding and swearing, he spills the very last thing left in his hands. In crossing the room he bumps, now with his foot, now with his side, against a table or a chair; he does not always hit the open door-leaf squarely, but strikes his shoulder on the other, and abuses both leaves, or the landlord, or the carpenter who made them. In Oblómof's chamber, thanks to Zakhar, almost every object is smashed or broken, especially the knickknacks that need careful handling. He applies his faculty of handling things in precisely the same way to everything, making no discrimination in his manner of going about this or that. Ordered, for example, to trim the light or pour out a glass of water, he uses just as much strength as would be needed to open the gate. Let Zakhar — Heaven forefend! — be seized with a desire to oblige his master, and suddenly take a notion to clean up, clear out, arrange things, — quick, put everything in order at a stroke! There is no end to mishaps and losses. A hostile soldier, forcing a passage

into the house, would hardly do so much damage; — there begins a breaking and falling of various objects, a smashing of dishes, upsetting of chairs; it ends by his having to be put out of the room, or his going out himself swearing.

Zakhar had marked out once for all a fixed circle of duty which he never willingly overstepped. In the morning he put on the kettle, cleaned the boots, and brushed whatever clothes his master called for; but on no account those not called for, if they hung there ten years. Then he swept — but not every day — the middle of the room, without going near the corners; and wiped the dust only from the empty table, so as not to disarrange things. After that he thought he had a right to doze on the stove-seat, or chat with Anissya in the kitchen and with the janitor, without troubling himself further.

If ordered to do anything more, he complied unwillingly, after wrangling and arguing over the uselessness of the order or the impossibility of executing it. Nothing in the world could make him include a new fixed class of duties in the list marked out by himself.

Yet in spite of all this, — that Zakhar loved to drink and tattle, stole five and ten kopeck pieces from Oblómof, broke and smashed various things, and was dirty, — it always turned out that he was deeply devoted to his master. He would not have hesitated to burn or drown for him, nor thought it a heroic deed worthy of admiration or any sort of reward. He considered it a natural thing, that could not be otherwise; or rather he did not consider it at all, but acted thus without stopping to reason. For him there were no theories on this subject. He would have rushed on death exactly as a dog rushes on a wild beast he meets in the forest, without debating why he and not his master must attack it. But on the other hand, were it necessary, for instance, to watch all night at his master's bedside without closing an eye, and his health depended on it, or even his life, Zakhar would no doubt have fallen asleep. Moreover, he not only gave his master as good as he got, but was rudely familiar in conversation with him, grew seriously angry with him over every trifle, and even, as has been said, slandered him at the gate; this, however, only veiled for the time, but noway lessened, his inner kinsmanlike devotion, not for Ilyá Ilyích alone, but for everything that bore the name of Oblómof or was near and dear to him. Perhaps this feeling was even in contradiction with Zakhar's own view of Oblómof's

person, perhaps the study of his master's character suggested other convictions to Zakhar. To outward seeming, if any one had shown Zakhar the extent of his attachment to Ilyá Ilyích, he would have disputed it. Zakhar loved Oblómofdom as a cat its loft, a horse its stall, or a dog its kennel, where it was born and where it grew up. Within the sphere of this attachment even his own personal impressions were wrought out. For example, he liked the Oblómof coachman better than the cook, the dairymaid Barbara better than either, and Ilyá Ilyích least of them all; yet in his eyes the Oblómof cook was better and higher than all other cooks in the world, and Ilyá Ilyích higher than all other landowners. Tarasska, the sideboard attendant, he could not endure; but that Tarasska he would not have exchanged for the best man in the round world, simply because Tarasska was an Oblómoffer. He was familiar and uncivil with Oblómof, just as the *shaman* treats his idol rudely and familiarly: he too dusts it and sometimes drops it, perhaps even strikes it in anger; yet deep within him is ever present the unshakable consciousness of that idol's superiority to himself. The slightest occasion was enough to call forth this sentiment from the bottom of Zakhar's heart, and cause him to regard his master with veneration; sometimes he even burst into tears of tenderness.

Zakhar rather looked down on all other masters and guests who came to Oblómof's: he served them, presented them their tea, etc., with an air of condescension, as if to let them feel the honor they enjoyed in finding themselves at his master's. He would bluntly refuse admission: "Master is lying down," he would say haughtily, eying the visitor from head to foot. Sometimes, instead of tattle and calumnies, he would suddenly begin to praise Ilyá Ilyích beyond measure in the little shop and in the groups at the gate, and then there were no bounds to his enthusiasm. He began to enumerate his master's good qualities, — his intelligence, his affability, his generosity, his goodness; and if the traits for panegyric were lacking in the master himself, he borrowed them from others, and gave him distinction, wealth, or extraordinary power. If it were necessary to threaten the porter in charge of the house, or even the landlord himself, he invariably threatened with the master: "Just wait till I tell the master," he would say menacingly; "it will go hard with you!" He did not suspect there was any stronger authority in the world.

But Oblómof's outward relations with Zakhar were always peculiarly hostile. Living together, they bored each other. Close and daily association of man with man does not envelop the two without result: there is great need on both sides of experience of life, reason, and warm-heartedness to enjoy the excellences without annoying and being annoyed by reciprocal faults. Ilyá Ilyích recognized in Zakhar one invaluable merit, — devotion to his person; he was wonted to it, considering on his part that it neither could nor should be otherwise; accustomed once for all to this merit, he took no delight in it, nor was able, even with his indifference about everything, to endure patiently his countless small shortcomings. If Zakhar, cherishing for his master in the depth of his soul a devotion characteristic of old-time servants, differed from them by modern feelings, so too Ilyá Ilyích, though inwardly valuing his devotion, bore no longer for him that friendly, almost kinsmanlike affection which the old-time masters cherished for their servants. At times he allowed himself to quarrel bitterly with Zakhar. He also tormented Zakhar to death. Zakhar, after serving in youth as footman to the ancestral house, was appointed Oblómof's caretaker, and from that time began to regard himself as an object of luxury, an aristocratic appurtenance of the house, designed to maintain the plenitude and splendor of the old family — but not an article of necessity. So, putting on his sheepskins in the morning and taking them off at night, the rest of the time he did practically nothing. Indolent by nature, he was indolent too as a result of his training. He put on airs with the servants, and did not bother himself to put on the kettle or sweep the floors; he either dozed in the corridor, or went out to gossip in the servants' hall or the kitchen; or else, with arms crossed, he stood at the gate for hours at a time, looking all about him in sleepy meditation. And after such an existence, they had suddenly put on his shoulders the heavy burden of the service of the whole house! He must serve his master, sweep, clean, even run errands! From all these things a gloom oppressed his soul, and a coarseness and hardness displayed itself in his character; that was why he grumbled every time his master's voice obliged him to leave the stove-seat. Yet, despite this outer sullenness and boorishness, Zakhar had a good and tender heart enough. He even loved to pass the time with little children. He was often seen in the courtyard or at the gate with a group of small-

fry. He pacified them, stirred them up, contrived games, or simply sat with them, holding one on each knee, while behind him some mischievous youngster clung around his neck or pulled his whiskers.

Thus Oblómof upset Zakhar's peace; for he demanded his services and his presence every instant, — while Zakhar's heart, his sympathetic character, his love of inactivity, and his eternal and never satiated need of crunching something, led him now to the kitchen, now to the little shop, now to the gateway.

Long had they known each other and long had they lived together. Zakhar had carried the little Oblómof in his arms, and Oblómof remembered him as a young, agile, voracious, artful boy. The old tie between them could not be unbound. Just as Ilyá Ilyích did not know how to get up nor go to bed, nor dress his hair, nor put on his shoes, nor dine, without Zakhar's help, so Zakhar could not imagine any other master than Ilyá Ilyích, nor any other existence than to dress him, provide him with food, snap him up, deceive him, lie to him, and at the same time inwardly kow-tow before him.

THE AWAKENING OF A CONSCIENCE.

(From "Despair, — a Page in a Miller's Life.")

By MAKSIM GORKI.

(Translated for this work by Professor Leo Wiener of Harvard University.)

[Gorki is an erratic and wandering but very powerful writer who has recently come to the fore in Russia, and has been called "the tramp genius."]

HAVING finished his prayer, Tikhon Pavlovich slowly undressed himself, and scratching his back, walked up to the bed, which was covered with a colored chintz canopy.

"Lord bless us!" he whispered; then he yawned wide, twisting his mouth from one side to the other, pulled aside the canopy, and looked at the large figure of his wife, who was covered with the soft folds of a sheet.

Having concentrated his look on that immovable mass of fat, drowned in sleep, Tikhon Pavlovich frowned severely and said in a low voice: —

"A machine!"

Then he turned toward the table, put out the lamp, and again grumbled:—

"I told you, devil, let us go and sleep in the corridor: no, she did not go! Oak log! Move a little!"

And giving his wife a push in her side with his fist, he lay down near her without covering himself with the sheet, and then gave her another ungentle push with his elbow. She growled, tossed a little, turned her back to him, and went on snoring. Tikhon Pavlovich drew a painful breath, and fixed his eyes through a chink in the canopy upon the ceiling, where there were trembling shadows born of the moon and the undying lamp burning in the corner before the image of the Miracle-Working Saviour. Through the open window flowed, together with the quiet, warm night wind, the rustling of the leaves, the smell of the earth, and of the fresh hide that had only that morning been taken off old Gray and was stretched out on the wall of the barn. One could hear the soft silvery sound of water drops falling from the mill-wheel. In the grove beyond the dam a bittern was booming: the gloomy, sobbing sound was carried gently through the air; when it died away, the foliage rustled more strongly as if frightened by it, and from somewhere came the clear, buzzing song of a mosquito.

Having followed for a time the shadows that wavered on the ceiling, Tikhon Pavlovich transferred his eyes to the forward corner of the room. Rocked by the wind, there flickered the gentle flame of the lamp, now lighting up, now darkening the dusky face of the Saviour, which made it appear to Tikhon Pavlovich as if he were thinking a deep, weighty thought. He drew a sigh and made a reverential sign of the cross.

A cock crew somewhere.

"Is it possible it is already twelve?" Tikhon Pavlovich asked himself. Another cock crew, then a third, and still another and another. Finally, somewhere behind the wall Reddy sang out with all his might and main, and Blacky answered him from the chicken-house, and the whole barnyard was stirred up, and loudly and provokingly announced midnight.

"Devils!" Tikhon Pavlovich called out angrily: "I can't fall asleep! May you choke!"

Having uttered his oaths, he felt a little better: the accursed, incomprehensible sadness which had taken possession of him since his last visit to town did not weigh so heavily upon him when he was angry, and when he was very angry it disappeared entirely. But everything had gone so smoothly at home in the last few days that he had had no occasion for a good round of oaths with which to ease his mind; there was positively no chance of getting at any one, for they were all on the lookout, knowing that the "boss" was in bad spirits. Tikhon Pavlovich saw that his home people were afraid of him, and were waiting for a storm to break loose; and — a thing that had never happened before — he felt himself guilty before all. He was ashamed to see them all so gloomy and running away from him; and the heavy, incomprehensible feeling which he had brought with him from the city possessed him even more.

Even Kuzka Kosyak, the new Orlov mill hand, who was ever ready for a repartee or fight, being a big, jolly young fellow, with burning blue eyes and an even row of small, snow-white teeth, that always grinned with a provoking smile, — even that Kuzka, whom it used to be a pleasure to give a sound tongue-lashing, had somehow grown flabby of late: he was now respectful and obliging, did not sing the songs that were his great specialty, did not lavish pointed tales, — and noticing all this, Tikhon Pavlovich involuntarily thought of himself. "A fine devil I must be now!" And the more he pondered, the more he fell a prey to something that without letting-up gnawed at his heart.

Tikhon Pavlovich loved to feel satisfied with himself and with his life; and whenever he felt that way, he purposely and artificially intensified his mood by continually reminding himself of his wealth, the respect his neighbors paid him, and everything else that could heighten him in his own eyes. His people knew that weakness of his, which was not necessarily egotism, but only the desire of a well-fed and healthy being to enjoy to the fullest extent the feeling of fullness and health. This disposition of Tikhon Pavlovich created in him a certain good-hearted point of view on things; and while it did not interfere with his keeping a watchful eye on his own interests, gave him among acquaintances the reputation of a liberal man and good fellow. And all of a sudden, that steadfast, joyous feeling left him, flew away, went out, and in its place there came something new, heavy, incomprehensible, dark.

"Damn it!" whispered Tikhon Pavlovich, as he lay beside his wife and listened to the soft breathing of the night beyond the window. The heated feather bed made him feel warm and close. He tossed restlessly, pronounced an anathema over his wife, and let his feet down on the floor; and seated himself on the bed, wiping the perspiration from his face.

In the village of Bolotnoe, about five versts from the mill, were heard the strokes of the watch-tower bell. The mournful brassy sounds detached themselves from the belfry, softly scattered in the air and melted away. A twig crackled in the garden, and the bittern whooped once more in the grove as if laughing at something with its dull, gloomy laughter.

Tikhon Pavlovich rose, stepped to the window, and sat down in the deep leather chair which he had lately bought for two rubles of an old landlady, who, having lost her property, had to dispose of it. When the cold leather touched his body, he shuddered and looked about himself.

It was close. The moonbeams entered the room through the flowers on the window-sill and the branches of the maple tree in front of the window, and drew on the floor a trembling shadow picture. One of the patches, in the middle of the picture, very much resembled the head of the former proprietor of the chair. Just as then at the auction, her head is covered with a big dark hood, and shakes disapprovingly, while her old lips mumble to him: —

"Fear God, good man! My deceased husband bought it right before his death, and he paid eighteen rubles for it. And you know he has not been dead long. It is a new thing, and you only offer a ruble and a half!"

And the deceased husband is also on the floor; there is his big shaggy head, and there are his immense mustaches.

"Lord, take mercy upon me!" sighed Tikhon Pavlovich. Then he rose from the chair, took the flowers down from the sill, and seated himself there. The shadows on the floor became more distinct.

Beyond the window it was quiet and awful. The trees stood motionless and ran together into a solid, dark wall, behind which you might imagine something terrible. And the water fell with a monotonous metallic sound from the mill wheel, as if counting out. Below the window, the long stems of hollyhocks waved dreamily. Tikhon Pavlovich made the sign of the cross and closed his eyes. Then his imagination began to

And the clarion-voiced deacon kept on singing: —

"Ho-oly immortal one! —"

And the trembling tenor of the priest barely broke through the wave of the deacon's bass, and begged timidly and softly: —

"Take me-ercy upon us!"

The people in the procession made a dull noise with their feet and raised the dust in the road; the dead man kept on shaking his head, and over all shone impassionedly the hot July sun.

And heavy oppression seized on Tikhon Pavlovich, and he did not wish to think or speak. He lengthened his steps to those of his neighbors, and possessed by the mournful mood of the crowd, walked along with it: but the persistent gnawing feeling somewhere deep in his breast did not leave him, and he had neither strength nor desire to get rid of it.

They came to the cemetery, stopped at the grave, and placed the coffin on the mound of earth that had been taken out of the ground. They did that rather awkwardly. The dead man rolled over to one side of the coffin, and then rolled back in his former position. It looked as if he surveyed things around him, and was glad that they quit shaking him and would soon shelter him from the heat of the sun. The deacon continued in his efforts, and shook the air; the priest was not behindhand; and some one of the mourners sang along in a low, dull voice. The sounds flew over the cemetery, losing themselves among crosses and sickly trees, and choked Tikhon Pavlovich.

Then came the main thing.

The dignified gentleman of whom Tikhon Pavlovich had asked about the deceased person stepped to the edge of the grave, and having stroked his hair, began as follows: —

"Gentlemen!"

He said that in such a manner that the miller trembled and stared at him. The gentleman's eye sparkled strangely. He now looked into the grave, now turned his eyes to the public, and the pause between his exclamation and the beginning of his speech was so long that all who were present in the cemetery had time to quiet down and stand in silent expectancy. And then there rang out his soft, deep, thoughtful, melancholy voice. He gently moved his hands to keep time with his words. His eyes burnt behind his spectacles, and although Tikhon Pavlovich did not understand everything that the gentleman said, yet he learned from his speech that the deceased man was

poor, though he had for twenty years worked for the common good, that he had no family, that no one was interested in him or esteemed him during his lifetime, and that he had died from exhaustion, in a hospital, a lonely man such as he had been all his life. Tikhon Pavlovich felt sorry for the deceased author, and his gnawing pain in his chest grew stronger. He fixed his eyes on the corpse, surveyed his thin, emaciated face, his small, slender form, and it suddenly occurred to him that the dead man resembled a nail. He smiled at his thought. At the same time the dignified gentleman raised his voice and said: "The strokes of fate fell upon his head one after the other, and finally killed this man who had devoted himself to the thankless, heavy preparatory work of building up upon earth a foundation for a good life for all people! For all people without distinction — "

Just then the orator's eyes fell on Tikhon Pavlovich, and they sparkled angrily when they caught his smile. The miller was abashed and stepped back, feeling himself guilty before the deceased author and before the man who was talking about him.

The sun burnt unsparingly, the blue heaven looked in majestic quiet on the field of the dead, on the crowd around the fresh grave, and the voice of the orator sounded sad and touched all hearts.

Tikhon Pavlovich looked all around him, watched the gloomy faces of the hearers, and felt that not he alone, but all, were seized by a feeling of pining.

"We have covered our souls with the rubbish heap of daily cares and have become accustomed to live without souls; have become so accustomed to it that we do not notice how we have all become wooden, unfeeling, dead. And we no longer understand people of his kind — "

Tikhon Pavlovich listened attentively. "So they are all corpses," he thought, "if I am to believe that dignified gentleman, — all, because their souls are covered with a rubbish heap."

"That is so!" he said to himself. "That is so. Have I not forgotten my own soul! Lord!"

Tikhon Pavlovich sighed and opened his eyes. A stream of warm air poured in through the window from the garden, and enveloped the meditating man in an odor of dew-covered grass, flowers, and stagnant water from the pond. The shadows

person, perhaps the study of his master's character suggested other convictions to Zakhar. To outward seeming, if any one had shown Zakhar the extent of his attachment to Ilyá Ilyích, he would have disputed it. Zakhar loved Oblómofdom as a cat its loft, a horse its stall, or a dog its kennel, where it was born and where it grew up. Within the sphere of this attachment even his own personal impressions were wrought out. For example, he liked the Oblómof coachman better than the cook, the dairymaid Barbara better than either, and Ilyá Ilyích least of them all; yet in his eyes the Oblómof cook was better and higher than all other cooks in the world, and Ilyá Ilyích higher than all other landowners. Tarasska, the sideboard attendant, he could not endure; but that Tarasska he would not have exchanged for the best man in the round world, simply because Tarasska was an Oblómoffer. He was familiar and uncivil with Oblómof, just as the *shaman* treats his idol rudely and familiarly: he too dusts it and sometimes drops it, perhaps even strikes it in anger; yet deep within him is ever present the unshakable consciousness of that idol's superiority to himself. The slightest occasion was enough to call forth this sentiment from the bottom of Zakhar's heart, and cause him to regard his master with veneration; sometimes he even burst into tears of tenderness.

Zakhar rather looked down on all other masters and guests who came to Oblómof's: he served them, presented them their tea, etc., with an air of condescension, as if to let them feel the honor they enjoyed in finding themselves at his master's. He would bluntly refuse admission: "Master is lying down," he would say haughtily, eying the visitor from head to foot. Sometimes, instead of tattle and calumnies, he would suddenly begin to praise Ilyá Ilyích beyond measure in the little shop and in the groups at the gate, and then there were no bounds to his enthusiasm. He began to enumerate his master's good qualities, — his intelligence, his affability, his generosity, his goodness; and if the traits for panegyric were lacking in the master himself, he borrowed them from others, and gave him distinction, wealth, or extraordinary power. If it were necessary to threaten the porter in charge of the house, or even the landlord himself, he invariably threatened with the master: "Just wait till I tell the master," he would say menacingly; "it will go hard with you!" He did not suspect there was any stronger authority in the world.

But Oblómof's outward relations with Zakhar were always peculiarly hostile. Living together, they bored each other. Close and daily association of man with man does not envelop the two without result: there is great need on both sides of experience of life, reason, and warm-heartedness to enjoy the excellences without annoying and being annoyed by reciprocal faults. Ilyá Ilyích recognized in Zakhar one invaluable merit, — devotion to his person; he was wonted to it, considering on his part that it neither could nor should be otherwise; accustomed once for all to this merit, he took no delight in it, nor was able, even with his indifference about everything, to endure patiently his countless small shortcomings. If Zakhar, cherishing for his master in the depth of his soul a devotion characteristic of old-time servants, differed from them by modern feelings, so too Ilyá Ilyích, though inwardly valuing his devotion, bore no longer for him that friendly, almost kinsmanlike affection which the old-time masters cherished for their servants. At times he allowed himself to quarrel bitterly with Zakhar. He also tormented Zakhar to death. Zakhar, after serving in youth as footman to the ancestral house, was appointed Oblómof's caretaker, and from that time began to regard himself as an object of luxury, an aristocratic appurtenance of the house, designed to maintain the plenitude and splendor of the old family — but not an article of necessity. So, putting on his sheepskins in the morning and taking them off at night, the rest of the time he did practically nothing. Indolent by nature, he was indolent too as a result of his training. He put on airs with the servants, and did not bother himself to put on the kettle or sweep the floors; he either dozed in the corridor, or went out to gossip in the servants' hall or the kitchen; or else, with arms crossed, he stood at the gate for hours at a time, looking all about him in sleepy meditation. And after such an existence, they had suddenly put on his shoulders the heavy burden of the service of the whole house! He must serve his master, sweep, clean, even run errands! From all these things a gloom oppressed his soul, and a coarseness and hardness displayed itself in his character; that was why he grumbled every time his master's voice obliged him to leave the stove-seat. Yet, despite this outer sullenness and boorishness, Zakhar had a good and tender heart enough. He even loved to pass the time with little children. He was often seen in the courtyard or at the gate with a group of small-

on the floor trembled more rapidly, as if they were endeavoring to rise and fly away. The miller got down from the sill, moved the chair back to the window, and went to bed. His wife was spread out over the whole feather bed, breathed heavily and snored, and stretched out wide her swollen hands. These hands and her uncovered breast appeared to Tikhon Pavlovich out of place in that night, and provoked him. He angrily threw the sheet over her, took a pillow, went back to the window, seated himself in the chair, put the pillow on the sill, leaned his head against it, and fell to musing again. Something had changed within him ever since that funeral, so that he was able to look upon himself as another man, one who was indeed an acquaintance of his, but still another, a new man.

"Oh, oh, oh, Tikhon!" he whispered, and shook his head. "My dear fellow, what is the matter with you?" He upbraided himself as much for his old life as for his new life full of pining. And for some reason he thought of the flock of white doves that were flying high up in the air over the cemetery on the day of the funeral. He closed his eyes, and reproduced mentally the white spots in the blue heaven—and he upbraided himself again.

"My dear fellow, you are caught! And it will not be anything but worry from now on!"

And everything around him was clear and distinct, and at the same time fearfully quiet as if waiting for something. And the unusual, restless thoughts that hemmed in the natural stream of his life rummaged in the head of the miller, which was unaccustomed to them; they came, disappeared, and came back again, but in greater volume and more importunately. Just so on a clear summer day there scuds over the sky a light bit of a cloud and disappears, melting somewhere in the beams of the sun—then one more—and again—and again—and a dusky thunder cloud shrouds the heavens and utters a dull grumble, and slowly creeps over the whole earth. From thinking so much, the miller acquired an ability before unknown to him of noticing and remembering everything, and asking himself, "Why is it so?"

No man is insured against a flood of thoughts that shake his accustomed life, and all can with the same ease be brought to despair by the severe question, "Why?"

"We oppress the soul!"—the miller recalled the orator's expression, and he shuddered. That man had called out those

"A machine!"

Then he turned toward the table, put out the lamp, and again grumbled:—

"I told you, devil, let us go and sleep in the corridor: no, she did not go! Oak log! Move a little!"

And giving his wife a push in her side with his fist, he lay down near her without covering himself with the sheet, and then gave her another ungentle push with his elbow. She growled, tossed a little, turned her back to him, and went on snoring. Tikhon Pavlovich drew a painful breath, and fixed his eyes through a chink in the canopy upon the ceiling, where there were trembling shadows born of the moon and the undying lamp burning in the corner before the image of the Miracle-Working Saviour. Through the open window flowed, together with the quiet, warm night wind, the rustling of the leaves, the smell of the earth, and of the fresh hide that had only that morning been taken off old Gray and was stretched out on the wall of the barn. One could hear the soft silvery sound of water drops falling from the mill-wheel. In the grove beyond the dam a bittern was booming: the gloomy, sobbing sound was carried gently through the air; when it died away, the foliage rustled more strongly as if frightened by it, and from somewhere came the clear, buzzing song of a mosquito.

Having followed for a time the shadows that wavered on the ceiling, Tikhon Pavlovich transferred his eyes to the forward corner of the room. Rocked by the wind, there flickered the gentle flame of the lamp, now lighting up, now darkening the dusky face of the Saviour, which made it appear to Tikhon Pavlovich as if he were thinking a deep, weighty thought. He drew a sigh and made a reverential sign of the cross.

A cock crew somewhere.

"Is it possible it is already twelve?" Tikhon Pavlovich asked himself. Another cock crew, then a third, and still another and another. Finally, somewhere behind the wall Reddy sang out with all his might and main, and Blacky answered him from the chicken-house, and the whole barnyard was stirred up, and loudly and provokingly announced midnight.

"Devils!" Tikhon Pavlovich called out angrily: "I can't fall asleep! May you choke!"

is he that has written me up in the paper. Damn that yellow-snouted asp!"

Tikhon Pavlovich thought how ashamed he felt when his daughter read in the paper about his shrewd dealings with the Kiryushen peasants, and how she covered her face with the paper and asked softly: —

"Papa, was it so?"

Then he got angry.

"Do you suppose your father is a robber? Stupid girl, what are you learning at college anyhow?"

But it all happened just as the teacher had written. But how could he have confessed to his daughter! What does she understand? Now the Kiryushen peasants are square with him: the dam they had built was all washed away, and in building it over, they squeezed out of him three rubles a day for each man. It was a disgrace! But what could he do! he had not been shrewd enough, so he had to keep quiet. — And the teacher was present during the affair.

"Ah, Mr. Merchant," he said, "so they have gotten the best of you?" And he laughed with his dry, yellow, severe face.

"But you are a bad man, Mr. Merchant. You are greedy and bad."

The miller is angry, and feels it is true. Yes, he is greedy, and bad too.

"O Lord, will it soon be daylight?" he thought in sorrow.

People were talking somewhere. The miller went up to the wicker fence and lay down on the bench, feeling ill with sleeplessness. The voices of the people rang out clearly in the clear air of the daybreak, and came nearer. —

"Don't ask me, Motrya, don't lose words in vain — I will not stay!"

Tikhon Pavlovich was startled, and he raised himself on his elbow. The conversation was near by, behind the fence, in a cluster of lilacs. It was the mill hand, Kuzka Kosyak, and somebody else.

"Don't ask me, I say! It is not in my power to stay here longer; I will go away beyond the Kuban."

"And what about me, Kuzka? Think, what am I going to do without you, my falcon; I love you, my dear!" was the answer in a low, feminine contralto.

"Oh, Motrya! There has been more than one that has loved me, and I have left them. Well, they got married and now they are deep in work! Once in a while I meet some of them, and I can hardly believe my eyes! Is it possible it is they, the same that I have kissed and hugged? Well, well! They all look like witches, and one is a greater witch than another. No, Motrya, it is not my fate to get married; no, silly girl, not I! I won't change my freedom for any wife, or any hut. I was born under a fence, and I will die under a fence. That's my fate. Until I get gray hair, I will tramp up and down. — I feel lonely if I stay in one place. —"

"But what of me, Kuzka, what of me? What am I to do without you? Just think of it! Or don't you love me any more? Or don't you have any pity for me?"

"Oh, you — I will leave you here. — You will marry the widower Chekmarev. He has children — but that is nothing, he is a good fellow."

"You don't love me!" the woman rather sighed than spoke.

"Don't love you? — I guess I do, or I would not be talking to you. If I didn't love you, I would have nothing to do with you. That's why a fellow wastes his time with a woman, because he loves her; and if he did not love her, what good would she be? And I am sorry for you. — But no matter what pity one has for another, one has more pity for himself. Really, it would be much worse if we were to part after a quarrel. Isn't it so? I feel in spirits now, feel like kissing you. And I will go my way, and you your way, as fate has decreed. What is the use talking much! Will you kiss me once more, dove?"

The sound of kisses reached Tikhon Pavlovich's ears and died away in the rustling of the leaves. The starling sang louder and more merrily; the cocks behind the mill proclaimed daybreak, and day walked rapidly to meet the wakening earth.

"Oh, you my dear Kuzka, my good Kuzka! Take me, wretched woman!" the girl whispered again loud.

"There she is again! Again the same thing. — I kiss her, embrace her, and she wants to hang about my neck like a rock. Girl, that's always the way with you!"

"Well, am I not a human being?"

"Well, you are. Well, what about me? Am I not a human being? We like each other, love each other, and the

And the clarion-voiced deacon kept on singing: —

"Ho-oly immortal one! —"

And the trembling tenor of the priest barely broke through the wave of the deacon's bass, and begged timidly and softly: —

"Take me-ercy upon us!"

The people in the procession made a dull noise with their feet and raised the dust in the road; the dead man kept on shaking his head, and over all shone impassionedly the hot July sun.

And heavy oppression seized on Tikhon Pavlovich, and he did not wish to think or speak. He lengthened his steps to those of his neighbors, and possessed by the mournful mood of the crowd, walked along with it: but the persistent gnawing feeling somewhere deep in his breast did not leave him, and he had neither strength nor desire to get rid of it.

They came to the cemetery, stopped at the grave, and placed the coffin on the mound of earth that had been taken out of the ground. They did that rather awkwardly. The dead man rolled over to one side of the coffin, and then rolled back in his former position. It looked as if he surveyed things around him, and was glad that they quit shaking him and would soon shelter him from the heat of the sun. The deacon continued in his efforts, and shook the air; the priest was not behindhand; and some one of the mourners sang along in a low, dull voice. The sounds flew over the cemetery, losing themselves among crosses and sickly trees, and choked Tikhon Pavlovich.

Then came the main thing.

The dignified gentleman of whom Tikhon Pavlovich had asked about the deceased person stepped to the edge of the grave, and having stroked his hair, began as follows: —

"Gentlemen!"

He said that in such a manner that the miller trembled and stared at him. The gentleman's eye sparkled strangely. He now looked into the grave, now turned his eyes to the public, and the pause between his exclamation and the beginning of his speech was so long that all who were present in the cemetery had time to quiet down and stand in silent expectancy. And then there rang out his soft, deep, thoughtful, melancholy voice. He gently moved his hands to keep time with his words. His eyes burnt behind his spectacles, and although Tikhon Pavlovich did not understand everything that the gentleman said, yet he learned from his speech that the deceased man was

poor, though he had for twenty years worked for the common good, that he had no family, that no one was interested in him or esteemed him during his lifetime, and that he had died from exhaustion, in a hospital, a lonely man such as he had been all his life. Tikhon Pavlovich felt sorry for the deceased author, and his gnawing pain in his chest grew stronger. He fixed his eyes on the corpse, surveyed his thin, emaciated face, his small, slender form, and it suddenly occurred to him that the dead man resembled a nail. He smiled at his thought. At the same time the dignified gentleman raised his voice and said: "The strokes of fate fell upon his head one after the other, and finally killed this man who had devoted himself to the thankless, heavy preparatory work of building up upon earth a foundation for a good life for all people! For all people without distinction — "

Just then the orator's eyes fell on Tikhon Pavlovich, and they sparkled angrily when they caught his smile. The miller was abashed and stepped back, feeling himself guilty before the deceased author and before the man who was talking about him.

The sun burnt unsparingly, the blue heaven looked in majestic quiet on the field of the dead, on the crowd around the fresh grave, and the voice of the orator sounded sad and touched all hearts.

Tikhon Pavlovich looked all around him, watched the gloomy faces of the hearers, and felt that not he alone, but all, were seized by a feeling of pining.

"We have covered our souls with the rubbish heap of daily cares and have become accustomed to live without souls; have become so accustomed to it that we do not notice how we have all become wooden, unfeeling, dead. And we no longer understand people of his kind — "

Tikhon Pavlovich listened attentively. "So they are all corpses," he thought, "if I am to believe that dignified gentleman, — all, because their souls are covered with a rubbish heap."

"That is so!" he said to himself. "That is so. Have I not forgotten my own soul! Lord!"

Tikhon Pavlovich sighed and opened his eyes. A stream of warm air poured in through the window from the garden, and enveloped the meditating man in an odor of dew-covered grass, flowers, and stagnant water from the pond. The shadows

silent and it is a sin; you do something, it is a sin, and you don't do it, it is a sin all the same. Who can make any sense out of it? I suppose I would have to go to a monastery, but I don't relish that!"

They were both silent. The freshness of the morning made Kuzka shiver a little.

"You lead a jolly, a free life!" sighed Tikhon Pavlovich.

"I can't complain," said Kuzka, and shrugged his shoulders.

"It is a pleasant life, yes! Well, go and grind the flour."

"The priest's?"

"Yes. I will be there soon. — How well you reason, truly! It is all a sin. — Yes, you are as light as a soap-bubble, Kuzka."

"Let it be a soap-bubble, I don't care — "

Kuzka looked inquisitively at the master.

"Truly. Just like those my Mitka makes with a straw: it shows all the colors of the rainbow, and then it flies away and bursts."

Kuzka smiled.

"A fine comparison you have made!"

"It is correct. And so you will leave me!"

"I will."

"And where will you go? Stay with me, I will give you better wages."

"No, I don't want to. I am getting tired here. I'll go anyway."

"I hate to let you go: you are a good worker," Tikhon Pavlovich said thoughtfully.

"No, I will go away. I want to go to the steppe, — there is more freedom there. And I shall be sorry for you, for I have got used to you. But I will go all the same, something pulls me. It won't do to oppose yourself. The moment a man goes against his feeling, good-bye man!"

"You are right, Kuzka! Yes, you are right!" Tikhon Pavlovich flamed up and shook his head, while he closed his eyes. "That's the trouble. I am opposing myself — "

"Tikhon Pavlovich, come to tea!" cried his wife.

"I am coming. Well, go, Kuzka, begin your work."

Kuzka looked askance at his master and went his way whistling.

SPECIMENS OF SLAVONIC LITERATURE.

CROATIAN, SERVIAN, SLOVAK, LITTLE RUSSIAN, BOHEMIAN, SLOVENE.

(Selected and translated for this work, from the lesser-known Slavic literatures, by Professor Leo Wiener of Harvard University.)

SERBO-CROATIAN.

THE Slavs of Servia, Bosnia, Herčegovina, Montenegro, Croatia, and Slavonia speak closely related dialects of the Serbian or Croatian language, and are frequently mentioned comprehensively under the name of the Southern Slavs. The Serbians and Montenegrins are Greek Catholics, and use the Greek alphabet, almost identical with the Russian, for literary purposes. Most of the others are Catholics, and employ the Latin script. This, and not any inherent difference of language, separates the large group into the Serbian and the Croatian language.

The oldest Serbian literature, from the twelfth to the eighteenth century, is mainly ecclesiastical, and is not in pure Serbian, but in Church Slavic. But the golden age of the Serbo-Croatian literature was from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century, along the Dalmatian coast, mainly in the republic of Ragusa, which stood under Italian influence. That literature compares favorably with the Italian literature of the same period.

The literature of Croatia proper was the direct development of the Ragusan period; but it did not show much vitality before the nineteenth century, the first half of which was taken up by the Illyrian movement. This movement tried to unite all the scattered Southern Slavs, and a very active period followed that attempt at reconstruction. At the present there is no direct effort at unification; but nevertheless the literature is more universal, and Serbian authors are to a great extent read by Croatians, and *vice versa*.

Among the Croatians, Preradovič (1818–1872), a Dalmatian, was one of the greatest poets. Not less important is Senoa (died 1881), who is equally prominent as a novelist. At the present time Sandor-Gjalski is the most promising prose writer. Montenegro has produced some good poets, the reigning prince being the most prominent; and on the Littoral, Ljubisa is highly esteemed as a story-teller.

Dolce Far Niente.

(From the Croatian of Ksaver Šandor-Gjalski.)

I have sought refuge from the stifling heat in the shade of enormous centennial maples and elms at the edge of the garden. I lie down flat on a bench, but I cannot close my eyes. I am attracted by the wondrous blue of the sky that peeps through the veil of the luxuriant green leaves, and my whole soul is merged in the fathomless depth above me, and in the numberless leaves that move gently as if breathing.

The quiet, heavy peace of a summer afternoon dreams and slumbers everywhere and in everything around me. Only in the near-by fish-pond and in the reed-grass that surrounds it there is heard from time to time a faint noise or the washing of the water. In its living inclosure, too, now and then there is a whisper, as if of a bird, or mouse, or frog, or some large beetle; or a twig or leaf is moved by the air, — and all is again quiet, mute, motionless, — so quiet that one can hear in the distance the melancholy buzzing of a mosquito's dirge.

On the ground and around me disport black-winged, red-skirted butterflies, — God knows, and zoölogy, what their name may be, — and they play with the golden edges of light that the sun and leaves project upon the grass.

And one such sun-ray covers my sleeve up to my head, and right away a butterfly alights upon it, and then a pretty green fly, and after that a tiny red beetle, — and, behold, a whole legion is astir on my sleeve, evidently happy and contented, preening their wings, playfully creeping and manœuvring their feelers. And joy enters my soul, and the self-confidence of this diminutive world awakens within me a feeling of fellowship and common origin, and there bubbles up a stream of a great, all-embracing love which is not limited to our fellowmen.

To this field of joyful existence there came an ant. Hurriedly, busily, passionately, the tiny creature in a few moments explored the whole sleeve, my shoulder, my breast, my hand, all the time in search of something, not paying attention to the sunbeam, nor to the butterfly nor beetle, — still journeying ahead, until it at last pinched me in my palm; and convincing itself that there is nothing there to take away, it hurries farther on and down the bench, bent on its work, — until it runs upon

a little red worm, which it kills at once, and with great trouble drags along with it.

I turn away dissatisfied from the busy, preoccupied worker to look with greater contentment on the happiness of the butterfly and beetle, who lazily, carelessly enjoy the sun-gold which has in the meantime crept over the whole sleeve.

And then a merry peasant's song came across the field. A young girlish voice rang out clear in the pure air above, while from the vale below, beyond the brook, it was sent back in a manifold echo.

I turn my head a little to catch a glimpse of the pretty sixteen-year-old girl who is winding a wreath or chain from the flowers of the field. Her strong youthful body is resting on the soft grass, and she lets the warm sun bathe her white chemise, red kerchief, and bare sunburnt feet. The tawny flesh of her round face is carelessly exposed to the sun which streams down her neck, that is adorned with blue and red ribbons, and on her half-bare chest, to warm with his golden light her small firm breasts that only here, before quiet nature, are free from shame and maiden secrecy, and are nothing more than so many apples on the tree above her, or the apple-like cheeks of her face.

And she sings and weaves her wreath, as thoughtless in her merriment and joy as the butterflies and beetles before me. Every trill of her voice, every note of her song, every look of her large black eyes, — all, all is full of happiness, youth, and careless merriment, and her eye betrays kindliness and peace of soul.

And my whole heart and soul is lost somewhere. And it enjoys this summer indolence, and is transported to those days when my time and thoughts were not taken up by practical labors, with their calculations, banks, improvements, office duties, — when all was sweet, delightful enthusiasm, when the heart ever beat strongly with love for everything beautiful, great, noble, and good, and thought preferred to soar far, far away in communion with the highest mysteries.

My lips tremble with the desire of repeating the Altmeister's words : —

> "O Traum der Jugend! O goldner Stern!" —
> [O dream of youth! O golden star!]

And one after the other the phantasms of the past take life,

and past days and past experiences are before me! And again my heart pulses mightily, and it is filled with a spring of longing, hope, happiness, and my whole soul is filled with goodness and piety, and there is not a trace in it of worldly desire and calculation. Ah, what a glorious time!

And the song of the girl, the buzzing of the mosquito, the whirring of the beetle, are still around me.

Suddenly this peace is disturbed.

"Jela, is that the way you waste your time? Can't you find anything else to do than sit under the apple-tree, and do I know not what?" bursts forth from the maize the coarse voice of a peasant, by which I recognize my neighbor Matija, who is an industrious man and works from dawn to fall of day.

"I am binding wreaths. To-morrow is St. Mary's day, and I want to take them up to the chapel of Our Blessed Lady and give them to the sexton to hang them up. I want the Virgin to know that we are thinking of her, and she will intercede for us for a good harvest."

"You are always at it! You just don't want to work, you good-for-nothing! If you want to have a good harvest, you have to work," the peasant exclaimed angrily, and went away to mow the grass.

Again the summer dream fell upon me, but only for a moment.

A beggar woman, pale and emaciated, came up the path. She was all in rags, half naked, and held a suckling babe on her arm. If Höllen-Breughel had wished to paint Terror and a personification of Hunger, Slavery, Misfortune, he could not have done it more strongly or more terribly than by reproducing this woman.

She walked until she reached Matija. It was not so easy even in that deep, mute quiet to catch the words with which she begged for a piece of bread, they were so feeble and low.

The peasant flew into a passion.

"You have to work, just as I do. Do you think my bread falls down from heaven? I work in the sweat of my brow. Be gone, lazy-bones! Let me not see you again, or — "

The child on her arm burst out crying. I then noticed Jela running up to the beggar woman.

"Good woman, take this! I have nothing more now, for father could not work to-day on the railroad; but if you want, I'll take you to a house where they will give you something."

"Thanks, thanks! All I want is a piece of bread, and I must hurry away."

"As you wish!" the girl said to her regretfully, because she refused her offer; but after a second thought she said: "Just wait! I have here a piece of lace that I wanted to give to the Virgin to-morrow. You can put it on your child or you can sell it to the Jew in the village, he buys such things."

"Thanks, good soul! May God repay you!"

Again it is quiet, again the girl sings, again the flies are silently marching over me, and again an ant has bitten me.

And every time when I think of what Zola says of work, and of Tolstoi's answer to him, that summer is vividly brought before me.

The Pale Moon.

(From the Croatian of August Šenca.)

"Fertig!" called out the conductor at the Agram station. The steam began to hiss, the train started. It went faster and faster, off towards Styria.

"Damn it!" exclaimed one of the three youths that were standing on the platform, and hurled to the ground his burning cigar. He was a dark-skinned, tall, well-built man, — in short, a fine specimen of a Croatian.

"What hurts you, Gjuka Gjuka?" asked him his friend, a slender, trim-looking fellow with a goatee, frisking about on his thin legs like a doll at the puppet show.

"Jožica!" replied the third young man to the second, as he leaned against a pillar and peacefully smoked, "Jožica, your head is always full of higher politics, but you are as blind as that blackened meerschaum dummy on your pipe. Did you not notice that beautiful blonde in the third carriage, from whom Gjuka could not tear his eyes away? How that rogue did smile to him, until that accursed whistle took her away into Styria."

"My sweetheart has gone berries for to pick," Jožica declaimed, and looked at his meerschaum pipe.

"Damn it!" was all Gjuka said as he looked gloomily at the whitish smoke of the locomotive that was gradually lost toward Styria.

At the "Golden Filly" Gjuka soon drowned, with his two friends, his sweet memory of the golden-haired Vila [South-Slavic fairy] in golden wine.

* * *

And soon came Gjuka's time to be carried away from Agram by the accursed whistle. Whither? To Vienna, to study medicine.

His sister gave him on his way sweet cakes and a hearty embrace; his mother gave him a roast turkey and a sincere blessing, and also some good instructions, and what is most important, a big package of those colored bills whose divine power is greatly in demand with Plener, the minister of finances, and also with young prospective "doctors," particularly if they are Croatians.

And Gjuka went forth "berries for to pick."

Young "doctors" are great gentlemen, and Plener's bills, though you can't classify them zoölogically, belong, according to their nature, to the order of winged birds. The logical conclusion of these two premises is generally — a darkness in the doctorial pockets. And from this follows again that the young gentlemen must often enter into diplomatic relations with that kind of a shark whom other mortals call a broker, but prospective "doctors" name a "Manichean," in order to satisfy their various needs.

And Gjuka, too, had his "Manicheans"; but especially one who was not merely a heretic, but a right-out pagan.

That pagan's full title was Mr. Vendelin Vencliček, "tailleur des habits pour messieurs," or, in plain language, tailor.

Mr. Vencliček was a small man, with a fleshy snub nose, heavy bristling eyebrows, and eternally smiling face; he wore no mustache, but was bearded *à la* gorilla, and was the "corporeal" tailor of the faculty of medicine, and a Manichean *par excellence*.

Mr. Vencliček — stubby, mustacheless Mr. Vencliček — wound himself around the young doctors like a blood-sucking spider around the poor flies.

Our Gjuka was an especially unfortunate fly, and his name adorned the pages of Vendelin's black book.

Mr. Vencliček was at heart as good a Slav as Gjuka, but tailors' bills are unfortunately not paid in Slavic sympathies.

Other Manicheans called on Gjuka, and they used to call at the regular hours when visits are made. But barely did the sun shine into Gjuka's windows when Vencliček would be at his door, and would ask the "doctor" in a piping voice whether the "fat" letter had arrived from Agram; and this scene took place every blessed day.

Gjuka once grew angry, and he planned an escape from the tailor's attack.

"I had better get up early in the mornings and go to the Prater. Vencliček's nets won't reach me there," thought Gjuka.

One day — it was in the afternoon — Gjuka was walking leisurely through the Prater, and who should suddenly stand before him but that beautiful blonde, with whom he had fallen in love at the station in Agram.

"Ah!" Gjuka exclaimed joyfully, without noticing the old woman at her side.

The blonde smiled sweetly; but the old woman led her away to the omnibus, for it began to rain.

Gjuka wanted to get into the same omnibus; but just as he stepped on the platform, he noticed through the window a fleshy nose, — Vendelin Vencliček's; and he started on a run.

It is all right to pass your time in the Prater in nice weather, but it rained, so he had to find shelter.

He couldn't go home, for there he would find Vencliček lying in wait for him; nor did he want to pass his time in a coffee-house, and it was a whole day's rain. Where was he to go to?

Where, but to Milan's? And he lived near by.

Milan was an old fellow. He never spoke a word in his house, went his way without looking to the right or to the left, but was a true son of a brave country.

Gjuka confided to him his sorrow, and begged him to protect him from the Arch-Manichean Vendelin.

"Well, stay here! Here is a book, a cigar; I have to go to the University. Bye-bye!" said Milan, putting on his hat, and went out.

Gjuka lit his cigar, lay down on the sofa, and began to examine the room. To the left of him was a door, through which he could hear from time to time the rustling of a woman's dress and nothing more.

Gjuka took from the table a Croatian novel and began to read.

"Pshaw!" he cried out, and threw away the book. His cigar burned poorly.

"Pshaw!" he cried out, and he threw away his cigar.

On the ceiling was painted a colored star.

Gjuka fixed his eyes upon it and began to count its rays.

At the third ray he thought of the blonde, of Vendelin and the omnibus, and again called out "Pshaw!" and went on counting.

"You see," he began to reason, "if I were not so lazy, I could go and see my relative Milica. I have never seen her. She is young. She stays in Vienna with her aunt. Dad keeps on writing to me that I should go and see her. But where the devil does she live? Dad gave me her address, but I have lost it. Pshaw!"

Just then the clock in the adjoining room began to strike, and then it played out the tune of —

"— Pale moon! I accuse you —"

Gjuka pricked his ears to listen to the musical clock. And then it stopped.

Gjuka again counted the rays, and he whistled "Pale moon."

And there came back from the other room a soft feminine voice that sang in Croatian "Pale moon."

"Pale moon? The devil! A Croatian woman?" and Gjuka jumped up.

He could hear some one winding up the musical clock in the next room. The clock played the tune, Gjuka whistled, a soft Croatian voice sang — and thus, two, three, four, five times.

Gjuka tried to look through the keyhole, but there was a cupboard on the other side.

Finally he took courage and asked: "Pardon me, dear countrywoman, what time is it?"

"Five o'clock, Mr. Countryman!" was the reply of the gentle voice.

Gjuka wanted to continue his conversation, but some one entered the other room, — evidently an old woman, to judge by the voice, — and told the young woman to get ready to go out.

Gjuka flew down the stairs, hoping to catch a glimpse of his countrywoman through the window.

He watched the window sharply. Then the shutters were slowly opened, a white hand appeared, and then there appeared — around the corner of the street, and hop, hop, towards Gjuka — Vendelin Vencliček.

And unfortunate Gjuka? Right about face, and run!

The next morning Gjuka again came to Milan.

"Milan! Tell me, who is your landlady? Has she a daughter? Tell me quick!"

"Just two hours ago she went away to live in the country," answered Milan.

"Oh, pshaw! Don't you know their name? That young woman's name?"

"Well, I don't know. I never asked them."

"And you have been here these two months!"

"Oh, I have seen the old woman, but I don't know the young one."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Gjuka, and struck his brow with his hand.

"What of it?" Milan remarked coolly.

* * *

The tailor's attacks no longer annoyed Gjuka: a lot of Plener's bills soothed him.

One morning some one knocked at Gjuka's door. The young doctor thought it was some Manichean, when it was his father.

They embraced each other warmly, and the father at once demanded: —

"Gjuka! Take me right away to Milica. I am her guardian now!"

"Dear father!" and the young "doctor" hesitated.

"You have never been at her house? Wretch! That's what I thought. Come along! Now you will have to go. She lives in the country, in Dornbach."

At the summer residence they were received by the old aunt.

Milica was not there; she had gone out for a walk in the park.

Gjuka did not know what to do and how to answer the aunt's questions. But he was still more embarrassed when the

clock began to play, "Pale moon!" The aunt sent some one to find Milica.

Suddenly a gentle voice was heard in the yard, and in leaped Milica, — that beautiful blonde of the Agram station and Milan's neighbor; and she called out smilingly: —

"Dear uncle! And Mr. Gjuka! I recognize you from your picture, from the Agram station, and from the 'Pale moon'!"

"Yes, the 'Pale moon'!" Gjuka said, embarrassed.

* * *

When, later, Gjuka and Milica, after their marriage, looked at the bright moon, the young wife would say, "Look there! There is the 'Pale moon'!"

"Yes, but I do not accuse it now!" and he kissed his wife.

To the Slavs.

(From the Croatian of Petar Preradović.)

I doff my hat and down to the black earth I bow, as I start to pass you in review, great, strong, all-glorious, all-powerful Slavdom! In rapture flutters my soul and spreads its pinions, and with bold eye it measures the heaven above, ready to sing your glory, flying on high. But will my voice resound through the world? And where shall I find the lyre so strong that it will not burst when my soul, aflame with your fire, will begin to thunder upon it? Oh that I could weave the strings from the golden rays of the sun, and that I could stretch them from shore to shore across the blue ocean, and that for a bow I could have the bright rainbow of heaven; that when I play, the depths of the sea may reverberate with the terrible voice of its hidden might, and the waves of rhythmical Nature, heard in the sound of the breeze and the song of the bird, may descend thereupon, and the vault of the heavens reply with its hundredfold echo, and all reunite in majestic, harmonious concord: Oh, then, only then, could I attune my song as becomes your power, your glory, your past, and your still greater future!

Whither, O mighty Slavdom, extendeth the main? The hand of God has spread it for you, a wall of protection; and though many and many a bay has split you asunder, yet your numbers are such that move but a limb, and the whole earth will be shaken. With staring eyes and crossed arms the

stranger stands on your shore, and cursing you, wonders and trembles with fear. Whence his terror? He sees your greatness, and conscience metes out to him the revenge that awaits him for sinning against you. A robber he walked o'er your land, the cross was his flag, and civilization his watchword; but his sails were filled with the pestiferous breath of possession, his rudder was moved by the hand of stealth and of grasping; he rowed with the sword, pushed off with the spear, and back of the boats there swam in heaps the murdered. And heaven shed tears, seeing the fruit of its labor, the best, the most promising on humanity's field, as the black curse mowed it down, and seeing the choice of its raising, the greatest in numbers of men, a prey to the furious savage, — a loss to the ages; seeing, in fine, how its face, the comeliest then upon earth, was in the name of God by fell godlessness dragged in the dust, and how in the name of the cross, they put on the cross a nation most gentle, most pious.

And how was that debt of blood paid back to the stranger? With blood, — but with that of your heroes arrayed against Asia's fiends, that threatened in darkness to merge the dim twilight that shone to the world in the West. You grasped the all-glorious problem, reeked not for revenge opportune, but chose the beautiful chance to stand 'twixt the seeing and blind, — to carry the light from the one, and to mail the breasts of your heroes against the attacks of the other. A proud, double glory was yours, and now a marvel you stand on the edge of two worlds, — yours a great calling on earth: with one hand you take in the West the stars of enlightenment, and with the other you scatter them o'er the dark East. That is not your only desert, for with greater pride you may raise aloft the head of a hero. Raise it aloft, raise it boldly so that the world may see the bright kiss on the valiant brow — your holy work's consecration by the love of God. O'er the immeasurable space of heaven the Maker has writ in the stars the law of love, and in their unending course has, through eternity, given it might. And as His deputy Love works progress throughout the world, and forever it adorns and beautifies, softens and smooths, makes gentle, tames, soothes, ennobles; makes holy and like unto God all creation on earth, — has chosen you of all men to be a hero on earth and its dearest. Ah! the favorites of heaven fare ill here below; they, heaven's workers, cannot long, ill-starred, escape the torments of hell. Even

thus you string on the thread of your life many ages of suffering; in every limb of your mighty body you ail with humanity's ills. You are stung by selfishness, hatred, and discord, stung by meanness and craft, all passions of blood, on your health by the stranger ingrafted. Astir with the poisonous yeast, your blood boils within you, your entrails rebel; you tremble, vacillate, totter alway, yet let pass not a chance to advance on the path towards union, not with which your detractors asperse you, that of one head with one crown as a menace to all (a crown any man would recoil from), but that which with brotherhood's wreath hundred-headed concord would crown, by the will of all, yet for all a good omen. Concord is dawn, announcing forever love's day, tinting your face with the blush of health, that is pale from the sleep of illness.

For you, Krkonoše, Triglav, Tatra, Balkan, and Ural and Velebit, flame new Horebs of the spirit of God speaking anew! And the Volga, Vistula, Danube, Moldau, and Save and Drave shine new Jordans where the new-born thoughts of a new age are baptized. The dew of your tears scintillates hope of near comfort; your morning mists are the golden gleam of your coming splendor; the breeze at daybreak — balmily prophetic — cools with its wing your brow and your breast, and gently sweeps together your vagrant feelings and thoughts; the spirits engage your last sleep, and free the heart from its torpor, — you grumble, stretch your limbs, turn around, rub your eyes, — behold, you awake, you look boldly into God's beautiful day whose sun is love. Oh, soon your nations will gain their senses, will rise, will give each other their hands, will kiss each other and greet, ask their healths, and soon as a mighty pyre of happiness love will flame up, with all your broad earth for its hearth, each several heart for its food, — to be a splendid example upon earth, heretofore unheard and unseen: and the world will stand in amazement, and wonder, and look, and enspelled by its gleam will submit, and with you unite in one kingdom of love, the kingdom presaged on earth by the books. In the world's great complex a powerful mover you were, in the eternal battle of humanity's progress a strong champion, the hem of whose garment the nations of earth should in gratitude kiss!

But as long as that prison star her prisoners call black is the source of oppression and woe, her prisoners to rack with,

expect no admission from her. From the keys that you carry, her slaves call you jailer and loathe you. But made with greater humaneness more gentle, she will open her eyes, grasp quickly, and see the heavenly order on earth, and will own you, and praise you for aye doorkeeper of heaven. But now your young generation alone clasp hands at the grave of dead preconceptions, and in the peals with which the Time Spirit rings humanity's progress, is heard the song of your glory, and with that song the whole world will be stirred.

The Stolen Bell.

(From the Serbian (Montenegrin) of Šćepan Mitrov Ljubiša.)

Some thirty years ago, one morning, at burst of dawn, just when day and night separate, a young man of Panjkamen called out the greeting of the Pobor villages: "Oy, knez [village elder] Vuk, knez!" The knez answered from the fold: "Oy, young man, oy!" And the lad: "Good morning!" And the knez, drawing breath: "Good luck to you!" Adds the lad: "May it not be a bad morning for you, but some one has carried off the church bell." The knez jumped as if mad, called together the whole village, and in the twinkling of the eye armed men stood near the cathedral church of St. John Theologos, and saw to their dismay that there was no bell on the church. Everybody was perplexed and amazed at the deed of the fiend, and they began to discuss and make guesses as to who might be the thief and how it was done. Not a footstep, not a trace around the church, as if a human foot had never walked over the ground. Then the knez began to speak in a saddened voice: —

"Brethren, it is a great misfortune and shame that has fallen upon us, and such as has never before fallen upon men. The next time the thief will be stealing from our bosoms. And now the men of the Littoral will make light of us, and will say that we are worthless people, and that we lie trouserless under the skirts of our women. It would not have been half so bad if the lightning had struck down ten householders. When we perished in Candia, fighting for the Doge, and when Mahmut Pasha made us prisoners, those were but slight sorrows, for we had given up one for at least three lives. But now we shall be taunted with having put on aprons and sitting behind

the spinning-wheel! And how is it that you, Raško, who breathe almost in the shadow of the church, did not awaken at such a noise? For it certainly was not a trifling matter for that crowd to carry down the steps that huge weight of a bell. And just listen to me, Poborians! Not until we get on the track of this theft will the church be opened; nor will a candle be lit, nor the host and baptismal wine be given, until St. John will tire of it and will punish the malefactors, or do some miracle in regard to them. But I somehow have a notion that this has not been done without home help."

Then the knez touched with his hand the ring that was nailed to the church door, and another touched him with his elbow, and a third the second, and a fourth the third, and so on, until they formed a circle around the church, and they swore loud that it should all be as the knez had said.

At the parting no one spoke except Raško, whom the knez's upbraiding had touched to the quick: —

"I had been cutting wood all day yesterday, so I slept as if charmed, and did not turn around all night, until that call for the meeting awoke me. And for a wonder, never in my life before have I slept so hard. Now listen to me, brethren, though I am not to blame! Here I put my hand on the door of the Lord's house, and I swear by the four gospels, — and I have never taken such an oath before, — that I should have preferred to see my only son brought home from Kolovir, cut in pieces, than to see this church un-belled. On the other hand, I have this consolation: even though I am the nearest neighbor to this temple, I am not its guardian nor owner, and I wonder how it is this old St. John, praise and glory be to him, has let himself be despoiled, and how it is he did not dry up the arms of the thieves, but has expected me to be its guardian and protector who am not worthy to look properly after my own poor household, let alone the church. But listen to what I have to say! Let us promise right here on the spot fifty gold ducats to the informer, and let us collect the money half from the church fund and half by a village valuation, and let us give the money to the one who will give information as to the bell and the robbers, and let him be free from prosecution. That's the way our fathers used to do, and that will be good counsel for us."

And the vote was taken and they agreed to it unanimously, and all went to their work. And the knez made proclamation three times a week for three weeks at four market places, — at

Budua, at Cattaro, at Vir, and at Rijeka: He who informs about the bell and the thieves shall get a reward of fifty ducats and the assurance that he will not be prosecuted.

Only a short time passed, when one evening, just as night began to fall, a friend rushed into the house of the knez, gave him a "Good evening," and stepped to the hearth to warm himself. When the two were left alone, he said to the knez that he himself was the informer. "Will you keep your faith?" asked the guest. "I will," answered the knez: "it's God's faith, and it shan't be broken." And the knez jumped to his feet, took out from a box a bag of money, and counted out to the informer piece by piece fifty ducats. The informer took the reward, tied it in a kerchief and put it in his belt, and he began to speak: —

"Last night, at sundown, there came to me a good and trusty man and said to me sadly: 'Friend, sin and shame is upon me. Without any of my doing, but just by God's will, I came accidentally upon the robbers that have carried off St. John's bell. It's a sin to keep it secret, and it's risky to tell about it. After casting about in my mind, it suddenly occurred to me to ask you to be the informer. They don't chop off heads of ambassadors, so go and get the reward, of which keep one third, and inform about the bell and the robbers; don't draw me into the affair, for I shall perish surely. If you don't want to undertake the embassy, I shan't go to another man, and then the sin will be on both of us.' — I tell the truth, knez: I have never before been mixed up in such a business, and have never put as much as my finger at another man's door; and I long refused to go, for fear that people might think that I did it with an eye to the ducats. But when I considered that the man had decided not to go to another man to serve as his informer, and that the theft would remain a secret, I weakened, and I undertook to come and tell you about the fiendish robbers.

"It is now three years that the villagers of Lješni built and consecrated a new church to St. Petka in the middle of the field. They made vain attempts to get a bell for it. They had sent an order for it to Venice by the way of Cattaro, to Belgrade by the way of Cetinje, to Constantinople by the way of Scutari; but they would have never found one at any price, if the devil, who does not toil nor moil, but lies in ambush for Christian souls, had not found this summer two fellows who dig up ericas

on the Littoral, from which they make pipes. These two fellows had stayed two nights at your own house. It happened then that a Pobor woman died, and they went to the funeral just to fill themselves with brandy and wheat mush. They saw that fine bell on St. John's, took delight in its golden tone, and they fell on the evil thought of adorning their own church with it. When at home, they laid the plan before a few of the villagers. Said Šuljo, who was the spokesman : —

"'Look at our bareheaded church! It stands there like a bride without the wreath, and no money will help us to get a bell, though there are hundreds of them in the Littoral. Let us rob St. John and fix up our own church! I'll take all the sin on myself. If the saints were not as selfish and avaricious as we are, rich St. John would not be left naked. When I do something for the glory of God, there can be no sin and nothing impossible for me. And we will have this sign : if it be easy to take off the bell from the church, this will be a proof that St. John is not at all sorry to give it to St. Petka. If, again, the bell on our church will not grow dumb nor change its tone, it will be a proof that St. Petka is pleased with the present. Let me have a few companions, and we will bring it. The Poborians are far away and in another realm : the sound of the bell will never reach them ; and if it should, we will swear that we bought it from a traveling salesman, and one bell is just like any other bell. Who will be able to tell it? And when we swear by St. Petka, she will not let us perish for the good we have done her.'

"And so nine of them started Christmas week, traveled at night, and slept in daytime in caves ; until, late at night of the third day, they reached the Pobor. It was a dark, stormy night ; it rained furiously, and the wind blew and howled down through the valleys. They reached St. John's in the dead of night. Two of them rushed in, tied up the tongue of the bell with ropes, and took the bell off the crossbeam. They passed a treble rope through the ring, and put it over two poles. Then they carried the bell down, two at each end, others taking their place when they got tired, and some walking ahead to show the way, while others formed the rear guard. And thus they went from woods to woods, and from mountain to mountain, until they reached home and hung the bell on St. Petka. And they celebrated the event by ringing the bell for three days without interruption."

The knez listened to the story with the greatest attention. At first he jested: "I have heard people say that if a man wants to go to bee-raising, he needs three hives to be successful, — one he has to buy, one he has to get for nothing, and one he must steal; but I have never yet heard that a church is to be adorned by a theft. Friend, I don't need to tell you that you are in for it. He who takes hold of a wheel has to keep turning with it, or he had no business to touch it. I have not yet had a talk with the village, whether we want to take the thieves to court, or whether we are going to steal the bell back from them. But let us say we will go to court: in that case you have to go with us to Cetinje to tell the judge just what you have told me. If the thieves will confess, and will return the bell and pay a sevenfold reward and us for the loss of time, good and well! that would be the easiest way out, and we should not need the informer. But suppose the thieves deny everything point-blank, then we need the informer to catch them in the lie. And then I have a good sign: the bell has a hole in the middle, as if it had been bored through with a corkscrew. But if we decide to steal the bell back, we need the informer to guide us through the strange country, that we may not come back empty-handed. In any case you stay with us until to-morrow, when I will call a meeting to discuss the matter."

Next day, after breakfast, the herald called the village householders to the meeting. They came to the church by families, one after the other. They all made the sign of the cross, kissed the church door, and seated themselves in a circle. After telling them all he had heard, the knez concluded, "Now decide whether we are to go to court in Cetinje, or whether we are to steal the bell back."

The standard-bearer was the first to speak: "I am surprised at you, knez. What will the court do with the robbers? If the people of Lješni were to give me three hundred bells and a bag full of gold, yet as long as our own bell is not back, I shall feel as if I were without a nose. And listen well to me, good people: decide as seems best to you, go to court and swear, — I shan't keep you from it. But you will make a hundred appearances in the court before that old bell will ring out again over St. John's. It was an ancestor of mine that bought it a hundred years ago in Senegalja, and he gave it to the church before his death, to remind us of one God and one faith, and that we may give our heads for it. If I can't get it back, I

want at least to smash it that it may not ring for them either. Come, let us attack them before the reward has been paid, and let us get the bell back, or let us wet it with our blood."

Thereupon answered old Raško, with crossed arms: "I am for the courts. Quick revenge is certain shame. If we go and perish, who will be benefited? St. Petka is three days' journey off, in a strange country, in the middle of an open field, and around it are villages and sheepfolds; so that you could not carry away a bird, let alone that huge mass of brass. The standard-bearer stands up to his knees in water where the sea is deepest, but nowadays we want something more than mere bravery, — namely, reason. So let us use reason, for the sake of the Lord, that we may not all perish basely. If we depend on the court and on the righteous way, our bell will come back, and the robbers will be put to shame. But if we go headlong to attack them, we shall certainly meet with destruction. Come, let us go to court at Cetinje: we shall have time later to do otherwise. Thanks to the Lord, the court at Cetinje is nowadays as good as in any kingdom: it is just and fair, and will wrong neither a native nor a stranger. Let the shame all fall on me and my family, and let us keep the young, warlike blood for another greater necessity!"

There arose a noise and altercation which lasted until noon. Some were for the court, others for the theft. At last they quieted down, and agreed with the standard-bearer that they would go next day for the bell. They selected right away nine men, in stature and age the flower of the Poborian youth; they opened the church, kissed the images, confessed, and were sprinkled with the holy water, and they made dispositions of their property as if they were going to die. Before parting they swore by the holy cross to bring back the bell to St. John, or to die all together. Each house furnished its brave with a wallet containing brandy, meat, and bread; and they were escorted with tears and blessings to the mountain pass, where, after kissing and bidding good-bye, they proceeded in company with the informer. In daytime they stayed in the bushes, but during the night they walked in single file behind the informer.

On the third day they arrived, the first hour of night, at a mountain pass. It was clear weather, and the moon was in the west. They saw below them the broad valley of the Lješni, with its villages, sheepfolds, and cabins. They heard the dogs

barking near the enclosures; they heard the people treading and winnowing the corn in the granaries, and carrying on conversations with each other. On an elevation in a meadow lay the church of St. Petka, of which a part shone white in the moonshine like a swan, while another part was shaded by the branches of a tall and broad poplar. At the sight of it, the blood of our wanderers began to boil, and their conscience told them that they were doing the right thing; but then again the blood froze in their veins when they considered where they were. They sat down, prayed to God, though somewhat ill at ease, and began to eat their bread. After their supper, the knez took a flask full of brandy, and drank the company's health as follows: —

"O God, and great, holy John! If we are going out to attack any one, then may we all perish like dogs, and may the dogs eat our bodies, and we not have a grave in this world and peace in the one to come, and may all nine of us be a loathing to men! But if we have started out with a righteous heart, to bring back the gift of our forefathers, which has been acquired justly, then, O holy martyr Petka, help us to take away the bell in peace, and to carry it back to its old place where it was given and consecrated, — without any loss of ours or our evil-doers, — that we may again assemble at its sound and praise God. Ease our heavy burden, lighten the weighty mass, and make our hearts merry!" And all answered three times: "Amen!"

To cheer up the company, which felt quite down-hearted, the knez passed over from the prayer to a jest: "I am going to drink first," he said, smiling, "for I am afraid some one of you might be so frightened that his teeth will chatter and his hands will shake, and he will break the flask and spill the brandy, and I shall go thirsty."

When the talk in the field died down, and the people went to sleep, and the night had started on its second half, the standard-bearer said: "Now they are all asleep, and deep in their first slumber, so to business! You, knez, stay here in the pass with five others, and I will go with three men and the guide for the bell. You will guard our rear and protect our return from the valley, if it should come to an affray; and if we are to perish, the knez will not be lost with the bell. And you, my three companions, tie up well the skirts of your plaids, so that there shall be no slipping away; for it is better that two of us should be left on the field than that the Montenegrins should

say, 'Look at those fellows on the run, as if some one was driving them.' If some one should fall, let us swear that we will take away his arms so that the Montenegrins can't despoil him when he is dead. If any one is wounded, let each one try to carry him away; but if we can't save him, let us kill him, so that he won't fall into their hands alive." And they formed on the ground a cross of two rifles, and made their vows by it.

When the first cocks crew in the villages, the four started out and approached St. Petka on tiptoe. The front wall was about twenty feet high, and above the roof was the bell tower, and in it hung the bell. How to get up there? They walked around the church, and down the meadow where the tombstones lay in the cemetery. A dead silence reigned everywhere, and all they heard was an owl screeching in a top limb of the poplar, and the croaking of a frog in the pond. Fortunately, they found the church door open. They opened it and entered reverently. One small candle was flickering before the inner door. They walked up, one after the other, to the large image and kissed it. In the back of the church they found the bier, which was made of poles, and was covered with reed-grass and bast. They used it as a ladder, and put it against the roof, and then they entered the belfry.

Then the standard-bearer said: "I will climb on the roof, and you watch the guide; if you see a company of armed men, kill him as a traitor, and let him be the first to die. If I should find the bell nailed up, I could hardly get it out without striking at it, and I am afraid I might break it." He fixed his plaid so as not to be in his way, seized the rifle in his left hand, clung with his right to the bier, and began to ascend. But just as he touched the roof, the reed grass and bast gave way, the bier went to pieces, and the standard-bearer turned a somersault on the ground, — without hurting himself, however. A whole hour was lost in tying it up again with hemp, and they placed it once more against the wall. The standard-bearer climbed up, and whispered down from the bell-tower: "The bell is not nailed up, but there are a few new things put upon it; namely, the noose and thong are new. So let some one go into the church and place three pletas[1] on the altar as a remuneration for the improvements, so that St. Petka may not be angry with us." The standard-bearer swaddled the clapper with his belt, pulled out with his hands the nails by which the bell was fixed to the beam,

[1] A pleta is equal to twenty kreuzers, or about eight cents.

and let it drop on the ground. The soil around the belfry was soft, and the bell gave forth no sound as it fell. They passed ropes through the eye of the bell, hung it on poles, and went as fast as they could to the place where the companions were protecting their retreat. They went up one after the other to the bell and kissed it, and then they made off for home and traveled as long as it was dark. When dawn broke, they obliterated their tracks and went into a cave, where they passed the day. By taking cross-roads nights and staying in the woods in daytime, they reached the summit of the Bjeloški Sokol at daybreak of the fourth day. Then they no longer hid themselves, nor were they afraid, but untied the clapper, and let the bell ring down to the Pobor.

You may imagine with what joy they were received at home. Everybody kissed them, embraced and pressed them, as if they had arisen from the dead. For all I know, they are still watching the bell against the Lješni people; for "As you do to others, so you shall be done by."

Little Russian.

Little Russian is a dialect of Russian spoken in the south of Russia, in the south of Galicia, the Bukovina, and in some mountainous districts of Hungary. These various parts, being under different governments, have developed almost independently of each other; but none of them have much of a literature that antedates the nineteenth century.

The oldest period of Russian literature is really Little Russian, as dialectic peculiarities of that period indicate. But through the predominance of Moscow, Little Russian has been thrown into the background. However, a number of Russia's best writers, among them Gogol, were Little Russians, and spoke Little Russian as their native tongue. Several others, like Kostomarov and Markovich, wrote in both dialects. Others have entirely scouted the literary Russian and devoted their energies to Little Russian. To-day Little Russian meets with government opposition in Russia, and does not flourish there; but in Galicia one university (at Czernowitz) is entirely Little Russian, and another (at Lemberg) is partly conducted in that language.

The greatest poet of the Little Russians is Shevchenko (1814–1860), the son of a serf. The chief characteristic of his epics and lyrics is sadness and a grim humor — which runs through most of the productions of all the Little Russian writers. The Little Russians are good story-tellers; and what Gogol has done for Russian with his Ukrainian

tales has been accomplished, to a certain extent, by a large number of other Little Russian writers. At the present time, Polyanski seems to be the most promising.

The Bride-Hunting of Marmarosh.

(From the Little Russian of Petr A. Polyanski.)

I.

"Sleep, darling Lel!"

With these words on her lips, a Marmarosh mother bends over the cradle and fondles her full-faced, rose-colored, roguishly smiling son. She gives him the name of the ancient cradle god Lel, the Slavic Cupid; who, like the Roman god, will in time, from a small, stubborn, and wanton child, be changed into a fomenter of love, and will send forth his invisible but unfailing love arrows.

But the roguish boy is obdurate, and from a smile passes to a provoking laughter. The laughter attracts his father, a stately representative of Marmarosh, who, bending over the cradle, looks at his little dreamer and greets him with his customary "Betiar, you little Betiar!" which expression runs among the people the scale of all sentiments, from the tenderest fondling to the sternest chiding. The ancient Hungarian heroes, who, under the name of Betiars and in the shape of falcons, used to fly over wildernesses and the Carpatian mountains, in time became rapacious birds, and left behind them terror and the name which still lives among the mountaineers. And it is carelessly repeated in the corner of a Marmarosh cabin.

Outside, over the mountain tops, the wind blows and whirls down clouds of snow. Within, in the cabin, the fire burns alluringly in the fireplace: a savory gulash[1] is being prepared; a song is recited in which the past is recalled. In short, though it is but a humble Carpatian hut, you would not exchange it for a palace. Below the smoked ceiling lie heaps of maize wrapped in slices of bacon, to become in time faultless paprikash.[2] Evidently all is well, and one may look without fear into the future.

Suddenly an unwonted noise is heard behind the door. Though it is not war time, yet in these mountain forests a

[1] A Hungarian meat dish.

[2] Or "paprika pendel," — "pepper stew," a Hungarian dish in which pepper is an important ingredient.

sudden danger is not an unforeseen possibility; for the descendants of the Betiars are not all dead.

The door was opened, and the invaders entered noisily. One of them was wrapped in a fox-fur coat, and had a cap of the same material on his head. The other was dressed in a coarse peasant cloak and cape. Just the kind of people to draw their guns and shoot you without much ado.

A third one appeared; but he was quite a different man: over his shoulder hung a flowing mountain coat; underneath it you could see a broad leather belt with an ax stuck in it, and girded over an armless fur coat. Like the master of the house, he is a son of Marmarosh. The master stepped up to him: —

"Brother, I see you are a Marmarosh man!"

"So I am. I hope you are prospering!"

"With God's help, I am. Good man, tell me what kind of people are the two?"

"Hush!"

"What? Is something up?"

"I have charge of these two young fellows. I am out with them a bride-hunting!"

"A bride-hunting? You have a job on hand!"

"So it is, a hard job!"

"And are you sure of the outcome?"

"Indeed I am! I have found wives for their fathers, uncles, nephews. Know, good man, that if Pantil takes out a member of the Akontovich family a bride-hunting, the suitor is sure to find the finest Marmarosh damsel for a wife. And we are out now to get one. The suitor is Evarist Akontovich, the one in the cape; and the one in the fur coat is the go-between, Tihon Akontovich, his uncle."

Evarist and Tihon took off their winter wrappings, and then only it appeared what treasures were hidden under the coarse covering. And the suitor might well be called a treasure. His mustaches looked like fluffy down, but that was only frost: as soon as they thawed out, they betrayed the Don Juan, as the boots betrayed a gentleman. And he looked spruce, and was faultlessly dressed. His blond beard was trimmed *à la* Henri Quart. A blond beard and blond locks are in themselves a very powerful weapon for the conquest of feminine hearts. Add to that a gently curving, slightly upturned nose, a clear brow, an almost feminine, kindly, contented, and smil-

ing expression, a high stature, a flexible gait, — and you may take it for granted that barely the lady hears the bell that announces the arrival of such a guest, when she falls dead in love with the suitor.

Evarist had been brought up in parlors. His occupation had been to visit public parks, watering-places, and ball-rooms, and not to trudge over Marmarosh snow-drifts. But Evarist was a man who had fought the battle of life, who had seen enough of the world, and who was satisfied to rest on his laurels.

He had decided to bid farewell to the ladies of the ball-room. He wrote his last caustic madrigal into their albums, did not respond to their tears, did not believe their assurances.

He had made up his mind to take a wife in Marmarosh, and so he said his *Adieu, Addio*, in the parlors, and betook himself to his uncle, Tihon Akontovich. His uncle at once brought his affairs into order, settled the matter about his sheep and other farm interests, out of a score of horses selected two black trotters, and started a bride-hunting with his nephew.

The first game is generally the best; and so it was decided to make a master stroke by going straight to the curate Damyan in Prochin, the friend of Tihon's youth, whose beautiful daughter Irena was blooming like a soothing balsamine. And though Damyan was living some ten villages off, yet such a charming maiden would repay even a longer journey.

They started. But when you are out finding a bride, you must be sure that no rabbit crosses your path, or that no empty sleigh gets ahead of you, or you might as well turn your horses about and give up casting glances beyond the mountains where the bride lives. Just as well strew ashes upon your head, and enter a Carthusian monastery.

And then all kinds of misfortunes befell the bride-seeking party. Right after leaving the house, the horses ran away, and the suitor fell out of the sleigh. His much-promising stiff silk hat was smashed in the snow. They had not traveled more than two miles when Pantil, the coachman, who had driven several generations on the bride-hunts, suddenly stopped and struck his brow with his hand: "What is the matter with me? I have forgotten the wreath! We shall have to go back for it." There was no help; Pantil had to go back for the wreath.

The wreath was an important matter. If bride-hunting takes place in the summer, the wreath is made of freshly

plucked patiences, scabious, and wild roses; but in winter, of never-dying rosemary, wintergreen, and guelder roses. If the maiden has found favor in the eyes of the suitor, he hangs the wreath under her window as he drives away. And though Evarist insisted that it would be more sensible to write the young lady a love-letter before leaving, than to travel some four miles out of the way for the wreath, Pantil turned his horses back, having first expressed his indignation at the neglect of such a time-honored custom. Later they came across a peasant with empty barrels and a tramp with empty pockets, — in short, they had many ill omens.

Above all, the biting frost worried them very much. No matter how they wrapped themselves in their furs, the wind threatened to turn them into masses of ice. So that when after a long open space they came upon a cabin, Pantil stopped, in order to warm up his stiffened body by the fire. Evarist and Tihon, too, seated themselves for an hour near the stove.

"Uncle, are there any pretty girls in Marmarosh?" Evarist asked, as he stroked his beard *à la* Henri Quart.

"I should say there are!" answered Tihon, — a short-set, fat man, in a dark blue short frock with a sheepskin fringe and broad Hungarian boots, with close-shaven fat cheeks, short gray mustaches, and jolly look. "You will pardon me for saying so, my dear fellow, but our girls have preserved our ancient simplicity and honesty. Think of the stern bringing up of our women in the days of the boyars, and you will see that Marmarosh has not yet been affected by worldly glitter and emptiness. You will find here everywhere peaceable, God-fearing girls; whether in our mountain estates, where wealth is counted by hundreds of sheep, tens of horses, threescores of oxen, and not bottles but barrels of wine; or among the clergy in the parishes, where the cabins are of good size, where the girls are modest and sternly brought up, and do not at first notice the suitors, but later are emboldened and enter into a conversation with them, and make good wives. I tell you, my dear fellow, when you have a Marmarosh wife, you have gold. And it is not easy to get that gold. You want to be a careful suitor in the house of such a girl. Don't be too modest, nor too talkative, or the parents will refuse you. Don't annoy her with too much attention, though you may here and there flatter her a little. Know this: that she will not respond to your attentions, she will only smile and blush.

And don't look too much at her, but rather carry on some serious conversation with her parents. Don't be over witty, and be careful with your jokes. If you say some clever thing, cast a side glance at the girl, and you will find out whether you please her. If she likes your remarks, she will smile and cover her face with the hand on which she wears her ring. Let them see that you will be a worthy husband, that you will not be the tail-end in your house, but the head, and that your house will not be of the kind where the cock is silent when the hen cackles. In short, my boy, keep yourself well!"

Evarist listened to these instructions only out of politeness. He had conquered more difficult ladies, had captivated their hearts, had disappointed them, had made them weep tears, and had victoriously submitted himself to a more exacting scrutiny. So he only shook his head and winked.

Finally Pantil announced that they had thawed out enough, that it was time to don the furs and start out for Father Damyan's, for they had quite a piece yet before them. And again the trotters scattered the snow with their hoofs and proudly carried the bride-hunters over steep roads.

* * *

And the roads are bad. You think you are on the way to Sasov, and behold, you are in Plazov, and blame whom you please. The fresh-fallen snow has obliterated the track, and all you have to do is to go over well-known eminences. But even here you get all mixed up, for the hills resemble each other like twins. And now there is a ravine, and now a familiar rock, and now again you are tempted to go straight through the woods; in short, there is no lack of allurements.

But worse than that, all of a sudden there bobs up before you an innocent-looking inn, and you know that you have taken a side trip, as if out a picnicking.

And Pantil noticed such a hostelry on the brink of a precipice, and he stopped his horses, and pulled out his pipe from behind his collar.

"What is the matter? Why have you stopped?" asked Tihon.

"Oh, nothing! What's the use of being always in a hurry? A man has got to take things easy. I just noticed a fine tree in the woods that would make a good axle."

Pantil made a motion for his ax, but there was really no such tree in sight.

"Say! what inn is that, Pantil?" Tihon asked again, as he looked inquiringly at the unfamiliar scene.

"Inn?" said Pantil, with a wry look at the hostelry: "it's just a hut, not an inn."

"But I never saw it before on our road."

"And it won't be there."

"Pantil, have we lost our way?"

"No, no, we are on the right road. The inn has just turned up for us to refresh ourselves."

The horses stopped of their own accord before the inn. It rested only on one side on the ground; the other three sides were supported by poles. It hung over the precipice like an eagle's eyrie, and it seemed as if a blow would send it to destruction. Near the inn stood a crowd of people in woolen mantles, sheep furs, and sheepskin caps,—all of them Marmarosh peasants, who were smoking their pipes and waiting for a penny to fall down from the skies for a drink and for a bite of something, or for a landlord to hire them to cut timber or drive cattle to Mukachevo.

"Say, men! Anything to be had in there?" Pantil asked the people.

"Yes, Debreczyn whisky, with fresh paprikash." Pantil disappeared in the crowd.

"What village is this?" Tihon called out from the sleigh. But the parliament had passed over to the order of the day.

"Are you all deaf? Which is the way to Prochin?"

The boldest of the parliamentary crowd stepped forward and walked up to the sleigh.

"Are you going to the priest in Prochin?"

"Yes."

"Are you relatives of his?"

"No."

"Sure?"

"Yes."

"Well, you have taken the wrong road. You had better turn back, or else go straight over the mountain."

"You say it is far to Prochin?"

"Far? Well, not exactly. Rakhmani is what you may call far, but Prochin is just over the hill."

Pantil made his appearance from the inn.

through the woods to your cabin! You kill deer to entice people? And then you place cloves in your roast and pumpkins in their sleighs? And then, to cap the climax, you send two kegs of wine? Forgive me, my friend, but we can be friends no longer.' — You cowherd Semen, leave some shepherd with the cows, saddle another horse, ride straight to the forester's near Shabolta, and give him this letter.

"Now, gentle keeper of the Prochin flock. — 'We passed only an hour with you, but you have already shown what kind of a fellow you are.' — Stableman Shandor, leave the horses to some one else, saddle a horse, and take this letter to the parsonage in Prochin. — You look fine on these horses, my fellows; you sit on these fiery steeds like three knights, you fellows, with your sheep-fur shoes, stiff mustaches, and sunburnt faces. My young martial blood is stirred as I look at you; I feel like girding on my sword, and going out with you to battle, and making a gallant dash, swish, swash. — Pantil, where have you been? And what do you carry there on your shoulders?"

Pantil just then crossed the gate, contentedly smoking his pipe.

"What are you carrying there?" asked Tihon.

"Pumpkins. I met three peasants on the way, who were carrying pumpkins in kegs, and I bought them of them. Pumpkins are my favorite dish, for what is there better in the world than pickled Hungarian pumpkins? I have gathered up quite a lot lately. I shall put these with the rest I got yesterday from the good people and that are lying in your carpet-bag."

"What?" cried Tihon. "Pumpkins in my carpet-bag?"

"Why, yes. Wherever we stopped, I asked for a pumpkin. And I got one in Shabolta from the father, and two from the forester, one from the priest at Prochin, and one from father Damyan's steward. And these, as I told you, I bought of the peasants."

"Pantil, how much do I owe you in wages? I send you away this day. Don't say a word, just take up your things and leave my house. What, another messenger?"

A man rode into the yard, stopped in front of Tihon, and handed him a letter.

Dear Tihon! — I was very happy to recall our younger days with you, when we took life easy. I have just received from Mediash a couple of bottles of old mead, so I wish you would come with your

nephew Evarist and try it. Your nephew is a fine fellow. May God grant that the wreath he hung under Irena's window may be changed into a myrtle wreath! YOUR DAMYAN.

"Ah, that is different. You fellows unsaddle your horses, and you, Pantil, may stay. Friend Damyan has proved his worth. And his hospitality and Irena's kindliness are all right. The pumpkin is not hers, but of Pantil's gathering. And after all, the rest of my neighbors are not such bad people, and their hospitality is sincere. The partridge was most likely put in front of Evarist by accident, and cloves are probably the requisites of the modern culinary art.

"But this Evarist is a sly dog; he did not even mention that he hung the wreath under her window. And he fell in love at first sight. No wonder he was feverish.

"Pantil, get things ready, we are going to Damyan's for the betrothal."

"Oh, I knew we should go there: that's why I hung the wreath under her window."

"What?"

"I hung out the wreath. Where Pantil hangs out a wreath, there lives my suitor's bride. I know all about these things, and needn't be told about them. You can't escape your fate."

Tihon stepped smiling into the room where Evarist was finishing his toilet, and was shaping his Henri Quart.

"My boy, you have behaved well. Write to your doctor that you did come across something important. I mean Irena!"

"That is so. She is a nice woman, and has all qualities that I admire. I should like to marry her."

"Bravo, we will celebrate over a glass of wine. You will have for a wife the pearl of Marmarosh."

Again the snow is falling on the roads, but neither wind is moaning nor hurricane blowing, only the sun glitters over the snow-capped mountains.

Evarist fell more and more in love with Irena, and after marrying her, settled in Marmarosh.

* * *

Over the cradle bends a Marmarosh mother, the beautiful brunette Irena Akontovich, and fondles her boy with the customary words, "Sleep, son Lel!"

Taras's Night.

(From the Little Russian of Taras Shevchenko.)

On the cross-road the kobzar[1] sits and plays; round about him the lads and lassies bloom out like poppies. The kobzar plays and sings withal how the Muscovites, the Tartars, and the Poles once fought with the Cossacks: how the commune came together of a Sunday morning; how they buried a Cossack in the green meadow. He plays and sings, and e'en his sorrow smiles: —

"A cloud arose beyond the Liman, and another from the field. Ukraine fell to grieving, such has always been her fate! She fell to grieving and to weeping like a small child — and there is no one to assist her! The Cossacks perish, perishes the ancestral glory, has no place to go to. Unbaptized are raised the children of the Cossacks; they make love though not betrothed, they are buried without a priest. Their religion is sold to the Jews, who do not admit them to the churches. And as crows cover the field, so Poles and Unitarians have swooped down upon them, and no one will aid them. Nalivaiko[2] arose, but he lost the country! There arose Pavlyuga,[3] but he himself did perish. There arose Taras Tryasylo, and he spoke with bitter tears: 'My poor Ukraine has been crushed by the Poles!' Taras Tryasylo arose to save his faith. The steel-gray eagle arose, and the Poles felt him sorely. Pan Tryasylo[4] arose: 'Enough of grieving! Let us go, brothers, and fight the Poles!'

"Three days and three nights Pan Tryasylo fights; from the Liman to Trubezh the field is covered with corpses. The Cossack is tired out, and has fallen to grieving; but the accursed Pole is making merry: he has gathered the gentry together, and begins to banquet them. Taras calls the Cossacks, and counsels with them: 'Atamans, brothers, my friends and children! Give me your advice, what to do? The Poles are banqueting, while we have no place to lay our heads!' 'Let them banquet to their hearts' content! Let them banquet until the sun has fallen; mother night will give us counsel, the Cossack will find the Pole!'

[1] Player on the kobza, a Little Russian instrument.
[2] Decapitated at Warsaw in 1597.
[3] Decapitated at Warsaw in 1638.
[4] Suffered capital punishment in 1630.

"The sun set behind the mountain, the stars shone — and the Cossacks like that cloud surrounded the Poles. As the moon appeared upon the sky, the cannon thundered; the Poles awoke, but found no place to fly to! The Poles awoke, but did not rise; the sun came out — the Poles all lay in a row.

"Like a red serpent, Alta carries the news that the raven should come from the field to feast on the Poles. The black ravens came to waken the Poles; the Cossacks gathered to pray to God. The black ravens croaked, as they picked their eyes; the Cossacks sang a song that night, that bloody night, that was the glory of Taras and the Cossacks, that put the Poles to sleep.

"In the clear field over the brook there is a black grave; where the blood of the Cossacks flowed, the grass grows green. A raven sits on the grave and croaks with hunger."

The kobzar grows silent and falls to musing; his hands rest on his kobza. All around him the lads and lasses wipe their tears.

The kobzar went his way, sadly thrumming his kobza; the lads started to dance, and he to hum to them: —

"Let it be thus! You, children, sit behind the stove, and I from sorrow will go into the tavern. There I shall find my wife, and will eat and drink and make light of our foes."

Slovak.

The Slovaks occupy the northern part of Hungary, being about three millions in number. They are among the oldest Slavic nations in Europe, and were the first Slavs to receive the Christian religion from Byzantium. Their language was long regarded as a dialect of Bohemian, though it occupies an intermediate position between Bohemian and Russian. It was first used for literary purposes about a hundred years ago, since which time it has been perfected so as to be one of the most musical languages of the Slavs, if not the most so. In the short time of its existence, their literature has produced some remarkable productions, that compare favorably with those of more fortunate and larger nations. Having no national existence, and suffering from the oppression of the Hungarians, much of their literature is a lament and a dirge. But of late they are taking a broader aspect of life, though they prefer mainly to use national themes for literary purposes.

Andrej Braxatoris Sládkovič was born in 1820, and died in 1872. He occupies the same position in the Slovak literature as Pushkin

in the Russian. His best work is the epic poem "Detvan," in which he reaches the summit of artistic creation, and in which he is said to have "given us a part of his nation's soul."

Samuel Chalúpka is the Slovak Béranger. He was born in 1812 and died in 1883. Most of his poems are sung as popular songs by his people. His most important patriotic song is "Kill him!"

Jan Kalinčák was born in 1822, and died in 1871. He is regarded as the most popular of the few novelists whom the Slovaks have produced. He is uneven in his talent, but some of the scenes are drawn with a masterly pen.

The greatest living Slovak author is Světozar Hurban-Vajanský, who is equally perfect in poetry, in which he has created almost a new poetical language, and in prose, in which he has not been surpassed by any other writer of his nation. His teachers were Turgenev and Gogol, whom he is supposed at least to equal in artistic perfection.

From "Detvan."

(From the Slovak of Andrej Braxatoris Sládkovič.)

There stands lofty, wild Polana, old mother of gigantic shadows; beneath it is the village called Detva, — mother of stalwart sons: for does not Polana, on its mighty breasts, bear and nurture Detva's mighty brood? And does not each daughter of that mountain home glance at its height when about to bear a son?

Why should Detva have no giants? — Scarce in the field the mother bears her child, when she unrolls for him a winding-sheet of grass and stretches it out from beech tree to beech tree. The first time the boy opens his eyes, what does he see? — The top of the Polana mountain and the walls of immovable rocks. And when his eyes first roam in the valley, what does he see? — Mountains of wondrous shadows and a charming Slovak vista.

The mother reaps, and who rocks the babe to sleep? — The whispering leaves of hoary oaks. And to what song is the lad inured? — The wind blows through the mountains wild, but the beautiful song of the comely mother attunes the infant soul to beauty, lest the son should be all too rude: 'tis thus he later loves to hear the storm howling over Polana, and the youthful Slovak song.

The golden sea of fleeting glamor begins to pale, and the radiant circle inclines towards the west. But lo, that day he

is Detva's child, and boldly fights the darkling shades, so that night has almost lost her hope of victory. He himself, I ween, has forgot when first he gilded the misty morn when dawn had borne him.

And as it is Sunday now, and the sun is late in leaving, I ween he is loath to doff his holiday attire. Or Detva's buxom maidens have snatched from the sun his golden hours, that he may not disturb them in their games. And he himself has closed his eyes to the innocent theft of those fair, tuneful maidens.

For, behold, the greensward is abloom with flowers, — maidens, — among whom stately Helen charms with her enticing eyes. Now they stand in a many-colored circle and alternate the dance from one side to the other, while the song boils forth from their sprightly mouths; now they scatter on all sides over the flowery vale of proud Polana, like the bees from the sweet linden tree.

One of them bends to her neighbor's ear, whispers something, with a sideway glance; she again holds another maiden in her embrace. Thus the whole rivulet is astir, until their eyes all fall upon the path and smiles steal over their faces. Is that part of the game? — Oh no! Over that winding path, in a white blouse and new girdle, walks spruce Martin, with rapid steps.

The black kirtle over his shoulder; his hat with flowers adorned; the red band floating in the wind; the shining face, and youthful down and youthful beard; the splendor of the eagle eye; the pair of raven braids; the dazzling brightness of the colored girdle; the well-turned cords of the soft bast shoes, — 'twas this that changed the dancers' faces.

Scarcely had comely Martin perceived the fair maidens' merry crowd, and scarcely had he heard the Vilas' [fairies'] song, when the tune went to his soul, went to his feet. He leaps, and stands among the maidens, and drops his ax and flute; the black-eyed youth seizes one of them, and swiftly whirls her to either side, all things around them whizzing.

He whirls her about, then leaves her alone, then takes up his ax and flute, and at once a thickly arbored way leads him to old Polana. The maidens stand, as if of stone; the hope of this one, and this one, and this one is shattered, and the eyes of all are turned towards the mountain. The game is

renewed, but the heart is sore; and there is, except for one, no merriment on the whole greensward.

What a pity that you have disturbed the pretty song! That you have stopped their wanton play! That you have wrested the quiet peace from their hearts! That you have wounded them, Martinko dear! Behold, each beauty wounds innocently, and no one keeps the rose from blooming, and greatness cannot be made small. And who knows which is worth more, one sweet pleasure in peace, or a thousand beautiful sorrows?

KILL HIM!

(From the Slovak of Samuel Chalúpka.)

The eagles have flown down from the Tatra, and wing their way to the plain, over high mountains, over level fields. They have crossed the broad waters of the Danube, have alighted beyond the borders of the Slavic tribes.

The Danube thunders, and wave rushes upon wave. On a high cliff that overhangs it, a city may be seen; below it the Roman Emperor has pitched his camp. Rows of white tents glisten round about; outside the camp the Emperor sits upon a golden throne. About him is his body-guard of stalwart men, while before him stands a small troop. They are strangers, each in his brilliant armor. Flaxen locks fall over their necks, their blue eyes throw swift glances about them. In stature they are like fir trees, and firm as a rock; you might think one mother had borne them. The rapid Danube waters the borders of their beautiful land, and the Tatra rises a stony wall about it. This land, these magnificent mountains, these fruitful lowlands, are their country, are the ancient cradle of the sons of glory.[1]

The Slovak tribe has sent them from their famous Diet to bring a greeting to the Roman Emperor. They do not strike their brows, do not fall to his feet; such humiliation is unknown to the Slovak land. But they bear God's gifts, bread and salt, to the Emperor, and address him with bold words: —

[1] The word *Slav* is popularly related to *slava*, "glory," hence the Slavs are "Sons of glory." *Slovak*, though the name of a people, stands here, by implication, for *Slav* in general.

"The Slovak nation, prince and elders, send through us, glorious Emperor, a greeting to you. The land on which your foot expects to step is our land given to the Slovaks by God. Behold, here the rapid Danube waters its borders; there, the Tatra rises a stony wall about it. This land is blessed; thanks to God on high, we have each one, with certain work, our piece of bread.

"'Tis not our custom to invade the lands of others with war, for a Slovak sows upon his own, and upon his own he reaps; he hankers not for what belongs to others. And when in upright confidence a stranger's hand knocks at our doors, — be he from near or from far, in daytime or at night, — God's gift awaits him on the table.

"The God-given law says to us Slovaks: It is injustice to have a master, and a greater injustice to be a master; and man over man has no right with us. Our sacred watchword is — Liberty and glory!

"More than once has the savage enemy encroached upon our fair land, and our fertile fields have been changed into wildernesses. The towns have been laid in ashes, and our poor nation, crushed by misfortune, has fallen under the feet of strangers. The haughty warrior boasted that he would forever do his will upon the Slovak land, and would live on our toil; but he boasted in vain: as soon as God gave us a propitious day, we broke the yoke.

"And those who with the cruel steel have conquered us, where are they? We stand, but they have fallen. The past is a witness that it is written in the book of fate of the Slovak nation: The country which the heavens have given to the Slovak shall be a grave to its enemies.

"Now, tell us, Emperor, what does your mighty hand bring us? — the sword or the branch of peace? If you come with the sword, — we too have swords, and you will soon see that we know how to wield them. But if peace, may the Lord of heaven and earth reward you even better than we are able to reward you. These, God's gifts, are the tokens of our friendship; we give them to you gratefully, and may you gratefully receive them!"

The Emperor did not take the gifts of God. On his gloomy face humbled pride glowed in grim anger, and his lips uttered the following words to the Slovak ambassadors: —

"The mighty lord to whom God has subjected the whole earth, and into whose hands he has placed the fates of nations, tells you, Slovenia, look about the world! Can you find among its peoples even one that has escaped its fetters or that has not perished, when it has unfurled its banner against Rome? Bend your necks, too! These beautiful plains, this land of your fathers, another nation shall possess; your stiff-necked families shall go to serve Rome, to watch our flocks, to plow our fields. And I shall disperse your warriors among my warriors, and shall have them garrison the borders of Rome. And whosoever will oppose himself to my commands, woe to him! He prepares his own destruction. Know that I am the master of Rome, and Rome is the lord of the world. Such is my imperial will, and that is my reply."

The Emperor thunders, thunders from his golden throne; but the Slovaks are not afraid of his arrogance. The Slovak blood boiled up wildly, and each warrior looked straight into the Emperor's eye. And a divine fire sparkled in their eyes, and their strained hands struck their armors, and their hearts all beat with the same sentiment, and their lips uttered all together the same terrible cry. "Kill him!" cried out the Slovak troop, and the sword glistened in each warrior's hand. "Kill him!" and they threw themselves upon the Emperor. "This is the Slovak answer to the Roman arrogance. Now prove to us that you have as much strength in your sword as there was arrogance in your words, O Emperor!" But no, his vile soul is afraid of strife, while a brave people fights for its liberty. Pale with fear he leaps among his guard, and his golden throne wallows in the dust. And with their swords the Slovaks make a way for themselves, and one by one fall the warriors of the imperial guard.

The trumpets resound and call to battle; the camp is roused and soldiers run to their ranks. In wild array they fly to where the Slovaks strike against the Emperor. Thick clouds of dust hover over the field, the earth resounds from the tramping, and the heavens from the shouts.

And our little Slovak troop is on all sides surrounded by the enemy, and a hundred swords are glittering over the head of each; yet a Slovak does not count his enemies on the battlefield, but strikes. Kill him, child of my race, who with stealthy hand will assail your liberty! Even if you will give

up your life in that wild affray, kill him, and prefer not to be than to be a slave!

The battle rages, and our men stand in a circle, well knowing that their band cannot withstand the Roman numbers. Thus, brethren, if you have to fall in battle, fall as becomes heroes!

And my Slovak once more lets his eyes roam over those broad fields, into his distant country. Yonder, on the mountains, gray towers beckon, as they keep watch over the borders of the Slovak nation. There, the sacred grove, green with ancient lindens, hides in its awful bosom the temples of his gods. And above the river stands the white house. Within lives his beloved family; and in the clear field are the hallowed graves of his ancestors, whose counsels once ruled the masses, whose swords had warded off the attacks of savage foes. The black earth has long covered their ashes, but their names live even now in the songs of the people. And the glory of bygone ages hovers all round the warrior, and his soul flames up with a sacred fire. And the sword in his right hand glistens more fiercely, flashes lightning on the foe, kills him with his thunder. Broken spears fall, stricken bucklers clang, and gorgeous Roman helmets wallow in the dust.

Our men too perish, but they perish as heroes! Wounds do not elicit a sound of pain from their lips. Gladly they spill their loyal blood on the fateful field. Yes, to fall for your nation causes no pain!

Slowly the battle subsides; the mighty power of the storm has exhausted its wild fury. But ours, who struck world-possessing Rome, that greedily laid plans for the Slovak land, — where are ours? Woe to you, Tatra, mother of clear-visioned eagles! Your children will never return to you. Look at the bloody banks of fast-rolling Danube! There lie your murdered sons. Not one was left to bring this message to his brothers: "Brothers, for the glory of their race they fell in holy battle." Each one of them rests on a hero's bed, on a heap of foes struck down by his steel. He lives no more, but his pale face still shows defiance; the stiffened hand will not yield its sword.

With drooping eye the Emperor stands upon the field: is he afraid even of the fallen Slovaks? No; but he sees there the lifeless heaps of his warriors, and he blushes to rejoice at the prowess of his arms.

Perish, perish in eternal shame, vile soul, that darest to wrest liberty from my brave nation; and may eternal glory crown the name of him who gives himself in holy sacrifice for his people!

But kill him! Yes, kill him! child of my race, who with stealthy hand will assail your liberty. Even if you will give up your life in that wild affray, kill him, and prefer not to be rather than to be a slave!

From the Novel "Serbianka."

(From the Slovak of Jan Kalinčák.)

There was once a fair maiden, so comely and charming that her like could not be found under the sun. She had large black eyes. When she looked about her and turned her eyes now this way and now that, you might have thought a falcon winged his flight with outstretched pinions. She had beautiful cheeks. When she smiled, you might have thought that the morning sun, leaping from behind a high mountain, and glowing with the heat of love, was kissing in the fullness of his feeling and favor the broad, wide world. And she was tall, and of such slender stature that you could have severed her with a withe, or have embraced her twice. That maiden's name was Milica.

But that maiden had done much evil in the world. If you do not believe it, ask only the young men, and they will all tell you, "Yes, it is so, she has done much evil in the world." But she was not the cause of it: she shone in the world, without recking what became of the people as they looked at her, without caring whether she brought happiness or unhappiness into the world.

That maiden Milica was an orphan; she had no friend in this world, except God and some good people. She was not two years old when her father and mother died. Her whole family had fallen on the Field of Blackbirds; and her father, who ruled over Serbia under the Turkish yoke, had perished in the year 1447, when the Turks massacred on the Danube the Greek, Latin, and Slavic races.

It was Sava Markovič who had taken up Milica. And the girl grew up in his house like the dawn, and she lacked for nothing but her mother who lay buried in the earth. Old Sava

protected her from the evil Turks and from the eyes of youths, and watched her like the apple of his eye: for the Turks are bad, — they take away all they can, and especially beautiful young maidens; and Serbian youths are bad, — for they steal hearts. And Sava Markovič was with all that a good Serbian, and revolved many a thought in his mind. He promised Milica to the most valiant Serbian youth, though he would sadly miss her in his house. When men came to him complaining that the Turks were harassing and worrying them, collecting the tribute or gathering in the corn for the bashaws, he used to say: "Shame on a brave fellow, to complain of oppression and not to think of vengeance and of protecting his household!" When old men complained that the Turks insulted their churches, and injured them in their old days, Sava would say, "Friends! destroy the Turks and perish in the attempt; for you have not left as many days of your life as hairs on your heads!" Through such speeches and through his independent behavior, Sava Markovič was regarded as the best of Serbians. In his house the maiden Milica bloomed and prospered.

But Sava became older and older. His hair slowly became white and fell out, and his eye, that crystal of the human soul, grew dimmer and dimmer; his hand and voice trembled, and his heroic stature became curved like a maple tree in autumn, bereft of its leaves.

Sadness and melancholy entered Sava's soul. He saw no help, no liberation. The old men who had felt the sweetness of liberty were dying. A new generation was growing up in servitude, and it thought that it could not be otherwise. It oppressed him, and he sighed when he recalled to memory that he would not live to see the freedom of his home. And he wept when he looked upon Milica, the diamond of his soul; for woe to the woman who cannot protect herself, and who without fault of her own must perish in slavery.

Once there came to him his eldest son Marko and said: "Father! I have killed nearly a hundred Turks, and I boast of being the flesh of your flesh, the soul of your soul, and that I am the bravest warrior in all Serbia. And I ask you to fulfill your promise and to give me Milica for a wife."

Old Sava hung his head, mumbled something into his beard, and spoke slowly and deliberately: "My son Marko! He who will get Milica must do more than you have done; he must

free Serbia from the yoke of the turbans and the faith of the false prophet."

"Father, speak not thus!" answered Marko. "You ask more than half the world can accomplish. The foe has shaken half the world, and laughs at the nations, who perish before him as the mist on the mountains before the heat of the sun!"

Sava gnashed his teeth, for his heart was more easily provoked than that of the most impulsive youth. He looked angrily upon his son, threateningly raised his hand, and cried out with a scornful smile: "So you are the bravest of the Serbian youths! And you are the flesh of my flesh! And you want to possess Milica!"

"Yes, my father!" Marko answered proudly. "Do not make me angry," he said after a short pause, "I am not a Serbian if I will endure your scornful look!"

"Well, well, son Marko!" swiftly replied the old man, "you cannot endure a scornful look of your old father who is not able to raise aloft his sword, but you regard it as impossible to free yourself from the insult of the Turk. Well, well, my son Marko!"

Marko shook like an aspen, his teeth chattered, his youthful brow looked gloomy, and he came very near laying hands on his father. "Who told you that I kiss the chains of our foe? That I do not gnash my teeth at our degradation?—But keep Milica, I do not want her as long as the enemy's foot steps over the valley of Serbia. Farewell, my father!"

Old Sava glanced upon his son with sparkling eyes, seized him by his kirtle, and cried out: "Wait, son Marko! When I have reached the age of threescore and ten, Milica shall be yours!"

"I shall not look again upon you or upon Milica," exclaimed Marko, "until you will admit that I am the most valiant youth in all Serbia!"

"I will admit, my son!" answered the old man, "but listen to the wise words of old age!"

Marko turned back, threw himself down on a chair behind the table, leaned his head on his arm, and looked inquisitively at his father, as if provoking him to speak.

"You would not dare to take Milica now!"—and then, leaning down to him, he spoke rapidly and in a whisper: "Son Marko! My trusted friends are abroad in Serbia, Bosnia, and Hercegovina, and the peasantry will shortly rise. Son Marko! You must lead them—and perish, if you cannot conquer!"

Marko's eyes sparkled. He jumped up from the table, embraced his old father, and kept him in his arms without a word, without a voice.

* * *

The Serbian land is sad and deserted! You might have taken it for an immense grave, that beautiful land of Serbia, and terrified people, having the appearance of ghosts, walked about that grave. No one bemoaned, no one took pity on that miserable nation, and they themselves scarcely spoke, for they were afraid of treason; but their eyes spoke to each other, and their hands gave mysterious signs.

But there were certain days in the year when no power, no might, could have kept the Serbian people from coming together; those were the holidays and anniversaries.

Even now thousands of people have gathered in the mountains. At the foot of the mountains there stands the ancient monastery of St. John, whose monks had rigorously preserved the rules of their order, and were known among the Serbians for their kindness to their households. It is the day of St. John, the holiday of the monastery's patron, and it is for this that so many people have gathered on the hills about the cloister.

Before the divine service the crowd is scattered among the oaks and beeches, on which are hung the images of the Virgin Mary, St. John, St. Nicholas, and other saints. Under the trees are seated some old men whom age has bereft of their eyesight; their heads are bared, and the breeze plays with the remainder of their gray hair; they hold in their hands the gusla [a musical instrument], and in a clear though tremulous voice they sing heroic songs of beautiful bygone days and of long-forgotten Serbian freedom. The people gather around them in a circle, take off their hats, make the sign of the cross, droop their heads, and in mute silence give vent to their breasts, that the songs of the blind men may have full sway in them. And having listened for a long time, they cover their faces with both their hands, and tears flow from the eyes of the hardened Serbians. Here one pitifully looks upon the wounds that cover the body of his friends; there another pronounces a blessing on the trembling babe in the arm of a saddened mother. 'Tis a sad pilgrimage where not joy, but sorrow, ransacks the human soul.

The largest crowd is gathered near the spreading oak tree. Its branches shade with their pleasing coolness the dried-up earth, and its leaves gambol in the quiet breeze that passes among them, like the hand of the aged rhapsodist on the strings of the gusla, when he strums gentle whispering tones upon them. Under the oak is seated an old man with his gusla. His hair is combed behind his ears like a wreath, for the top of his head is bare. His eyes are turned up toward the sun, for its light will not hurt them. The furrows on his brow and the quiet breathing prove that his hearing is intent on supplementing what his eyes are losing. At his right lies a lyre; and at his left sits, her head bent on her arm and her eyes drooping, a maiden whose bloom of youth has passed and whose face is veiled by sadness. — The people have gathered around him. Men lean on their canes and with sadness look upon Sava Markovič. Women sit on the grass, and bidding their children be quiet, point out to them the maiden Milica. Old Sava is entirely blind. He has lost one son; another has gone over to the Turks, who have driven the old man out of his own house; and now he wanders over the country, guided by his angel, the maiden Milica. Beautiful is the self-sacrifice of the maiden for the old man who cannot help himself!

Old Sava sits among the silent people, who look at him in awe, and tries to make out their doings from their noise. And then he droops his head, takes up the gusla, and sings a song with the accompaniment of his instrument: —

On Kosovo's white field rustles the standard of Czar Lazar. The hearts of Serbian youths are pained when they speak of it.

Kosovo's white field brings sad news to us; there fell into servitude our free race.

You white field of Kosovo! field of our fallen glory, why do you whisper sadly? What woes have you?

And Kosovo answers: "Why should I not be sad? Serbian youths are in fetters! Serbian children have grown mute! They care no longer for freedom, they dream no longer about it. When the foe treads upon them, they are silent. And my heart dries up from pain, and sadness and sorrow creep upon me: will no one wash off the shame of my field with his blood?

"Serbian youth, Serbian child! When will you free your race? When will the dawn shine upon you? When will you wash off my shame?"

LETTERS FROM THE ADRIATIC.

(From the Slovak of Svétozar Hurban-Vajanský.)

I.

Do you remember the moment of our sad parting, when I left you and my dear land? I promised you, brother, a letter from time to time. Here it is, — it took its flight at Dinar's rock; I wrote it with longing for my glorious Slovak land, while resting me under a fig tree from the burning sun.

* * *

Adria stormed, thunders pealed mightily as we embarked. From the sky — a veritable flood, and the people became disturbed; the recruits lost their courage and the officer his head; there was a noise, clatter and cursing, — as always happens when the double-headed eagle [Austria's] flaps his wings. Wet Trieste scornfully laughed at this disorder, and a joyous whistling greeted us from the mole; nay, on Tatra's innocent children here and there descended rotten oranges as on heads of softas, — all on account of the bagging trousers in which the Triestians suspected Turkish sympathizers. Oh, my dear Triestians! You have bad noses: they are not all Magyars who wear bloomers.

On the deck are rivers, and below it is little air; peasant is jammed against peasant as if in a shark's belly. The chains rattle, the anchor rises from the water, and the boat walks out freely on the crest of the waves. *Austria* — such is its name — rocks on the huge billows and whirs its mighty wheels. Never before have I, O Austria dear, wished so sincerely for your steadiness, permanency, and peace as now! Never before, when you made dangerous leaps, did I ask whether your sides were sound!

Oh, how Boreas blows and the old boat shakes. A Magyar from Csaloköz barely breathes for fear; he has forgotten his curses, and does not twist his mustachios, but he floods his gullet with draughts from his leather flask. And the Slovaks make the signs of the cross, and a Jew grows suddenly yellow, poor fellow: he is afraid the sea will swallow him. Fear not, my little Jew, you are our salvation: pure Adria will not stomach kosher [ritually pure] flesh! Fear not, my little Jew, take my word for it: you will cheat many a man yet for

brandy. A lean, boastful German smokes his fine cigar, and, not to catch a cold, wraps his feet in his mantle.

Oh, how Boreas blows, and how the mast creaks and squeaks! But my heart is without fear, for it harbors love. Love carries down mountains, and should I fear a little salt water? I leaned against the rusty gun, and in deep thoughts remembered my wife, oh, my distant wife and my fair children. Then lightnings criss-crossed and lit up the storm; how terribly beautiful you are, foaming Adria, when thunder's torches illuminate you for a moment! The billows, your arms, strive against heaven, seethe and try to pull down its vault. The lightning's gleams went out, darkness walked the waters; beams cracked, — a dull groan arose from the boat. Dull, protracted commands came from the rudder; the waves spirted, and a howling flood washed the deck. Man was knocked against man; the guns were topsy-turvy; then courage and I began to part. . . .

"Hop! — Dear Adria, those are coarse jokes, or do you want to tear Austria to shreds? Or do you want to destroy our rifle-bearing youths? Who will then protect our Bosnia? And who will bring to the walls of Mostar faith, love, hope, swallow-tails, eyeglasses, and culture? And then, O Adria, what Bosnia will lose will bring to you, believe me, not the least advantage: we have grown horribly lean, and our bones are tough, so that sharks will only in vain break their teeth upon us!"

Thus I spoke with fervor, and not without avail, for Adria becalmed herself for a small hour. The recruits found their courage back in this normal weather, but I do not know whether the officer regained his head: I had so many thoughts and sorrows of my own that it is no wonder I have forgotten such a trifle. The stormy night was over, and the end of the journey was reached; on a gentle wave we glided into the Bocca di Cattaro. The gleam of the morning sun was in the east, and brilliantly lit up the summits of Montenegro.

II.

More than one wave has stormily lashed the chalk of this shore since I have written you. I have passed gloomy times: praised be God, they are behind me! From Risano to Budua, at the end of our country, fate and stern duty have taken me through narrow valleys, over windy heights, along steep, ser-

pentine, and rocky roads. But ever, in the stifling heat or blast of wind, in rain or storm, in crowded places and in loneliness, I have dreamt of the fair Slovak land and of the beauty and sweetness of your souls.

In foreign lands the absent son adores his country; and my love, too, burned up for it, but soon went out as I grew mindful of the sadness our stepmother has inured me to. In the discord of my feelings I see what woe it is when the soul, snapped in twain, laments because the Magyar, from fear and spitefulness, has welded the word "country" with that of "fetters," and thus has dragged by force the sacred flame of feelings away from the paternal glebe, and has changed the Slovak land into an accursed pasture for hungry and treacherous monsters. And thus in you alone, brothers dear, I see my home, my family, my land in one, — to you I call my manly greeting, standing on Dinar's rocky height!

You smile, dear brother? Forgive me my passionate excursus: it flashed upon my soul in a heavy moment, when, walking about with my gun, laced in leather straps, and weighed down with a knapsack, I looked from Knezlač on Montenegro.

A thousand needle-pointed summits look there heavenward. Their red-brown sides tower gigantic, like the battlements of Olympus in the near neighborhood of the vault of heaven. Look to the left: a petrified sea in a storm! Valleys and mountains are its stark billows; Dormitor yonder near Montenegro is a ship gleaming with its full-blown sails. You see no shore? I ween the mountains of the whole world are here gathered for a congress.

A Diet of the rocks! In the president's chair Dormitor sublimely stretches his majestic limbs; Lovčen at the door, in intense watchfulness, with rapid eye measures the Bocca di Cattaro; Grahovo writes long protocols of the armies that have crushed their heads against these rocks, when the valley's falcons swung their scimeters in the name of Mother Glory. And at the right, in the distance, Adria's brine seeks heaven's company in sisterly embrace. Death's silence is in the valleys; on the heights and on the water there is not a sign or stir of life, — only yonder over Mount Neguš Nicholas, two free falcons whirl about.

'Tis dead and clear; the sun's zenithal rays brook no shadow even in the narrow vale, and brook no men in the rocky fields: both are driven to the shelter at the water's edge; but we are

scorched, by "order" driven through narrow passes overgrown with thyme.

Waft fragrance to me, O thyme, for I am weary; the gun has chafed my shoulders, so revive the deadened nerves upon my skin, and let not my wife wait in vain for her husband in the deserted home, nor my caroling daughter dry in vain her mother's painful tears.

We came hither to suppress Mahomet, and we are worn out on his borders; my muscles weaken, the sweltering heat makes breathing hard, and the sweat runs down the face in boiling streams. There is no moisture, the tongue cleaves to the hungry palate; the eyes are dimmed, the brain is in a whirl, — and I dream of the fair Slovak land and of the beauty and sweetness of your souls.

III.

An old woman trudges with her cane over a serpentine path above Risano; a soldier meets her, a stranger in dress, but a friend in heart: "The sun burns hot on the blue sky, so be seated, mother, under this pomegranate bush, and tell me how many sons you have!" Mothers gladly talk of their sons, but especially mothers of Hercegovina.

The old woman burst into bitter tears and wrung her old hands: "Wherefore do you ask, soldier, in strange garb; you fill my heart with sorrow! Three sons I bore: the Turks beheaded Stojan when our falcons fought with Muktar Pasha, there in bloody Duga. Yet I weep not for my Stojan, though they tore out his black eyes, though they cut to pieces his white body and threw it out to be a food for mountain wolves. Božko, my second-born son, breathed his last down there at Vučidol, true to our brothers, the Montenegrans. He valiantly cut off the heads of ten Turks, the eleventh mowed him down. I weep not for brave Božko, though they tore out his black eyes, though they cut to pieces his white body, and threw it to be a food for mountain wolves!"

And the old woman wept even more, and even more wrung her old hands.

"Why do you lament, ill-starred mother, since you pride yourself with the deaths of your sons?"

And the weeping mother answered, scarcely able to speak for tears: "For the nation I have born my sons, for the glory

of heroes, and for our fellow-men. If I had twelve fair sons, I should vow them all without tears to our country! But I weep for my son Marko, and shall weep to my black grave: he neither fell in famous Duga, nor returned wounded from Vučidol; he is starving in exile, fed on musty Austrian maize!"

IV.

The sun burns in the blue heavens and scorches Risano's rocks. In the bazar a blind guslar rests in the shade on his wretched plaid. Around him are fair people from the Bocca, and the falcons have flown down from Montenegro's black hills: the Montenegrans, proud as their mountains; the Cattarans, like those mighty oaks; and like maples barred in the fall, the Gravosans, children of free heights. And I, a mere midget, mingle with that free crowd of youths, like a lamb in the herd of youthful bulls.

The gusla is thrummed, the lads stand in a semicircle, and beyond them and all about them a crowd of fair maidens. The guslar began his song: —

"May God grant health and fortune of war above all to Czar Alexander, to his sons and warriors, then to Nicholas of Montenegro, and the Serbian Prince Milan, and to you, fair listeners, for you are all brave fellows!"

Brother, then conscience stung me, and by chance I looked at my bagged trousers; and as I raised my head, my shame-faced eye met the look of a tall Gravosan. But the guslar continued: —

"The brave Hercegovinians were at war, and our Montenegrans were with them. Kamtel is a village on the side of the mountain, and the young eaglets flew out from it, flew out, and rushed upon the Turks; Kamtel held only the deserted wives and maidens. The Turks made a mad attack upon Kamtel, and lo, smoke whirls from our houses. Above Kamtel there was a stone fort; thither the women and the maidens flew, and took with them their babes. The Turks rushed madly at the fort, but the Montenegran guns rang out, and the valiant women warded off the attack. And again the Turks rushed madly and flourished their sharp scimeters; the brave women warded off the attack. For the third time the Turks raged; but the maidens' gentle arms grow weak, and the women's hands are slack, while the foe batters at the gate! 'Woe, woe!'

they cry in the stone fort; 'woe to the women when the Turks make them captive!'

"Up jumped Jela Marunova, fair maiden, black-eyed child, jumped to her light feet, and called out with the voice of a mountain vila: 'Open the gate, sisters, and pour powder on the heads of the enemy: let the faithless Turk see how Montenegran women meet their foe!'

"The gate flew open for the Osmanlis; five hundred Turks rushed into the fort like wolves at night into the fold, like sparrow-hawks among the doves. One seizes the hair of a fair woman, so that a fragrant braid stuck in his hand, a fair braid with inwoven gold; another presses the soft waist of a vila; a third by force kisses pure lips, while another slays the innocent Montenegran babes. Jela Marunova stands alone, fire sparkles in her eyes, a blush of shame on her pale face. With her white hand she puts the torch to it; thunder upon thunder, a heavy cloud of smoke, the Montenegran rocks tremble, tremble to their very bases, tremble in their highest summits, and their sides are covered with flying rocks. Kamtel's fort is in ruins, and over the ruins rises a thick cloud of smoke, but below them lie Slav women and Turks!—Be silent, my maple gusla, you have praised the deeds of many a valiant man; be silent, gusla, Jela Marunova is worth your last sounds; the strings that have glorified her name shall never vibrate with another name!"

Inflamed by his song, the blind man broke his beautiful gusla. The lads stood mute around the old man, and the fair maidens burst out weeping. The eyes of the Montenegrans sparkled, the Gravosans pressed their scimeters with their hands, but I drew a painful sigh: "When will God give us such singers, when will He give us such valiant people?"

Bohemian.

Bohemian is the language of Bohemia and Moravia, and for a long time was also the literary medium of the Slovaks, many of whose authors have published their works partly in Bohemian and partly in Slovak.

The Bohemian literature is the oldest of all the Slavic literatures, for it possesses a not inconsiderable well-developed collection of epic and other songs, dating from the twelfth to the fourteenth century. With the Reformation, beginning early in the fifteenth century with the Hussite movement, the language was enriched by a large prose literature, and that is its golden period. Then, from the seventeenth

to the nineteenth century, we have the darkest epoch of its existence: Bohemian had almost entirely died out.

At the present time Bohemian literature is only second to Polish: in some respects it surpasses not only Polish but many a richer literature; this is particularly true of short stories and humor. Most remarkable is the extremely large number of women authors of the first order.

The best representative of the national novelists of the first half of the century is Tyl. Čech is probably the best prose writer of the second half of the century; he is equally great in poetry, and some place him higher than Vrchlický. Vrchlický is an exceedingly prolific poet: there have appeared more than forty volumes of his poetical works, and a number of prose writings. He is in nothing but language a Bohemian. His poetry, his diction, his conceptions, are universal, and it will not be long before he will be regarded as much a part of the universal literature of Europe as any of the great poets of Germany or any other country.

Čech and Lech.[1]

(From the Bohemian of Josef Kajetán Tyl.)

Do you see that many-colored stream of men majestically winding through the evening landscape? Tell me who it is! — Is it not a warlike throng carrying destruction to restless neighbors? — No, for the din of the war song does not resound among the crowds, nor the clanging of sharp arms; but love songs and gentle conversation and laughter fly through the long rows, and childish prattling is carried by the evening breeze to the ear of the watchful mother. — Then perchance the mass of the people has risen to carry suppliant prayers to consecrated places in a distant country? — No, for in those days the divine light had not yet placed peace-keepers for the wanderers on every crossroad, and the teachings of its apostles were not yet heard by believers. But the people took delight in childish legends about the Creator of the universe, as they had been transmitted to them from father to son; and they humbled themselves before the good and the evil, and shaped their likeness in every land according to their conceptions.

The sun sets before the eyes of the people and behind the high, forest-clad mountains. Rose-colored twilight, kissing the tops of century oaks and pines, descends now with its gentle

[1] Čech is the eponymous hero of Bohemia, and Lech of Poland.

pinions on the undulating plain, and dims the shapes of the countless numbers. And the sounds die in the variegated ranks, and the steps are not heard. But in front of the masses rides, on a silvery white horse, a man with his chosen troop, rests his eyes on the peaceful landscape, and measures the camp whose rear members are lost in the dim distance of the surrounding forests. And his white horse carries him to the foot of a high mountain and there stops, as if it wished to speak to its master with a prophetic voice, "Here it is good to rest!" and the man opens his lips before his numberless followers, and exclaims in a clarion voice, "We will stay here!" And from crowd to crowd and from mouth to mouth flies the loud call, "We will stay here!" until at last it dies in the forest thickness.

A new life animates the innumerable host. The burdens of the day's journey are cast off, and all get ready to rest their wearied limbs in the beautiful evening. The talking and calling increases, as increases the rumbling of the waters in the ocean; and the feeble old man and the vigorous youths are looking for a place of rest on the grass-covered earth. And the men hurry to the wagons and take down the bread and flour; while the women, removing their babes from the breast and giving them into the keeping of the gray-haired men, are busy preparing the evening meal for their families. Here and there flame up merry fires.

The rosy smile of the departing sun was gone. The curtain of dusky evening had fallen over the land, and on the clear vault of heaven the stars looked down on the earth as it was preparing itself for the night's rest. In front, at the foot of the high mountain, there rang out the call, "Let us invoke the gods!" The words flew through the whole camp, and from a hundred and again a hundred throats there arose a pious song over the silently listening valley. And the heavens opened, and with a graceful smile the gods listened to the pious song, and vowed to each other that through the ages they would stand by the god-fearing nation.

The song died down, the masses grew mute, the fires went out, the road-worn limbs stretched out over the soft grass, a cool breeze whispered a good night, — and all was still over the broad expanse. The brilliant moon swam out among a thousand bright lights of heaven. Two men walked on the high mountain. One was strong, with piercing eyes and broad shoulders;

the other delicate, of gentle appearance and slender growth. Both had leather caps on their heads, and underneath them the wind played with their long thick hair. Their dress consisted of broad trousers, and a coat that reached down to their knees and was covered with hides and was alike in shape and color. And their figures and faces showed beyond a doubt that they were both sons of the same mother.

They ascended the mountain without speaking a word, either because they did not wish that they should be heard in the camp, or because they were both merged in thoughts. Half-way up to the summit there extended for many steps a grassy plain, just the place for a tired bosom to rest itself. And the man of broad shoulders stopped, and, turning around, for a few moments surveyed with his clear vision the masses at the foot of the mountain. The moon spread a gentle light over the broad camp, and it was easy for good eyes to discern the many clusters and ranks down to the murky forests.

There were to be seen the bodies of mighty men and vigorous youths and boys. Yonder slept the women, and by their side the gentle-footed maidens. Between the separate groups stood the low wagons with the possessions and daily needs of the travelers, arranged for convenience in several divisions. In the background glistened the arms of men ready for defense against ferocious wild beasts or hostile men. Their ranks extended at the right and left of the camp, but were gathered in main force in front where the standard with the black eagle fluttered in the stillness of the night. Here and there, on either side, were to be seen white and red flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, and there grazed horses or pranced about in the moonlight. Now and then a shepherd was heard, or the barking of the watch-dogs. No other object was stirring, and the country resembled a large picture.

For a long time the two men looked in admiration at this beautiful scene, each with a beating heart and a succession of rapid thoughts. But the face of the weaker was strangely clouded, while the brow of the stronger was radiant with pleasure. Probably different feelings awoke in them at this beautiful sight.

"Brother, who would not rejoice, — heavenly gods, who would not praise you at this sight!" Thus began the man of the clear vision, and reverently raised his eyes up to the sky, and stretched out his hands as if to embrace the whole

world. "Three times thirty days ago our fathers and mothers left our native home, and have since led our footsteps through foreign lands; and there, unharmed, unscathed, like flowers on a spring meadow, lie young and old in the embrace of golden dreams. O heavens, grant them to awaken to a golden life!"

The other did not answer. His blue eyes wandered over the camp as if charmed; the heart within his breast beat stormily. His brother glanced at him, and noticing that a storm was raging within him, for a moment it shrouded his clear brow with a gloom of sadness.

"You are not pleased, brother?" he asked him, gently.

"Why should I not be glad," the other replied with a bitter smile; "for do I not know that I may to-morrow be the leader of all this host?"

"I wish the people would give you their vote," the first spoke softly. "It is not, however, the will of the gods that we should passionately hanker for power, and I am sorry that this worry should for an instant weigh heavy upon your heart."

They turned around and walked up the mountain. The man of gloomy face did not answer, and the other proceeded as follows: —

"Brother, one mother has carried us under her heart, has borne us at the same hour. We have received nourishment from the same breasts, have been brought up with the same care, and have grown up in mutual kindness. Brother, have I not always been a good brother? Do you think that I regard myself as a better man because the people have chosen me in our ancient home for a leader in this our expedition? It was a mere chance that has decided the choice. Both you and I are respected by the wise men of our nation, and we have the same deserts in their eyes. Have I during our long travel shown you by a single word that I regard myself as a master? O brother, speak!"

But his brother did not speak. With bent head and his eyes fixed on the stony path, and with tightly closed lips, he proceeded on his walk. But in the brother of the sparkling eyes the blood began to boil. His brother's stubbornness pained him.

"May the gods forgive you," he said, "for giving food to my sadness! I have faith that with your good, though ambitious, heart you will heed more the words of the gods than those of your brother. So do not murmur against them by

untimely bickering, for you will only sadden me by it, but submit yourself patiently to their decision."

They had reached the summit. In their paternal homes, upon the shores of a distant sea, in a country blessed with fruitfulness, they were the children of a father and mother of glorious renown. But when the hill country was surfeited with men, and neighbors began to press with sanguinary strife upon a peaceable and god-fearing people, and men returned from far-off lands with the report of blessed unoccupied country, the mass of the nation arose and consulted the gods, whether they would be propitious to them and would not be angered if they went out to look for a more favored home than where they had up to then passed the busy days of their lives. The gods gave their willing consent, and the mass of the nation got ready to leave the land of their fathers. The most valiant must be their leader, for everybody must be ruled by its head, — thus judged all the wisest men in the nation. "Let us choose Čech!" said some; "Lech shall lead us!" called out the others: and the disunited people had to have recourse to their gods. And the decision of the gods was as follows: Three times thirty days will be the journey of the nation, and every thirty days a new leader will be chosen by the will of the eternal gods. There are two among the masses of the nation upon whom rests the hand of the gods from eternity to eternity, and both have favor with the masses. And the messenger of the gods will rise over one of them, and he will be announced the leader of the nation, and the whole host shall follow his counsel.

And the people went forth from the home of their fathers, where they had to guard their fields and their flocks against the foreign robbers with the sword in hand; and departing forever from their paternal roofs, they gathered, like the sand on the shore of the ocean, near the banks of a large lake. Thus the gods had decreed. And the priests of the nation invoked the gods, and Čech and Lech stood in fearful expectancy; for upon them rested the hope of the nation, and the will of the gods was to be manifested in them. Both were of valiant spirit, of noble thought, and with devotion to their people they had both led the hosts of their land to victory against the evil neighbors; the hearts of the nation were inclined towards both. And the black eagle, the messenger of the gods, arose over Čech, and Čech was called to be the leader. And it happened likewise

after thirty days and again after thirty days. And even the last thirty days Čech led the host, when they crossed mountains and marched through forests, over rivers and wildernesses, until they came to the high mountain in front of an undulating plain, fringed by dark forests, as the gods had presaged to them.

Do you see those two manly forms on the summit of the high mountain — the one with head raised aloft, the other looking earthward? The twin brothers, Čech and Lech, must, by the will of the nation, pass the night in loneliness and invoke the favor of the gods for the coming morrow. And Čech commends himself to the protection of their mighty pinions, and inclines his head on the bare ground for a rest. But Lech cannot assuage his spirit for prayer. With rapid steps he walks about the mountain, with eyes of anger and sorrow he looks at the bright vault, and then again at his sleeping brother. His eyes are wet with tears.

Blissful dreams surround Čech. He sees a charming valley illuminated by the splendor of heaven. Undying flowers spread a pleasant aroma; sweet nightingales fill the breast with joy. In grassy gardens girls dance under shady lindens; song and praises to the gods are heard on all sides, and all turn their happy faces to him: "Blessed be your race among the nations, and may your name ring through the ages!" Čech extends his hands to the heavens: — he awakes and jumps up from the earth, and sees his brother Lech standing before him, with a pale face and his hand on the hilt of the sword that dangles at his side.

The sun arises behind the murky forests from its bed of mist.

His first smile shines upon the faces of the brothers on the high mountain: but the brothers are afraid of the rose-colored dawn as if it were a torch shining for their destruction. Lech withdraws his hand from the hilt of the sword, and, turning away, covers his face. And Čech, stung to the quick, puts his hands over Lech and turns his suppliant eyes to the sky, and thereupon they wander over the country below him. And he sees the grassy meadows and shady groves, and the shining river and sparkling brooks; he sees luxuriance all around him, and the enlivened camp, and he calls out joyfully: "Good gods, grant us to build our homes here!"

And from below, at the foot of the high mountain, there rises to his ear a wondrous cry. Perhaps it is the good omen of

the gods, the unanimous will of the people! Lech is all aflame, his soft eyes now burn, his face glows. "Have you decided?" his lip trembled, — and he and his brother walked down the mountain with rapid step.

Beneath them the rumbling noise grew louder and louder, and the groups were astir. The din of a thousand voices passes through the many-colored crowd and ascends the mountain. And Čech is afraid that the confused noise is a sign of disagreement among his nation; and Lech takes courage, thinking that the confused noise portends the strength of his partisans. And when they came down, they found the people in an uproar. "The gods give no longer any omen, because Čech is to remain as leader!" cried some. "The gods have not sent their messenger, because Čech is to be no longer the leader!" cried the others. In vain did the old men of the nation counsel peace, in vain did the priests threaten with the anger of the gods. Swords glistened in their hands, and the women filled the broad expanse with cries.

"Long live Čech!" — "Long live Lech!" went forth the cry when the brothers reached the plain; and Lech at once went among his friends, while Čech stood aloof with a saddened countenance.

"Welcome, Lech!" — "Long live our leader Čech!" was again the cry, and the arms glistened in the hands of the contending parties.

"Wait!" called out Čech, with a loud, piercing voice. "Wait! Whither does the untimely eagerness lead you? — What was the counsel of the gods when we greeted the sun for the last time in the country of our fathers? Unity and Love, Slav people! — You have sworn Unity and Love. To what deeds are you now stirred? You see, you have drawn your swords against your own brothers! Do you imagine you have done so to my delight and for my advantage? Oh, I would rather oppose my own breast to your arms that your eyes may be opened by my blood."

"Those are not the words of a Slav leader," spoke silver-haired Ratibor. "My eyes have seen the earth arrayed ninety times in its spring garment, and my lips have always spoken of love as the gods have inspired me, and my counsel has always prevailed. So I say also to-day: a boat must be guided by a boatman of experienced and strong arms, and expert oarsmen must help him at the oars; so, too, a nation must be ruled by

after thirty days and again after thirty days. And even the last thirty days Čech led the host, when they crossed mountains and marched through forests, over rivers and wildernesses, until they came to the high mountain in front of an undulating plain, fringed by dark forests, as the gods had presaged to them.

Do you see those two manly forms on the summit of the high mountain — the one with head raised aloft, the other looking earthward? The twin brothers, Čech and Lech, must, by the will of the nation, pass the night in loneliness and invoke the favor of the gods for the coming morrow. And Čech commends himself to the protection of their mighty pinions, and inclines his head on the bare ground for a rest. But Lech cannot assuage his spirit for prayer. With rapid steps he walks about the mountain, with eyes of anger and sorrow he looks at the bright vault, and then again at his sleeping brother. His eyes are wet with tears.

Blissful dreams surround Čech. He sees a charming valley illuminated by the splendor of heaven. Undying flowers spread a pleasant aroma; sweet nightingales fill the breast with joy. In grassy gardens girls dance under shady lindens; song and praises to the gods are heard on all sides, and all turn their happy faces to him: "Blessed be your race among the nations, and may your name ring through the ages!" Čech extends his hands to the heavens: — he awakes and jumps up from the earth, and sees his brother Lech standing before him, with a pale face and his hand on the hilt of the sword that dangles at his side.

The sun arises behind the murky forests from its bed of mist.

His first smile shines upon the faces of the brothers on the high mountain; but the brothers are afraid of the rose-colored dawn as if it were a torch shining for their destruction. Lech withdraws his hand from the hilt of the sword, and, turning away, covers his face. And Čech, stung to the quick, puts his hands over Lech and turns his suppliant eyes to the sky, and thereupon they wander over the country below him. And he sees the grassy meadows and shady groves, and the shining river and sparkling brooks; he sees luxuriance all around him, and the enlivened camps and he calls out joyfully: "Good gods, grant us to build our homes here!"

And from below, at the foot of the high mountain, there rises to his ear a wondrous cry. Perhaps it is the good omen of

the gods, the unanimous will of the people! Lech is all aflame, his soft eyes now burn, his face glows. "Have you decided?" his lip trembled, — and he and his brother walked down the mountain with rapid step.

Beneath them the rumbling noise grew louder and louder, and the groups were astir. The din of a thousand voices passes through the many-colored crowd and ascends the mountain. And Čech is afraid that the confused noise is a sign of disagreement among his nation; and Lech takes courage, thinking that the confused noise portends the strength of his partisans. And when they came down, they found the people in an uproar. "The gods give no longer any omen, because Čech is to remain as leader!" cried some. "The gods have not sent their messenger, because Čech is to be no longer the leader!" cried the others. In vain did the old men of the nation counsel peace, in vain did the priests threaten with the anger of the gods. Swords glistened in their hands, and the women filled the broad expanse with cries.

"Long live Čech!" — "Long live Lech!" went forth the cry when the brothers reached the plain; and Lech at once went among his friends, while Čech stood aloof with a saddened countenance.

"Welcome, Lech!" — "Long live our leader Čech!" was again the cry, and the arms glistened in the hands of the contending parties.

"Wait!" called out Čech, with a loud, piercing voice. "Wait! Whither does the untimely eagerness lead you? — What was the counsel of the gods when we greeted the sun for the last time in the country of our fathers? Unity and Love, Slav people! — You have sworn Unity and Love. To what deeds are you now stirred? You see, you have drawn your swords against your own brothers! Do you imagine you have done so to my delight and for my advantage? Oh, I would rather oppose my own breast to your arms that your eyes may be opened by my blood."

"Those are not the words of a Slav leader," spoke silver-haired Ratibor. "My eyes have seen the earth arrayed ninety times in its spring garment, and my lips have always spoken of love as the gods have inspired me, and my counsel has always prevailed. So I say also to-day: a boat must be guided by a boatman of experienced and strong arms, and expert oarsmen must help him at the oars; so, too, a nation must be ruled by

a sagacious chief, while wise men of the nation aid him with their counsels. But he who can boast of the confidence of the people, and whom the gods have endowed with ability, dares not decline that confidence nor make light of the gifts of the gods."

"But we have faith in Lech," was the cry in another group, "and the gods have given clear proof of their will."

"Yes, they give proof!" called out Father Vitoň, the highest priest, and he spoke with such a clear and resonant voice that his words were louder than the din of the arms which both sides were making. He spoke, and he stretched out his arms, lifted up his hands, and with upturned eyes looked at the clouds. The crowds around him eagerly followed his look, and behold! above them, in the lofty height and gleaming in the rising sun, two eagles met in combat. And the host stood with bated breath, and the people remained motionless and voiceless in devout awe.

The mighty birds of prey are met in combat! It is a bloody battle, a strife for life and death; they madly flap their wings and furiously strike with their beaks. Now they swoop down, now they hover over Čech and Lech, — and the hearts beat stronger in the host near the high mountain. Now they have separated. One whirls around over the head of Čech, and then with his powerful pinions wings his flight to the mountain. The other hovers over Lech, emits strange sounds, and flies over the forests eastward.

"The gods are merciful and love their people!" now spoke in a loud voice the priest Vitoň, who had up till then looked at the sky in rapture. He called out, and the mass of believers inclined their pious ears to his words. "'There shall be no discord among a nation of the same fathers,' so say the gods. 'Great is the country where the nation can worship us in peace, and where brother will not lay hands on brother.' The two eagles did not agree on one rock; but rock towers after rock, and one eagle has flown to a distant rock, and the other will build his nest near by. And even thus the gods speak with good omens of the twin brothers Čech and Lech. And the two brothers, on whose loins rests the strength of the nation, will be governed by their voices."

The priest called, and the people called after him, with far-reaching voice: "The gods are merciful, the gods are wise!" Joy lit up the eyes of Lech, and his face was aflame

Sledge Riding in Lithuania.

Photogravure from the Painting by Von Wierusz-Kowalski.

with happiness. He weeps, and falls on his brother's neck. His friends, in numberless array, take each other's hands, and rejoice at the good omen of the gods. But the gray heads among the host incline in sorrow, — the gods are powerful, and it behooves men to submit to their will.

Čech's face is covered with gloom. — "To divide," he says, "and separate the scions of one stem? To split the strength?" — But he grew silent, in order not to sadden his brother nor anger the gods. And the people walk to the summit of the high mountain, to look at the land promised by the gods, and then the host prepares for a farther advance. Wonderful to see is the camp in motion, and joy and tears agitate the host. And they divide; for some stay with Čech, and others, fearing the gods, go on a distant journey with Lech.

Behold, the many-colored throng on the ridges and at the side of the high mountain turn their tearful eyes to the murky forests, and through the shadows of the dark forest winds the troop of wanderers after Lech! And as they disappear in the darkness, they burn dry wood; and the smoke rises above the tops of rustling oaks and bears greeting to the host at the summit.

They placed Čech upon a high throne and spread out stuffs on the ground, and gray-haired men and youths with long flowing locks inclined their heads before him, while girls strewed flowers around him, and the lips of all exclaimed, "Take mercy on us, lord!" And he swore solemnly to care for the nation, and he sat upon his throne, and announced his will to the people, and judged and administered the law. About the mountain, and as far as the eye could reach, the host scattered and divided into new shires, according to families, and a new life began in a new country. Sky-reaching pines were felled, and spacious halls were hewn with the sharp ax, and under the radiant surface the plow tore open the fertile glebe, and fat flocks grazed over it. In their new dwellings they prepared wool and flax for all their needs. And Čech watched with sleepless eye over the mass of the nation; for they had gone out from their blessed abode to look for new land, and they must not be wronged who had remained behind the distant mountains, behind forests, and rivers.

And messengers came back from all sides, and joyous messages came with them. Some said, "A wealth of fish-teeming

rivers runs through fat meadows." Others announced, "In deep forests runs an abundance of game good to eat." Others spoke, "By the aid of the gods there grows an abundance of corn in fair valleys." And others again brought bars of silver, while some reported about human habitations which they had found in places formerly occupied by foreign tribes. And at last came those who had ventured away farthest beyond dense forests, and they brought with them human beings clad in hides of beasts, wild of look and with disheveled hair. And they told that there, beyond the dense mountains, they had found living in rocky caves and forest huts dumb[1] people, who neither tilled the soil nor herded flocks, and knew no comforts such as the Slavic people enjoyed. And they had taken great pity on the dumb people, — though they were not really dumb, but spoke in a strange language the Slavs did not understand, — and let off with many a gift those who came to their hospitable threshold. They taught them the ways of men and manners pleasing to the gods, and were in every way kind to the Dumb, even when they began to repay them the good with evil.

And the nation praised Čech, for the gods had led them through him to the promised land, and in grateful memory they called their country the land of Čech, and themselves Čechs. And thus it happened in the sixth century, which is counted from that day when eternal love had descended from above in the shape of a man. As other nations had done before, so in that century the widespread, glorious nation of the Slavs occupied with armed hand the unworked, tributeless lands, from the Baltic Sea to the Black Sea, along the rivers Dnieper, Elba, Danube, and Save ; and soon there bloomed thereupon the flowers of the Slavic spirit, given from eternity to industry and rest, — the spirit of eternal love.

The destiny of a nation is a picture of generative and destructive nature, of an eternal rise and fall. The past of the Čech people is buried in impenetrable depths, and the deeper the eye looks, the more indistinct its picture. The chronicles speak with love of its past.

[1] The Bohemian word for "German" is derived from an adjective meaning "dumb."

The Madman.

(From the Bohemian of Svatopluk Čech.)

The beginnings of a physician's practice are hard! The young doctor of medicine, Stanislav Horlivý, could have written a big book about this matter, and, forsooth, he had more than enough time on hand for it. He had settled down in the country seat of L—— just about the same time as the young lawyer Pravoslav Záloha; and there Dr. Záloha was already complaining of the lack of time and the length of visits, so that he had to enter into partnership with another skillful lawyer; while Dr. Horlivý, on the contrary, do what he may, did not manage to get a single decent patient, in spite of his colleague in town being an old, half blind, and deaf man. And yet he had his head crammed full of knowledge, and his safes and boxes full of all kinds of saws, lancets, and pincers, sparkling bright so that it was joy to look at them; yet not one of the philistines of L—— had done him the honor of testing upon himself their virgin sharpness. It was the philanthropic wish of the young doctor that all the inhabitants of the town should suddenly fall ill with every possible disease, for he would then have a chance of curing them in a trice. But they rushed by his windows as well as fish in water, and looked, so it seemed to him, scornfully at the beautiful plate with its gilt lapidary letters which he had nailed to his door. And if there ever was an ailing person among them, he dragged his poor body past this plate up to the dwelling of his more fortunate colleague, in order to give up his hardened soul in that man's hands.

Such tantalizing suffering of young physicians has been the subject of many a curious writer, and so I shall gladly pass to the incident of which I want to tell you.

Dr. Horlivý once looked out with real disgust upon the fat townspeople who trudged through the nasty, slushy snow, wadded with flannels, wrapped in furs, immense top-boots, with pieces of cotton in their ears; and the red thread of his thoughts was "The devil take you!" And the more he looked at their round faces, reddened by the frost, the more gloomily his eyebrows appeared under his despairingly tilted fez, and the thicker were the clouds of disgust that he sent forth into the street from his long pipe.

Suddenly he blew away the smoke from his lips, rearranged the slipping fez, and fixed his sparkling eyes in intent expectancy upon the street. A private sleigh of odd shape announced itself by its tinkling bells, and in its furious run sent flying a mixture of mud and snow that bespattered the torn collars of the horses. On the box sat a broad-shouldered peasant in a dirty sheepskin, with a broad red face, wearing on his head a rough hair-like cap whose red tufts so resembled his red hair that it was really impossible to tell where the one ended and the other began. The inside of the sleigh was covered with a heap of shaggy blankets, which, together with a pair of high felt boots, waited temptingly for the future passenger.

Dr. Horlivý was about to grasp nervously with his teeth the cold mouthpiece of his pipe, and to puff away his bland hope in a ring of smoke, when that sleigh stopped almost under his window; and the coachman, indicating with the butt of his whip the line between his cap and his hair, yelled out to the peddler woman that was standing near the door: —

"Where does here live that new doctor?"

Dr. Horlivý came very near thundering out the answer himself, but it just occurred to him in time that he would impair his dignity by it. The wary matron herself answered: "The new doctor? — Right here, in the first story."

In the twinkling of an eye the fez was on the bed and the pipe in the corner. The doctor pulled down his vest, buttoned the coat on one button, and smoothed with the palm of his hand his black hair and his mustaches. (In this place I might whisper to you that the doctor was a very fine-looking fellow.) Then he placed himself opposite the door, in a manner he had studied up in its minutest details for just such an occasion during his leisure hours, and God knows he had enough of them. One hand rested on the table, on which the various tweezers, lancets, and saws were enticingly arranged: the other hand lay on his breast, whence the bright gem of his ring finger must at once strike the eye of a person entering the room. His brow was slightly arched, and underneath it, his brilliant eyes glowed dignified and gentle in expectation of his first patient. If death itself had entered at that moment, it would have chattered its teeth in terror before that picture of calm doctorial self-consciousness.

Without were heard clattering steps and a knock at the door, and the coachman stepped in with an unintelligible greet-

ing. The fellow was a veritable mountain. To complete the simile, I shall add that his face was like a moon (of course a ruddy moon) rising above that mountain in its greatest fullness. Over all was enthroned a self-conscious stupidity, with a slight breath of craftiness.

"What do you wish?" Horlivý asked gently.

"I have come for the doctor."

"From where?"

"From Bešin."

"Who sent you?"

"I come from the estate."

Having gotten along so far in his inquiry, the doctor stopped for a moment in his diagnosis. He tried to refresh his memory in regard to the Bešin proprietor; but there was little he could think of. He knew that his name was Drtina, and he had heard people tell all kinds of things about him, but the details had passed out of his mind. The only cumulative result of all these forgotten stories was his conception of the Bešin proprietor as a queer kind of a man.

"So you are from Mr. Drtina?" he proceeded in his examination.

"Yes; from the estate. I had just unhitched the wagon, and was thinking of taking a bit of rest. Then there ran down from upstairs the young miss, with eyes all in tears, and said, 'Vojt, hitch up the new sleigh, and go to town for the doctor; but for that new doctor, — you understand?' I shook my head and thought to myself: 'The devil take all your tribulation; now it's from the wagon to the sleigh, and now from the sleigh to the wagon.'"

"And what is the matter with your master?"

Instead of an answer, the coachman rolled his eyes on the speaker, as if he had not understood the question. Dr. Horlivý then asked again, "What has happened to your master?"

Vojt rubbed his thick forehead for a while, moved his hand, and called out: "Well, something has happened to him! He has something up here, and its pretty bad!" He pointed with a finger to his low brow, and his white teeth grinned with a fierce smile.

"What?" the doctor called out quickly. "He has lost his mind?"

"Yes, lost it, doctor, clean lost it. It's God's will. He snapped a new whip to-day over my head."

"Then he is raving?"

"I should say he is! Yesterday and to-day he has been doing nothing all day but curse, so it would make your hair stand up. They had one continuous thunderstorm up there. The poor miss suffered like a martyr. Door after door kept slamming so the windows trembled, and the cries could be heard in the village. At times he ran out into the yard, flew from one corner to another, raised his closed hands to the sky, called on all the spirits of hell; and then he would stop and stick his finger to his forehead and make funny faces; — it is just a comedy!"

The doctor could no longer keep from expressing his disgust at the coarse way in which the clodhopper told of his master's misfortune. "I do not see anything funny in that!" he said, with a stern look at the grinning countryman. "You ought rather to pity your unfortunate master. You understand? — Fix the seat in the sleigh, I'll come out right away."

Vojt took the doctor's upbraiding in evident amazement. He opened his mouth, stared with a blank expression, shook his head several times, and shrugged his shoulders. He looked once more at the doctor, as he opened the door, and shook his head.

Dr. Horlivý stood a moment in thought, then opened a safe and took out a strait-jacket. He was provided with everything.

Shortly after, the sleigh bells rang over a white, wintry country. From time to time the coachman turned his head to the doctor, and after each turning shook it for a while. Dr. Horlivý sat in a chaos of covers, in a shaggy fur, and fell to deep musing. The first real patient, — a madman! It was not exactly what he wanted. The class of mental diseases demands special experience, more than any other, and he had none at all. He tried to recall a few of the stories he had heard about the Bešin proprietor, that they might serve him for Ariadne's thread in the labyrinth of his beclouded mind; but he could not, in spite of all the efforts of his mind, think of a single one. He had no desire to enter into a conversation about it with the coarse peasant. "The young lady will give me the most reliable account!" he concluded. Then he gave himself to strange dreaming. In the whizzing air around the flying sleigh, teemed gray, fantastically shaped figures, with ugly faces whose crooked features contracted and expanded into terrible forms, and whose eyes shone wildly in their deep hollow caverns. The horses'

bells sounded to him as their hoarse, mad laughter. — Suddenly these forms disappeared and melted away, and before him swam out the beautiful, gentle vision of a girl, with her head sadly drooping and a sparkling tear on her pale face, dressed in a black, somber garment that contrasted sweetly with the bright, snowy whiteness. Let the doctor have his fancies, — he is a young, free man!

When they reached Bešin, the doctor shook off his thoughts, and turned to Vojt with the question, "Is your master a strong man?"

The coachman looked with new wonderment at the questioner, and said after a while, "Not very. I could throw him down with my little finger."

"Good! We may have to get him down by force. You stay behind the door when I go in to see him, and come in when I call for help."

Vojt rolled his eyes to the top of his head. "Maybe you won't," he stammered, "maybe it's a joke."

"People don't joke about such serious matters. As I say, I may have to use force on him. So I want you to be ready for this extreme need. But I shall first speak to the young lady."

It was quite a while before the coachman collected himself from his fright, and rearranged his disheveled thoughts in his red head. He scratched himself behind his ear, hemmed and hawed, turned back to look at the doctor, and shook his head. Finally he thought of the whip which had been discharged over the weakest part of his mighty anatomy; and under the influence of that recollection, he decided to do the doctor's will, come what might. With this in mind he clacked his whip to the horses.

When they drove into the yard, the coachman pointed with his finger to the building, and leaned down to the sleigh with the remark: "There he stands!"

Dr. Horlivý looked in the direction pointed to, and saw there a lean, tall man, in a hunter's dress, who was strangely fighting the air with his arms. His peculiarly shaped head, with its hair cut almost to the skin except for a lock of long gray hair which ran down to a point over his forehead, his deep-set, malignantly shining eyes, his shaggy, mustacheless face, his jerking and twitching eyebrows and lips, — all that, taken together, had no small resemblance to the picture that the

doctor had formed of his first patient in his mind's eye from the description of the coachman.

The Bešin proprietor greeted his peasant from the distance with a storm of titles, among which "rascal" and "rogue" were really names of honor. When the sleigh stopped in front of the veranda, his left hand called forth a burning pain on Vojt's red locks, while with his right he pressed the doctor's hand so heartily that the latter almost cried out with pain. At the same time his lips sent forth a double stream of curses and greetings that mixed in a variety of ways, and now and then evidently changed its direction. In the same breath he swore at the coachman, telling him to hand the whip that he might break it over his skull again, and thanked the doctor for taking the trouble of coming to see him. "I have sworn," he added, as he pointed two fingers to heaven, "that my shadow even shall not stay in this Sodom and Gomorrah!" And he suddenly turned all his attention to the bits of mud that were hanging around the sleigh, and he did not hide his intention of going and hanging himself if God did not free him from such godless help.

Listening to these incoherent and confused outbursts of madness, and seeing the twitching and jerking of the muscles of the face with which Mr. Drtina accompanied them, Dr. Horlivý came to the conclusion that his patient belonged to the finest species of madman that ever caricatured God's blessed image on earth. At the same time he marveled that his patient should have been expecting him; but he concluded that they had persuaded him he was ill with some other disease.

When the doctor had peeled himself out of his coverings and fur, Drtina buried the bony fingers of his enormous hand in his shoulders and dragged him upstairs to his room. Thus was made naught the doctor's hope that he should be able to have beforehand a talk with the young lady as to the condition of the deranged man. He had barely time with a knowing look to remind Vojt of his promise, and Vojt gave him a grin of understanding with a decided shake of his head.

When Dr. Horlivý found himself in the room of his patient, he looked around with curiosity. The hapless spirit of his patient with all its crotchets was impressed on the space which was, so the doctor thought, the principal scene of his eccentricities. And he was not mistaken. It was a true lair of a mad-

man: on the bare white walls there hung, like rare oases in the wilderness, a small calendar and a couple of old-fashioned pistols; on the table, on the chairs, and in the background on the enormous bed with its rolled-up curtains, lay in disorder and tied with strings, bundles of paper that had turned yellow and had been well gnawed by mice. A fourth of the floor was occupied by an immense map that was spread out over it, and that was adorned with large pins stuck in here and there and flying many-colored little flags.

Before Dr. Horlivý was able to arrange in his head the series of guesses which this appearance had produced in him, his patient pulled him to the map, and pointing to it with his lean finger, he hissed out with a nervous laughter: "Here you have the whole trouble! Do you see the willow over yonder to the right of the river, and the pin near by? There I am. Ten years full of aggravation, talking, traveling, and writing to all corners of the world, scribbling to make my back smart, — and there I am as if accursed and bewitched, near those willows by that pin! I can't get away from the spot, not a hair's-breadth away. May the lightning strike it all! And they over there, on the other side, those cheats, thieves, robbers, perjurers, get the best of me: they laugh at me, — well, I ask you, is that justice? Oh, if I had them here, those pot-bellied monsters — those arch — " And he gnashed his teeth.

Dr. Horlivý had in the meantime gotten hold of his hand, and taking out the watch, he began to feel his pulse.

When the madman noticed what the doctor was about, he rapidly withdrew his hand, looked at him with wondering eyes, and yelled out: "What are you up to? What are you feeling my hand for?"

"You are ill, Mr. Drtina," Dr. Horlivý answered gently, "very ill."

"I — ill?" the Bešin proprietor called out in terror. "You say I am ill? By what do you judge it, sir? Hm, ill? Maybe. The devil would get ill from this eternal trouble and worry. Believe me, they are thinking day and night how to cause me aggravation; they are using their combined energy to deprive me of my reputation, my honor, my all. They are baiting me like a stag in a magnate's chase, and they will not give in a moment until they will see me torn and crushed at their feet. And that is all on account of that pot-

bellied burgomaster, may a million devils of hell quarrel for his black soul after his death!"

Dr. Horlivý learned from these wild remarks what was the fixed idea that formed the kernel of Drtina's mental ailment. Many insane persons are tormented by the thought that some one pursues them continually, surrounds them with terrors, and is ready to pounce upon them and destroy them. In the brain of the Bešin proprietor the work of such a persecution was carried on by a whole worthy community, with the burgomaster at their head. The doctor thought it proper to fall in with that fixed idea, and so he remarked kindly: "But, Mr. Drtina, you are wronging them! As far as I know the townsmen, there is not such a malicious man among them."

The patient jumped up as if a snake had hissed out under his feet. The lock on his forehead bobbed up wildly, his eyes were full of fire, and from his strangely twisted lips escaped the cry: "Oh, you are in company with them! You are a link in that rascally chain with which they are choking me! You are also a member in that great conspiracy! I declare all the doctors are on their side, according to the motto: Stick together! It's a shame!" He clinched his fists, gnashed his teeth, and flew like one possessed around the room.

Dr. Horlivý saw that words would be of no avail. So he took refuge in another means. He put his hand on the bosom of his heavy overcoat, and began soothingly: "Mr. Drtina, you are truly very ill. And there is such a draught here. Let me put on this jacket."

He did not finish. Flattery was evidently the weakest part of the doctor.

The moment Drtina caught sight of that very uncomfortable jacket, which is only useful for crazy humanity, he bellowed out, like a Spanish bull in the arena at the sight of red cloth. "What!" he yelled with a foaming mouth. "You dare to treat me like a madman, and that, too, in my own house? There is the door, you see? Or wait a moment, I'll show you the draught that will send you a-flying together with your jacket." And he laid his hands on the rusty pistols on the wall.

The last words of the patient died away in an unintelligible whisper; but Dr. Horlivý understood from his movements what the direction of the promised draught would be, and he would have preferred to be outside. But just then the door

opened, and the red-haired giant entered with a crafty smile on his face and his sleeves rolled up for work. He had been standing in the corridor according to the doctor's command, and he had decided, from the master's yells, that the critical moment had come.

In a jiffy Dr. Horlivý was behind his accomplice, and from his safe position he urged him on to the attack. "Take away the pistol from him!" he added, with strategical sagacity. But the warlike peasant, finding himself face to face with his raging master, lost his courage. He turned half back and whispered: "You must do him no harm, doctor! For he will kick me out, or he will turn me over to the criminal court!"

"I shall not harm a hair of his! We are both working for his best. He can't kick you out or take you to the court. On the contrary, you will be rewarded for what you do!" were the words with which the doctor met his objections.

"Well, you must know that better than I," whispered Vojt, and advanced boldly, while the doctor modestly kept his coign of vantage.

In the meantime Drtina had seized the pistols, and brandishing one in each hand, turned around towards the doctor at the door. But suddenly seeing Vojt, he stopped for a moment and cried out: "Say, Vojt, kick that man out of doors! Kick him, I beg you, or there will be trouble!"

This kind request tangled up the peasant's thoughts. Turning half towards the doctor, he ran his eyes from him to his master, rolling up his sleeves all the time. He evidently considered on whom he had better test his bodily strength.

Fortunately the doctor's ticklish position between the rolled-up sleeves and loaded pistols did not last very long. He was taken out of it by Mr. Drtina himself, who bellowed out to the vacillating peasant: "Well, stupid! Are you afraid of him? Or are you waiting for another whipping?"

This new threat turned the peasant's dull comprehension to take sides against his master. In a twinkle of the eye both pistols lay on the floor, — by the way, they were not loaded, — and Mr. Drtina lay near them. A furious struggle took place on the ground. The insane patient fought with all his might against the philanthropic jacket that the doctor tried to get on him with the help of his accomplice. And he finally succeeded. The affray so impaired the doctor's judgment that when the

patient kept on calling out, "Robbers, murderers, devils!" and Vojt, holding a cloth in his hands, looked interrogatively at him, he nodded consent, whereupon the peasant thoroughly gagged his master. Then the doctor told him to take the helpless victim that was tossing about and wildly rolling his eyes, and to put him on the big bed.

Hardly had the curtains been drawn, when the door opened and in came a slender, fine-looking young lady, dressed in mourning. She looked about her with her reddened eyes, from which two tears fell down her pale face, and asked modestly: "What is the matter here? And where is father?"

Then she noticed the doctor. She quickly dried her tears, and smoothed her blonde hair on her temples.

Dr. Horlivý beckoned to Vojt to withdraw (which he did with the malicious face of an accomplished evil deed), and walked towards the gentle visitor with the proud consciousness of duty well performed, and with the still prouder consciousness that only a few moments ago he had risked his life in the performance of his duty.

But she did not receive him in a manner he had expected from a daughter of his unfortunate patient. She looked at him almost with a smile, when he said, "First of all, permit me, madam, to put a few questions to you in regard to your father's former occupation and manner of life."

"Ah, that would be too detailed a *species facti*," she answered sarcastically.

The doctor stood for a moment in dumb terror. At first sight her quiet, dove-like beauty, her gentle eyes, behind whose blueness he had imagined a seraph, had charmed him, — and yet, what a lie that all was! He saw now in her a girl without a heart, that can jest without a sense of shame in regard to her father's terrible affliction. And she had had tears in her eyes.

"I did not know, madam," he remarked sharply, "that the condition of your father interests you so little. Or have you no confidence in me?"

"I do not know you, doctor, but your predecessor has evoked in me a suspicion of your whole vocation. Just see how many years he has dragged on this unfortunate affair. He has been doing nothing but sending bills yards long, and what has been the result of it all?"

"Oh, your father has had a doctor before me?"

"Yes. My father had a boundless faith in him, until at last the thread of his patience broke. He heard that you had an extensive practice," — Dr. Horlivý blushed slightly, — "and so he sent for you."

"You must not judge the whole profession by one individual. Ours is an elevated calling, and has in view the good of humanity. In our case there is but one thing to do: send your father to an insane asylum."

The young lady stepped back, her eyes glistened, her pale face burnt with a dark blush. Oh, how beautiful she was in her noble anger! "Sir!" she cried out, "I permit no one to speak thus of my unfortunate father in my presence."

"But, madam — "

"I should never have expected from you such lack of consideration. If you recognized the hopelessness of the litigation, you could have at least spared me that contemptuous remark, and you might have used your eloquence in persuading him to settle the matter at once. I do not dare to tell him a word about it. For this piece of land that he has been litigating with the town, he has sacrificed nearly his whole possessions and nearly ten years of quiet life. He has lived without joy, in a continuous fever, a burden to himself and to all his surroundings. He has not gone to see people, and he has not been to town all this time; he has lived like a prisoner over this map and over these papers. And he has not shown me a pleasant face, but has always scolded me, and I verily believe this has brought my poor mother to an untimely grave — " She could not finish her words for tears.

It suddenly became clear in the doctor's head. He now remembered that all the stories about the Bešin proprietor had all some reference to the famous lawsuit against the city, and he thought of Dr. Záloha. He saw it all clearly. His first patient vanished like a mere soap-bubble. "Madam," he said after a while, with a blushing face and trembling voice, "a great mistake has been made. I am not a doctor of laws."

"Oh!" she called out in astonishment, "you are not Dr. Záloha?"

"No, I am the doctor of medicine, Stanislav Horlivý. The coachman came for the new doctor, and I have been only a short time in L——."

After this explanation he went to the bed, — where, strange to say, the patient had kept himself quiet during all that time,

— took off the cloth from his mouth, and freed him from the strait-jacket. "You have no doubt heard, Mr. Drtina," he said to him, contritely, "that there has been made a great mistake."

"Thanks for such a mistake!" he bellowed out; and jumping from his bed, took a few rapid steps over the room, bending and stretching his free arms, while his eyebrows assumed a threatening shape. Then he suddenly stopped in front of the doctor, and burst out in such an unrestrained stormy laugh that it convulsed even the doctor, and the young lady's face cleared up.

Dr. Horlivý had to stay in Bešin for supper. When they were seated by a warm fire, and the slender glasses of punch were clinked, Mr. Drtina called out with a merry smile: "To your health, doctor! You have done to-day a remarkable piece of work. If I had only sent for you and your jacket several years ago — "

Late at night the sleigh flew from Bešin to L——. Vojt was lost in deep meditation; he was trying hard to make any sense of the occurrences of the day. His master had ordered him to keep eternal silence on the matter, as if any one would believe him if he told this marvelous story. Dr. Horlivý looked out of his fur coat on the glimmering snow, and his powerful imagination evolved out of it a beautiful dream; he saw a white church, and within there were many, many lights. The bells of the horses sounded like the bells of the ministrants, and he himself walked to the altar by the side of a slender, beautiful bride, white and gentle as the dove, with blue eyes and blond hair. And the old women whispered to each other, "What a fine fellow, and what a big practice he has!"

If I am not mistaken, the doctor's dream was fulfilled, but that is another matter.

From "The Old Master of Domašice."

(From the Bohemian of Ferdinand Schulz.)

In the meanwhile, the parson, Hořinský, walked toward Domašice, to the old gentleman, Mr. Kajetán Zeman. Beyond the orchard he entered the forest, which lay on a gentle elevation, and extended some three-quarters of an hour's walk toward Domašice. It was a mixed forest: oaks, beeches, horn trees, birches, pines, and firs, of various ages, with an undergrowth of

field maple, hazel, and juniper, formed in places an impenetrable thicket.

Two roads led from Borovany to Domašice. The shorter one, through a ravine, was cut through an avenue of larches; the longer one ran along the brook, or rather, across the brook that sprang about three hours away in the bordering hill, and meandered between thick and tall alders, and hurried over grassy meadows along the woods of Domašice to the mill in the Slavetin grove. After heavy rains, or when the thaw began, the parson preferred to go to Domašice through the ravine; for the brook carried then much water from the higher parts of the forest, and, crossing and recrossing the path almost at every hundred steps, completely drowned it.

The clergyman walked slowly up-hill on the longer path. After the long drouth, only a slender ray of water threaded its way over the black earth and under the bare and torn roots of the alders, and only a leaf swimming on its surface indicated that it was flowing at all.

The parson, with a feeling of unspeakable joy, bent his uncovered head under the leafy branches of the maple and hazel bushes which pushed forward into the path, forming a low vault over him, and wafting to him a gentle coolness. In the tops of old oaks and firs, that towered into the clear azure sky, now alone, now in groups, a warm breeze softly whispered its tales. The small birds of the woods had already finished their midday sleep, and were alive all around, above and below: here scared from the grass or some low branch by the black figure of the parson; there, farther away from the path, cutting the golden beams of the sun in their wavy flight under the thick green cover, and flitting, now in the light, now in the shade, after some fly or bright beetle. The nightingale and cuckoo grew silent long before: chasing a gnat near the brook, the nightingale suddenly stopped, straightened its slender throat, and fixed its large, dark, confiding eyes on the quiet walker; the cuckoo was continually hopping about in its green abode and watching on all sides, and, without waiting for the parson to come near, flew away to the green tops beyond. Blue finches, green linnets, mocking-birds, and others of the singing craft, stood at a distance near the brook, or flitted about while singing; a dove was cooing far away, while on the highest crest of the thickly wooded hill overlooking the landscape a thrush uttered its majestic trills.

The songs of the birds reëchoed in the heart of the parson. Right often he had been here in the last twelve years, for a yearning for nature's sacred loneliness had brought him hither at all the seasons of the year. He had watched the opening of the buds, and the increase of the leafage; he knew in what order the trees bloomed, knew where the shadiest arbors were, and could tell each leaf when its luxuriant green ought to begin to grow yellow and red, and when it would fall. Not one new birdling ever settled near the brook between Borovany and Domašice of whom Parson Hořinský did not know, and the school children of Borovany did not dare lay their rude hands on any song-birds. And when, in the fall of the year, the woods began to grow silent, and finally grew entirely mute, the parson knew what songster had ceased singing or had flown away.

The forest was to the parson a second church: here his most beautiful and impressive sermons had their origin; from here he carried to his abode a spirit of rest; to the school, love for the younger generation; to the confessional, balm for human weaknesses; to the pulpit, inspiration for the weal of his flock; to the deathbed, consolation for the much-tried, and support for the despairing; his humanity and divinity sprung from there.

It was for that reason he walked through it so slowly now. It was a very sultry day; but such a freshness and gentle fragrance pervaded the whole forest, that it seemed to him he had never before passed such glorious moments. He stopped and looked through the thick tangle above to the pure blue vault, and he drew a deep breath in order to fill his lungs with the whole sweetness of the forest with which he was to part to-day.

He had passed many a bend of the brook's course, but had neither met nor perceived a single human soul. Only far behind him he heard the soft voices of the Borovany children, who were somewhere in the woods gathering blueberries.

The forest path once more crossed the brook, and from the alders' shades burst into a long meadow overgrown with thick grass, and on all sides surrounded by centennial oaks. In the upper left corner of this charming retreat there stood a saw-mill on high piles, and beyond it a high, strong dam enclosed a fish-pond. Below the saw-mill there were stacks of boards and piles of slats, and a little farther down lay heaps of kindling. The logs were lying on the dam.

The saw-mill was not working to-day. The sluices were closed, and from the high trough there fell down a slender stream that shone white in the sun glow, and escaping behind the motionless wheel and over a deep-washed gutter scattered over big stones. The sun strewed its golden rays into this superb retreat.

The parson approached the saw-mill in a sandy gully between the high grass. A few ravens flew up from the dam, rustled their heavy black wings in the air, and settled on the near-by oaks.

"What has frightened you?" there was heard a sweet feminine voice from the nearest stack of boards; and before it had died away in the stillness, the form of a girl appeared on the upper edge of the stack.

On a tawny face a red blush; down a tightly fitting red jacket whose broad white sleeves reached to the elbows, two black braids; a plaited skirt down to the ankles and of one color with the jacket; her folded hands hanging down, — so she stood on the pile of boards, and rapidly moved her head to the right and left to see what it was that had scared away her friends, the ravens, on a summer Sunday afternoon. But scarcely did she espy the parson, when she climbed down the boards with light steps, and approaching him seized his hands and kissed them.

"You are again here alone, Frantina?" the parson asked her as she raised her eyes to him: "where is grandfather?"

"He has not yet come back from the consecration," said the girl, modestly stepping behind the clergyman.

"Must you wait for him here? We could walk together to Domašice," continued the parson.

"I like to be here, particularly on a Sunday, when nobody passes this way and the saw is not running. And then I have to wait here for grandfather."

"Have you seen the old master this afternoon?"

"No, I stayed in the kitchen. Mrs. Tervezka waited to-day at his table, and she told me that the old gentleman did not have a good appetite, did not speak much, and that he went away gloomy from the room."

"I saw your grandfather at the consecration; he has been twice to-day to Borovany."

"In the morning he carried some flowers to the graves; the master ordered him to."

"Frantina," — the parson turned to the girl on the dam, took her hand, and put all his heart into his words, — "never forget the grave under the wild rose bush behind the sacristy, in which your poor mother is sleeping. Never go away from the church without kneeling before it in fervent prayer; for that place ought to be the dearest to you on earth. If anything should befall you, you know that I shall not be far away, and that you can confide everything to me as to your own father."

She blushed to her very brow, and then the blood left her face, and big tears stood in her dark eyes, and the parson felt her hand getting cold in his; Frantina bowed deeply before him, ran down the dam like a deer, and disappeared under the saw-mill and among the stacks of boards.

The parson looked awhile in her direction with a sympathetic eye, and noticing the old sawmiller Štěpan as he stepped from the lower part of the woods on the meadow, called out in a loud voice: —

"Frantina, here is your grandfather! I shall walk slowly ahead, so you can catch up with me." And he walked toward Domašice.

The road ascended a gentle slope and wound through a young birch growth. Bunches of fresh green juniper leaves shone through between the white-barked birches that were thinning out more and more, and ran down almost to the very reeds on the shore of the pond.

From that part of the road was the most beautiful view on the whole wood-covered vale. Towards the left, in the direction of Borovany, there stretched out a mixed forest of fair growth; above it towered here and there the spreading crowns of centenarian oaks; and between it a black row of alder tops indicated the winding brook below them. On the other side, beyond the pond, the mighty trunks of firs rose on a steep elevation, and its dark tops towered over the forest like a wall. In the middle of the green meadow glimmered the surface of the water, among high willows and the reed-grass; and upon it islands of white and yellow water-roses and pond-lilies, among whose broad dark green leaves numberless water-hens marked white furrows. At the right, where the pond had its beginning from a brook that ran through a heath, above a low group of plants, there stood out in the blue of the sky the white façade of a long building, with its red roof and small tower, whose

Bohemian.

cupola sparkled like a flame through the forest, over fields and meadows, for a long distance around.

Parson Hořinský directed his steps to that building. That was Domašice, the seat of the old gentleman who, together with the count of the neighboring Slavetin, was the patron of the church at Borovany.

The sun was still shining warm when the clergyman passed through the low gate into the yard of the castle of Domašice. He looked around to see whether Frantina had followed him. But she was not there.

He directed his steps at once to the long one-story building, and looked at the small latticed windows in the middle. Though the awning was let down over the one window which was filled with flowers, yet he could see through it the tall stature of a man moving toward the door.

That was the old master, as they called in Domašice and in the neighborhood, Mr. Kajetán Zeman.

Harut and Marut.

(From the Bohemian of Jaroslav Vrchlický.)

When Solomon had conquered all satans and jinns, when he had counted the stars of heaven and had searched through the depths of the ocean, the wise queen of Saba, who was struck dumb before him, in her gentle parting from him whispered in his ear, "You know all, O king! Before you God and devil stand alike, yet you know not the tree of life that towers there where once was Babel. In that tree are hid two banished angels: they know the true essence of life, and its fount and purpose. The one, clad in night, is called Harut; the other, flaming in light, is his brother Marut. Both stood nigh as Jahve created the worlds, as His lips breathed over the clay whence man arose. At first the Lord intended to create a higher being, before whom thrones and princes were to bend in awe; man was to be the first after Him, His son, a real scion of God, — was to have the sun for a diadem and the moon for his footstool. The Master breathed into the clay, and it began to move, and under His breath love stirred in the slimy chaos. God spoke to the spirits: Kneel down, for I shall surpass myself! but Harut and Marut began to laugh so that all around them trembled. And when Jahve breathed, Harut breathed,

"Shut up! You don't understand anything about it. I have just given up a few parcels that were no good to me. Don't bother about my farm! I know what to do myself!"

"No, you don't know! You aren't in a condition to look after your affairs with wisdom and foresight. Your heart is hardened against us, you only listen to your drinking companions. We at home kill ourselves with work, but you sit there and drink, and day and night mix those hellish liquors. Your wife and children suffer at home, but you bathe your companions in wine."

"Who do I bathe in wine?"

"You do, you do! I don't run after you, and don't inquire what you are doing, but people bring me the news to the house, and I can't keep them from doing so."

"Well, how long before you will be through with your litanies? Go ahead and say all you have in your heart. I don't mind listening to-day, and I don't know how I might feel about it another time."

"Who else will tell you, if not I? I must, even though it will do no good. At least I will unburden my heart. You have lost all shame, you drown yourself in wine. Last Sunday night you were drenching your companions' bellies with wine at Dragar's, and then they dragged you out of the house and left you dead drunk in the gutter. And yet you went back there yesterday, and to-day you have been down there again. But you have as much shame as a wolf has fear."

That was too much for him. However, he did not answer her, either because he knew well it was all true that his wife told him, or because he did not feel like talking with a dry throat. He only mumbled about women's poisonous tongues, and walked off through the fields and down a path to the "Woods."

It would be telling an untruth to assert that his wife's talk did not sting him. At times, especially at night when he could not sleep, his conscience had been uneasy and had spoken to him just as his wife had done. And there came to him moments when he recognized that he did not do right, and that he would have to mend his ways. The will, the honest will, to improve was often there; but the flesh was weak and could in no way withstand the temptations. And when he again sat down to the wine, all good intentions were smothered in him.

Blaž Čerin had been years before the richest peasant at Visoki Kolk; and even at the time our story speaks of he was counted, as regards his property, among the better class of peasants. He had inherited from his father an unincumbered farm with beautiful forests. Far around no one had such meadows and such fine herds. As long as the old man lived, everything went well; but after the father's death, things began to look differently. He went frequently to the neighboring town, — at first, it is true, on business which he had in the government offices, later without any cause whatsoever. There a hungry and thirsty crowd from the lowest order of society began to gather round the well-to-do and liberal Čerin. They ate, drank, and gambled through the nights, and the bill was generally footed by Čerin — or rather Baron Čerin, for thus those leeches had called the peasant, who was flattered with the attentions of the common people who clung to him. Čerin had so much land that he could hunt upon it, but he never thought of it any more than his father. Now his company persuaded him to rent even more land from the commune, and a jolly time began for the townspeople. On Sundays and holidays the shooting was heard as if in war times. In truth, the hunters never shot much game, but they filled themselves with food, and especially with drink. And Baron Čerin paid for it all. All the inns in the valley knew him and his thirsty company of hunters. It often happened that the Baron did not have the "emperor's coin" with him, but what of that? The innkeepers knew how to write, and they liked to write, especially since the Baron did not watch their fingers closely, nor could he have kept everything in his head, even though he had a pretty good memory. These innkeepers were good people, and did not press Čerin for the pay. They waited until the bill was large, and even then the debtor did not need to pay cash. The kind-hearted gentlemen took timber instead of money. That suited Čerin well, for he did not need to work, and they cut it themselves and took it out of the forest. In cutting it, now and then one of those honest men made a mistake, but never to his disadvantage. And thus there came a time when all the sawmills in the valley were sawing Čerin's logs.

One day he came by chance into his forest on the Slemen hill where the innkeepers were cutting his timber. He was perplexed when he saw the devastation that those timber fiends were causing there. He sat down on the stump of a pine and

held his head. His heart boiled, he could not collect his thoughts. They had done him damage, much damage. But how much each one had done him, he did not know. And he could not sue them if he wanted to; for he did not remember how many pines he had allowed each one to cut. His conscience arose against him and said to him, "It is your own fault, your own." He threatened and swore that he would take all the innkeepers to court, but he went no further than the threat. However, that day did Čerin some good. He put a stop to the hunting diversion. When, on the next Sunday, his hunting company called on him, he met them, not as usually with a gun over his shoulders, but with a stick in his hands, and he drove the hungry gentlemen off with ugly curses.

Nobody was more rejoiced at that than Čerin's wife. She thought that that indicated a complete change in her husband's life, and for some time it really looked as if he had mended his ways. But she found out very soon that she was mistaken. Čerin could not exist without wine and without friends. He found both at Dragar's in the "Woods"; first the wine, and the friends came by themselves. Dragar was an innkeeper in the valley, whom Čerin had for some reason avoided, and who had therefore taken the least advantage of him. And so he clung to him now the more persistently. After him came soon two peasants, who almost quit attending to their farms; then a sawmiller on whom the police kept a close watch, as they suspected him of complicity with some Italian counterfeiters of our coin; and at last an ex-scribe who had lost his job, and now wrote all kinds of petitions for the people in exchange for money and wine. They called him "doctor."

Those were Dragar's constant guests. At times other wine-flies flitted around them, particularly when Čerin was in spirits. Then anybody could get a drink from him who could entertain him. And Dragar was profited by it most. Čerin had generally no money about him, and if he had it, he did not pay for his wine with it. He no longer gave away his pine, but Dragar and the "doctor" persuaded him that he had too much land to do him any good; that if he gave away a few of his smaller pieces, he would be able to attend better to the rest. And thus Dragar, who had bought, a few years before, a little land for a house in the "Woods," now obtained from Čerin a little garden, and now a little meadow, and in the summer another, and so forth.

As Čerin was now walking down the field towards the "Woods," he was not thinking of his sand-drifted meadow, but he was casting about in his mind where he might get some money with which to clothe himself and the family. There was no truth in what he had just told his wife about Strgulčev Ivanec. He had not even spoken to him, and besides, he did not have any money for the leather. Where to get it? From the butcher or from Dragar? The butcher would loan it to him, but he had already driven off that year so many head of his cattle, that his heart failed him to call on that man again. So there was left only Dragar.

Just then he noticed in front of him an old, stooping man who was slowly walking up the hill, bending over his cane. That was his neighbor Wolf, a man of the old stamp and of old honesty. He had been his father's best friend and had been his own godfather. That man was Čerin's bad conscience. He did not speak much, only uttered a word here and there, and looked strangely at him with his small gray eyes. It seemed to Čerin that the old man looked straight through him to the bottom of his heart, and every word of his burnt him like a live coal; that is why he always avoided him in the open. When he noticed the man in front of him, he did not think twice, but turned aside and jumped into the ditch, in which there ran some shallow water. There he waited for the old man to pass by. But the quick though old eye had seen him, and as he trudged by him, he called out loud: "Bow wow! the wolf is coming, the hares are running; the wolf is coming, the hares are running!" Čerin was a little ashamed, and he was glad that the old man had proceeded on his way and did not stop to bother him longer.

There were no guests yet at Dragar's, which pleased Čerin very much: it would be so much easier to talk to him. But the otherwise talkative Čerin could not get a word out of his throat. At last he burst out with the request for eighty florins. Dragar was quite deaf to his prayer; yes, he was willing to give him all the wine he wanted, but no cash, for he had to pay for the wine himself. Čerin was not accustomed to hear such words from innkeepers, so he looked somewhat incredulously at Dragar and shook his head; but Dragar was stubborn and did not pay any attention to him. Čerin hung his head, looked dispirited, and angrily fingered his empty beaker. And the wine did not taste good to him to-day. In good time there

entered the "doctor," who looked now at Čerin, now at Dragar, and knew at once what was up between them. He undertook to mediate, and before another half-hour he softened Dragar so that he promised fifty florins, to which he soon added another ten. But he gave them only on condition that in consideration of the debt and the consumed but unpaid wine, Čerin would right away give a written statement that he gave as security his meadow in the "Woods"; which would become Dragar's property if he did not redeem it in two years. During that time, Dragar was to mow the meadow in lieu of interest.

At first the conditions appeared to Čerin very hard; but when Dragar put before him six imperial images, he picked them up and put them in his pocket for fear he might change his mind. He sent for Strgulčev Ivanec, whom one did not have to call twice to the inn. He came, but everything seemed to have conspired to-day against Čerin; for the shoemaker told him that he could not do the work so soon, as he had enough for four hands to do. But when Čerin ordered a mug of red wine for the thirsty leather-scraper, he weakened and gave his word of honor that Čerin and his family would get their shoes by Palm Sunday.

The sawmiller did not come that evening, so there was no gaming. The remaining minor friends were quiet and discouraged when they saw that Čerin was not in spirits. He got up befuddled from Dragar's wine, and wended his way homewards. Never before had such a thing happened to him.

Dark night had descended upon earth when Čerin reached home. The farm hand and the maid were with the cattle in the stable. The house was dark; only in the side room there was a light. They had not been waiting for him in that room, for the door was locked, and the mother with her two children were praying aloud. Čerin stopped for a moment and listened, thinking to go away after a while, when his wife's words reached his ears: "Let us now say the Lord's Prayer for father, that God may grant him health and may lead him on the right path." And the children prayed with trembling voices for their father. That fell heavily on his heart. The soft voices of the innocent children stirred him more than an eloquent denunciation of a thundering orator could have done; it touched him to the quick. He wanted to step into the room, to press his wife and children to his heart, and to tell them that God had heard their prayer, and that he was already on the

right road. But a certain bashfulness and feeling of shame tripped him, and he went out of the room and sought his bed. But he could not fall asleep. He thought over his past life, which he had wasted so foolishly and indolently, and so fatally for his dear children and the treasure of a wife. And contrition, burning contrition, filled his soul. If his present thoughts will not again evaporate like the morning dew in the sun, Čerin is standing on the crossway.

The Peasant's Death.

(From the Slovenian of Janko Kersnik.)

Old Planjavec was still a sturdy man, although he had been farming more than thirty years on his beautiful, extensive possessions. His life had run as runs the life of the great majority if not all of the peasant farmers: in his childhood "half weeping, half laughing"; later in his youth, he worked just as much as was necessary; on church holidays and market days a little more wine in his head, in the evenings a little loafing and a little fighting. Then came marriage and his own estate, and together with them, troubles, and ever more and more work; on a Sunday or holiday evening a full bottle and empty glass wanders from hand to hand, and through the night all is forgotten in sleep, — all jollity, all hoarse singing, all playfulness, and work is again here, and worry about crops and property. Thus came old age and the desire for rest. He had a grown-up son; he was moving in the second phase of that circle which all the peasants on Planjava run from the cradle to the grave: on church holidays he goes to dances and drinks wine, and he has already had a few fights, and that he runs after girls is a matter of course. They are now on the lookout for a bride and wife for this son; and the old man will take a rest, at first behind the broad and warm stove, and soon, very soon after, outside in the cold garden near the neighboring church of St. Mark.

We said that old Planjavec was a sturdy man; that is the reason why it did not occur to him to turn over his possessions to one of his three sons, or, as is the custom on Planjava, to take a son-in-law to his house, for he had a marriageable daughter. The old man wanted to work and worry himself as long as his strength held out. But there was something

that made him at times angry and thoughtful: he was troubled from childhood with dizziness, which did not affect him often, but of which he was never sure, neither at home, nor at church, nor when he was loading hay on the wagon, nor when he was crossing a narrow plank over the brook. He would then get a fit of epilepsy; which indeed did not happen often, but, as we said, he was never sure of himself.

"I'll either be killed or drowned!" he would say at times, and yet, in spite of it, he would coolly proceed to cross over the plank or to climb on the roof when it needed repairing. "I can't escape my fate!" he used to console himself with that fatalism which is so common among the peasants.

It was in the autumn when old Planjavec noticed again, for the third time in two days, the naked girders on the thatched roof of his house.

"It must be re-covered and patched up!" he said. He took from the shelf near the window a crooked knife, and told his son Anton to get a few bundles of rye straw. Then he went up a hill to a hedge that crossed the meadow, and where there grew among blackberry bushes some young white birches. Under the bushes and on the red marl there lay a heap of dry ferns. The old man collected them, crushed them somewhat, placed them in a small depression at the edge of the meadow, covered them with some dry pine and fir twigs that he gathered a little higher up in the hedge, and set the ferns on fire. Soon a flame burst out of the pile, and Planjavec kept putting on more twigs, and a thick white smoke from the smothered pine was carried down into the vale. Then the old man took the knife and cut the birch bushes with it, cleaned the withes one by one, and threw them down in a heap near the fire. When he saw that he had enough, he picked them up one by one, held them over the fire, and wound them into rings. He was everything in his house: farmer, joiner, wheelwright, and thatcher. At night he meant to cover the bare spots on the roof, and he needed the birch withes with which to tie the straw to the slats.

He was almost through with the rings, and he looked down toward the house to see whether Anton had gotten the bundles ready. He bent over the fire, while with his right hand he was twisting a tough birch withe around his hands.

Suddenly he grew dizzy. "A-a-a-ah!" he cried out, and with an unconscious impulse he turned away from the fire;

but he got only to the edge of the burning heap, and again he tried to pull himself away.

He was seized by a fit of epilepsy. He fell face downward, his body twisted a little toward the right, and his hands extended before him as if in praying. Both arms were in the fire, on the hot coals; but he did not feel anything, and if he did, he did not have enough strength to pull them back. He was dreadfully contorted and lost his consciousness.

At the same time Anton, having brought the straw to the roof, looked up toward the hedge and saw his father's fall. Crying out loud, he ran up-hill, followed by his sister and the maid, and drew the father out of the flames. Then the farm hand came up, — the other two sons were not at home, — and they carried the old man to the house and placed him upon the bed. Mother Planjavec wanted to help, but she felt too weak. Then one counseled this, and another that, but the arms were so badly burnt that nobody dared to touch them.

"Put sorrel and buckwheat flour around it!" was the farm-hand's advice.

In a calamity every advice is good. They did so, and put cold water on the old man's head, and he soon came to. He groaned terribly from the frightful pain.

They sent for the priest and the doctor. The priest came first and then the other. The old man could not even cry, and grew more and more apathetic. He made his confession, and when the doctor bandaged his arms as best he could, he lay quietly on his back; and only when his pain became intolerable, there issued from his breast a hoarse "Uh-uh-uh!"

Before going away, the doctor stopped for a moment on the hall steps, and Anton paid him his fee.

"I do not know whether there is much chance for your father! I rather think he will not outlive it!" said the physician, and shrugged his shoulders. At these words the daughter sobbed out loud, but Anton did not change his face nor utter a word.

It was late in the evening when the whole family gathered around the father's bed. There were also present a few neighbors.

"A misfortune, it is a misfortune!" said Češek, and shook his head. "You will die, Planjavec, you will die! Nobody can cure that fit."

"That's what the doctor said!" confirmed Anton.

The old man heard all this discussion, but it was not terrible to him. On the contrary, it sounded to him like a consolation.

"Uh-uh-uh!" he groaned, but that was only an expression of his bodily pain.

Mother Planjavec was sitting on the bench near the stove, but she no longer wept; only the daughter sobbed from time to time. The mother whispered something into Češek's ear.

A little later Češek again opened his lips.

"Planjavec, would it not be better to send for some men? You know it is best to settle things as is proper."

The old man looked at him with dull eyes.

"What do you say?" he asked.

That was his first question, his first conversation, since the priest had gone.

"Oh, — let us send for some men, — to get your will!" called out Češek, and tried to smile. "Just so, — it's nothing, it's nothing!" he added slowly; but nobody knew what was nothing, or what the neighbor meant by that speech.

"Who do you want?" asked Anton, when his father did not answer.

"Češek is here," said the sick man after a while: "well, then Bunček."

"There has to be one more," Češek insisted, for he was experienced in such things.

Planjavec thought for a while.

"What about Kodre?"

Planjavec shook his head in silence.

"He is an old woman," spoke out the daughter.

"Well, then, Martinkovec?"

The sick man nodded assent, and half an hour later the three neighbors sat in the room. They filled and lighted their pipes.

"Oh, oh, oh!" Martinkovec kept on sighing, and "He'll die, he'll die," Češek repeated aloud.

"How do you feel, Planjavec?" asked Bunček.

"Uh-uh-uh!" he said, and placed his head sideways, towards the wall.

Of all his family, only Mother Planjavec remained in the room. The children and servants went out to attend each one to some work.

A few moments it was quiet in the room, only from the clock near the door came the monotonous "Tick, tick, tick."

The sick man was the first to speak.

"The land is to be all Anton's," he said slowly and with pauses, "the others are to get eight hundred each, and Micika — board and bed, and coffer when she gets married."

"That is, the trousseau?" asked Češek.

"No, only bed and coffer!"

Then all were again silent.

"And you may bury me with two carriages."

"And for the holy mass?" asked Bunček.

"Hundred florins for the Roman mass, and to the church here fifty florins.

"And for the wake?" Martinkovec spoke out.

"You may celebrate a wake."

"But say, how much?" insisted Martinkovec, who was swallowing the spittle at the thought of eating and drinking at the wake.

"Leave it to him, he will know!" retorted the sick man, speaking distinctly, though with interruptions.

They were all silent, although they had still something on their minds.

And when none of the neighbors uttered a word, Mother Planjavec spoke out from behind the stove: —

"What for me?"

"To mother her dower in the land, and her sustenance until death, and — room, and — her dresses —"

"And nothing else?" the old woman whimpered; "is that what I have been working for like a mule all my life?"

She burst out in a loud cry.

"So did I!" Planjavec sighed.

"In my old age they will drive me out of the house! That's what I have earned!" she sobbed.

But not one of the men had any feeling for her sorrow.

"What about debts?" said Češek; "are there any debts?"

"Everybody knows about them!" murmured the sick man. "To the church three hundred florins, to Juretov Pavl for leather fifteen florins, and to Gostinčar four and a half florins for drinks!"

The neighbors nodded: they all knew about the church debt, and not about the other two; but they were sure that was all, for Planjavec was a careful man.

"So nothing more for me?" the wife repeated her question.

"He will have enough to pay out!" murmured Planjavec. "Where shall he take it from?"

"That's my pay! I shall have to go a-begging —"

"Uh-uh-uh," the old man cried out aloud.

Micika, his daughter, stepped into the room, and soon after the others came; they knew the will was made.

Planjavec looked again at the wall. A chill passed over him, at first only lightly, then stronger and stronger, so that the bed shook,

"I am dying!" he spoke suddenly aloud, and made a cramp-like effort to raise himself.

"A candle, a candle!" cried the maid. "Pray, pray!" ordered Bunček, and Mother Planjavec began to pray aloud. All kneeled on the floor; only Anton knelt on the bench near the stove. Before they had recited a few Lord's Prayers for the faithful souls in Purgatory, Planjavec passed through all earthly woes and sufferings. The women began to weep aloud, and the men went away.

* * *

Anton's family lives now on Planjava: hard-hearted and soft, austere and gentle, strong and ailing, avaricious and liberal, kind and mean, — according to how you look at them. But when these people die, — I have seen them die, — they are not afraid of death!

LIGHTS.

(From the Slovenian of Anton Funtek.)

I.

In God's lofty temple there burns an undying light. Its murky glimmer flickers on the golden altar, glistens on the marble statues of the saints, is reflected from the images on the walls. Through the arched windows the moon streams in with its pale rays. Mysterious shadows arise in the silent space in which hovers the spirit of eternity — holiness pervades the divine edifice. The sounds of stormy life do not fill this peace, but this peace nurtures life, unending life. Whatever seethes without, whatever stirs and torments human hearts, is brought by humanity into this holy silence: its ardent desires

are uttered here in fervent prayers, and sorrow and bliss are united in one. . . . .

The undying light has looked upon many a generation. Generation after generation have arisen before it, generation after generation have perished before it and have been laid to rest. And when the present generation will die, another will pray before it. . . . . Poverty in patched garments, riches in flowing silk robes, kneel on stone slabs; pale, ailing forms, on whose brows life has impressed its indelible seal, — bright, clear faces here look heavenwards; parched lips implore aid, burning lips whisper the same. . . . . Before the undying light closes the lifeless eye, glistens the living vision; shriveled, trembling hands, and soft, gentle hands are clasped here. . . . . And all the various wishes which during the day have agitated the fragrant air, all the joy and sorrow which appeals to the heavenly Father — all unite here in nocturnal peace, and awful voices are awakened in the dusky halls. . . . . The undying light shines restfully among them; it knows the story of the human heart, the history of the human race, and the stories are always the same, and the history is ever the same. Out of the dark feelings that bedim the heart flames the bright salvation that heaven has placed in the human soul, and golden beams shine forth from murky history. . . . . Let the lights burn up what is not noble in the soul; may hatred melt in the warm rays of universal love, without which brother betrays and slays brother! . . . .

In the human heart glows the eternal light which was lit in the first man, and did not go out even in the stormy centuries that have raged around it, and which will burn until the last pulse-beat has stopped. . . . .

Burn then, live, take strength, undying light of universal love, that burnest on the altar of the heart, that livest by the oil of immortal examples, of noble poetry!

II.

A bright winter night. Long shadows rise in the city streets where life has quieted down; but the windows gleam in the moon that pours its beams upon them. A light mist envelops the city as if with a transparent veil. The icy snow on the roofs sparkles in the moonshine. The strokes of the tower clock sound clear in the bright atmosphere, and the night

watchman calls out loud the midnight hour. The lights are out, the city is asleep. . . . .

Fortunately there are but few who hear the clock! The body is tired, the spirit craves rest. Woe to him who can hear it, at whose door tribulation and want knock even at night!

See, there above glimmers a light in a wretched mansard room. Without cessation a parched white hand draws her sharp needle through the white linen. Bent in two, a wretched female creature is seated at a low table, — how her eyes smart, how her hands are cramped! Her head droops, her hand falls down, — if she only could drop her work at once, and strengthen her wearied body in the bed, she is sure that rest would give her strength for a whole week. . . . . What a sharp wind blows through the small windows on which bloom frost flowers, what an icy breath passes through the poorly heated space! She can barely hold the needle, barely keep from falling on the floor and falling asleep, perchance for ever. Oh, what does that wretched girl know of a happy life that the world has in store for her more fortunate sisters? What impossible fairy tales do the stories tell her, that speak of fair halls, fabulous wealth, sorrowless enjoyment! . . . . Her hall is a somber room; her wealth, those wretched possessions that are encompassed by four bare walls; her enjoyment, work, abject poverty! How happy she is when she can leave her narrow abode for two hours at a time! Sunday is her Lord's day, her day of rest, and with light joy she then mixes among the people dressed in their holiday attire, takes in the fresh air with which to strengthen her weak lungs, and looks at the world like a child at painted dolls. . . . . She does not perceive how this and that eye sympathetically surveys her slender body, her pale face, her red-ringed eyes, — she is so happy, so happy that sorrow cannot enter her soul. In these moments she takes delight in the wealth of others as if it were her wealth. She envies no one, and only a gentle thought passes through her mind, how happy she would be if only a small part of the riches of others belonged to her! And she cannot at all understand how there can be people who are never satisfied, but with greedy hands reach out for greater riches. . . . Only a small part, only enough to keep her from working nights! She really likes work; in daytime, when the sunbeams pour friendly-wise in to her garret, it is pleasant to work, and at times songs burst from her lips; but at nights, when the last noise has died

below, when the moon shines through her small windows, loneliness overcomes her, and she would like to sob aloud. Many an expensive garment she has sewn has been watered by her tears, — but she quickly wiped them off, when in such weak moments they fell on the property of others. . . . . Burning tears from burning eyes! . . . . No, she dares not weep, for she knows that it weakens her eyes when they are filled with tears. And her eyes are weak, half the time there is a mist before them, so that she cannot see well; she knows full well that she has to bend down to her work to see it, and who knows, the day may come when the light of her eyes will entirely go out, and impenetrable darkness will be all around her. . . . . Eternal night! Woe to the moment when the golden sunbeam would strike in vain her extinguished eye! Merciful God, not that! If such a thing were possible, she would suffer and work twice as much, only not eternal night! As long as she sees, she can live; but if she grows blind, she might as well die. Oh, how fervently she prays when the sounds of the bell strike her ear, how earnestly she implores heaven to strengthen her in this her hard life, how devoutly she begs for spiritual and corporal light! . . . . The miserable candle on the table from time to time flickers up in a bright flame, and when she stops for a moment from her work, it seems to her that she sees in the flame a malicious ugly face; it seems to her that she hears in the light an evil voice that tells her a terrible story of lost eyesight, of eternal blindness. . . . . Her body trembles, monstrous shadows rise before her. . . . .

God, take her! Send her death, but let not the light die in her dim eyes!

III.

Wind, snow. . . . . Night came soon, and fifteen minutes later the lights were lit in the high city houses, pervaded by a gentle, soothing warmth; and lights glitter in the numberless shops where the Christmas goods are laid out, though they flicker but gloomily in the street lamps. Wrapped in warm clothes, people hurry over the city, snowflakes fall thick upon them, the wind blows unmercifully into their faces and penetrates through their warm wrappings to their bodies. But within their hearts it is so warm on that evening, and such a blissful softness has taken possession of them, and such a holi-

window, and who sees her to-night? The people that rush by her this evening have their own thoughts, are preparing in their minds the coming festivity, — enough, no one cares to look upon these gloomy creatures to whom the holy eve is not welcome! Oh, who knows how bad that is, and who of all these happy people would understand the question that forces itself upon them on that day! Why thus, and why not otherwise? And if I suffer, why must that unfortunate boy suffer also? A sinful thought, but who will cast the first stone upon the wretched woman whose knees totter from inward weakness? And why did it happen so that she has buried the one who had supported the small family, who had lived by honest but hard work? But was it right that it should be so? Step forward, you who will cast the first stone!

"Let us go!" her voice is heard again, and her cold hand gently presses her dear child. And the child hears, and bitter tears flow down his face. . . . . One more look at the brilliant splendor, — the dream is gone! Oh, what a sharp wind, how it cuts the face! How strong it blows here in the corner! — Home, home, from the bright place to the dark house! In those houses lights are burning — the Christ-child will soon enter into the well-lit rooms, — woe to you, child! And woe to everybody who cannot be happy on the holy eve! . . . .

IV.

The marriage altar, bridegroom, and bride. . . . . The priest has united the hands, the oath has welded the hearts. A golden ring sparkles on the hand, pure happiness in the eyes. The lights burn merrily, the spirit of God hovers in a blessing; the bride stands with inclined head, and solemn feelings move her heart. . . . .

The fateful moment has come, so awful and yet so happy! The door of girlish liberty is closed; from the sorrowless world of youth she has stepped into a life full of tribulation, and yet full of joy. Hail to you, bride! As if it were yesterday, you remember the moment when you first looked upon him who is to be the companion of your future days; indescribable joy then filled your soul, but the solemnity of the minute consecrates it now, and a gentle tear trembles in your eye. Why should you not look back, why should you not now look forward? The peaceful home in which you have grown up has embraced

them in a loud voice, the same voice with which he had heard the officer command his company! And there glitters a bright helmet, — with what pleasure he would put it on his head! With what pride he would gird that crooked sword with its gold tassel and strut before his submissive company! And how he would fire from that gun, so that it would be heard over his whole room, his house, over the city, and the whole world! .... Oh, and that green pine tree, on which the candles shine so bright, — there he sees before him a real Christmas tree, such as he has never seen before. .... But in the high houses there will burn to-night lights on trees, and gilded nuts, red apples, and other beautiful things whose names he does not at all know, — all that will hang and sparkle to-night on green boughs. And bright-eyed children, just such children as he is, only more fortunate and happier, will stand around the tree and shout for joy, and with tears accept the gifts. Is it true, is it true that these proud houses hold such splendor? For in his house, darkness and the sharp breath of the wintry wind will pierce the badly fitted windows, and will find its way under his bed cover, so that his miserable body will shake with cold! .... If he could have only one, only the smallest, part of that beautiful wealth on which his eager eyes look, indescribable joy would enter that very lowly room where he passes his years! And golden dreams would be born at night in his head, and he would be happy on the holy eve, as there are hundreds of other happy children whom he does not know, but who nevertheless exist! .... But he cannot take anything along with him, he can only look at the beautiful things, and he would look until to-morrow and even longer, and the bright pictures would dance around in his burning little head! ....

"Let us go!" he hears the soft voice of his mother, and the little child knows how hard it is for the poor woman to utter these words! They have choked her, and she would like to fall down on the stone pavement and weep without stopping through the winter night! But has she not read in her child's heart? Has she not looked into his bright eyes that are fixed in ecstasy on all that beauty which he cannot have? Did she not wish to go away long ago, when her heart was cramped within her breast? No, not then, for she would not mind suffering even more, if only her poor child can forget his misery. At least no one keeps them from standing in front of the bright

window, and who sees her to-night? The people that rush by her this evening have their own thoughts, are preparing in their minds the coming festivity, — enough, no one cares to look upon these gloomy creatures to whom the holy eve is not welcome! Oh, who knows how bad that is, and who of all these happy people would understand the question that forces itself upon them on that day! Why thus, and why not otherwise? And if I suffer, why must that unfortunate boy suffer also? A sinful thought, but who will cast the first stone upon the wretched woman whose knees totter from inward weakness? And why did it happen so that she has buried the one who had supported the small family, who had lived by honest but hard work? But was it right that it should be so? Step forward, you who will cast the first stone!

"Let us go!" her voice is heard again, and her cold hand gently presses her dear child. And the child hears, and bitter tears flow down his face. . . . . One more look at the brilliant splendor, — the dream is gone! Oh, what a sharp wind, how it cuts the face! How strong it blows here in the corner! — Home, home, from the bright place to the dark house! In those houses lights are burning — the Christ-child will soon enter into the well-lit rooms, — woe to you, child! And woe to everybody who cannot be happy on the holy eve! . . . .

IV.

The marriage altar, bridegroom, and bride. . . . . The priest has united the hands, the oath has welded the hearts. A golden ring sparkles on the hand, pure happiness in the eyes. The lights burn merrily, the spirit of God hovers in a blessing; the bride stands with inclined head, and solemn feelings move her heart. . . . .

The fateful moment has come, so awful and yet so happy! The door of girlish liberty is closed; from the sorrowless world of youth she has stepped into a life full of tribulation, and yet full of joy. Hail to you, bride! As if it were yesterday, you remember the moment when you first looked upon him who is to be the companion of your future days; indescribable joy then filled your soul, but the solemnity of the minute consecrates it now, and a gentle tear trembles in your eye. Why should you not look back, why should you not now look forward? The peaceful home in which you have grown up has embraced

all your world. There your soul has imbibed the pure love of good people, and there the home was open to you in love. And the golden sun shone upon your youth; if at times a mist appeared, it could not dim your vision, and it dispersed as fast as it came. With golden memories you leave your home, your parents' blessing guides you to your new home. This fragrant wreath that winds about your head has been watered by your mother's tears; the trembling hands of the gray-haired woman have pinned it to the golden locks, the pale lips of the father have whispered their blessing over it. . . . . Love these noble people as long as you breathe, but love with all your heart him whose hand now rests in yours. Hail to you! Only one look into his serious eyes, and you read all your future happiness in them! And a fair dream stirs your soul: you see before you a peaceful, friendly house, a blooming wife rules in it, dear children enliven it. You hear steps, the door opens; he, the husband, father, crosses the threshold, a merry greeting meets him, loving hands wind about him. . . . . You breathe a sincere kiss upon his brow, and in a twinkle his gloomy lips are made smooth, — the traces of a laborious battle with life, — in a twinkle his eye is serene, though but a moment ago it was shrouded by a soft mist. . . . .

Hail to you! A golden dream it is you dream before the golden altar, and it will be a golden reality! Who dreams thus, prays unconsciously; unknowingly the heart moves in supramundane space, and fervently asks the heavens to bless the plighted troth. From two altars of a heart a prayer rises before the throne of God! Hear them, merciful God! Let not the lights of the heart go out, let not the prayer die in the storm! . . . .

V.

The sun sinks, darkness shrouds the world. The laborers return from the tall buildings; the fires in the fireplaces have gone out, the mighty machines are at rest; a light cloud hovers over the blackened smokestacks. The body is tired, and the spirit is also tired. At home the family is waiting for the bread-winner; bright lights are lit in the modest rooms; a simple supper stands on the table.

You have earned it, swarthy man who walk home through side streets! You have worked from early morning to late in

the night, for your daily bread. You have worked with aching hands and sweating brow. You may look everybody proudly in his face: the bread is hard but honest; you partake of that which is yours; your life is continuous work; you have worked ever since you remember, and you will work until you breathe your last. Your hands are hard and blistered; in your home there is no show of wealth, nay, not even of well-doing. How miserable the hut is in which your father has lived, in which you dwell yourself! Your wages suffice only for your daily needs, and you can permit yourself no luxury, but you are honest, and there is not a heavy blot on your life. And these hands are black with dirt, yet as pure as the hands of an innocent child, and like the eye of an innocent child, so shines your eye. Your honesty is your pride! . . . .

He has reached his hut and has lit his humble light. Wretched is the house of a lonely poor man. A table, chair, cupboard, bed. . . . . No one to extend a hand to him in greeting, no one to wait for him at the door. It is different elsewhere, for elsewhere children, a wife, are waiting. And let the face be ever so dark, it will light up in the home circle. And the worm that gnaws at the heart is at once put to flight: in the home circle, husband and wife forget that they are laborers, slaves of the pitiless power of money; in the home circle the laborer is a man, father, husband, bread-winner of the family. Here is his house, here he is a master who must in daytime serve another master, he himself knows not why. . . . .

Yes, he does not himself know why. Oh, the companions that the lonely man sees in thought, they know why they serve! The thought guides them in their work, the thought that they are not alone in the world, that two, four, or more hands will be stretched out for the black bread that is being cut. And the lonely laborer knows that that thought is not a sad one, that it strengthens, doubles, the bodily endurance, that the hand that droops for a minute or two will with renewed power be lifted for the work, — for had he not watched his companions in the factory? Had he not seen them work so as to rouse his wonderment at their inexhaustible power of body and soul? Had he not heard merry songs issuing from bearded mouths, so that no one could tell that a laborer was but a dead tool, that is put in motion by another more fortunate man who doles out to him his sphere of activity? He heard them, he saw them, and he forgot himself among them, forgot that he was

alone in the world, so lonely that he could weep like a child. . . . . One has a family, others have a gray-haired mother, whom they must support; another works in order to make life easier for young brothers and sisters. . . . but he has nobody! If he should stop working to-day, nobody would be hurt by it; and if he should begin to-day to work with redoubled strength, nobody would be benefited by it. . . . . And yet there was a time when he used to speak of his joys, his sorrows, and his hopes to a beloved being, when he had hoped to build a hearth for himself. But he saw that being on the death-bed, buried it. He hardly knows how it is he did not die himself at that time. But if his body did not die, if his soul did not despair, his happiness has died; another man has arisen from the gloomy grave in which he placed what there was dearest to him in the world . . . . . Sharp furrows cut themselves around his lips, such as had never been there before sadness shaded his brow more than ever. He was left alone and will remain alone with his crushed life. He knows no happy memories of youth from which he might draw new strength in the days of his manhood, — nothing, — all is dark, he has never seen anything but poverty, and he has felt sorrows that are unknown to others who are born on soft beds. Now he lives only to work, or rather he works to live; and when the time shall come that he will not be able to stretch out his hands, that his muscles will be stiff, then will begin — no, he does not want to think of it! And yet the time will come, and then will arrive the moment when he will close the weary eyes, and some one else will cross the stiffened arms over his chest, and will lay a cross between them, — then the factory will be shut, the work will cease, and there will be rest, eternal rest. . . . . He will lie softly in the black earth, as if he had never tasted the bitterness of life, softly like a rich man whom he has lent his strength and under whom he had placed soft pillows. . . . . .

But the eternal Judge will judge the rich and the poor! And he will examine the lives of both, and his sentence will be just. . . . .

For: work is your pride, and according to the work will be the pay!

THE MESSENGER.

(From the Yiddish of Leon Perez: translated for this work by Professor Leo Wiener.)

HE WALKS, and the wind flaps his coat-tails and his gray beard.

Now and then he places his right hand on his left side. He has a stinging sensation there, but he will not own up to it; he tries to convince himself that he is only feeling for his breast pocket.

If only I do not lose the contract and the money! — That is what he is afraid of.

And suppose it does sting, that's nonsense! I have, God be praised, enough strength for such an errand. Many another man in my years would not be able to walk a verst [⅔ mile]; but I, praised be His name, need not go a-begging and can earn my own bread. . . . Praised be the Lord, they still trust me with money!

If I owned all they intrust to me, I should not have to walk on errands at seventy years of age; but since the Creator has decreed otherwise, it is well as it is!

Thick flakes of snow begin to fall; he has to wipe his face frequently.

I have, he meditates, only another half a league! A mere trifle of a walk! It is much nearer than one would think! He turns back: you can't see the town clock, nor the monastery, nor the barracks; so, Shmaryeh, move on!

And Shmaryeh moves on in the wet snow, and his old feet dip in and out. The Lord be praised, there is no great wind!

Great, it seems, in his opinion, would have been a hurricane.

The wind was strong enough, and it beat right in his face so that again and again he could not draw his breath; it enticed all the old tears out of his old eyes, until they stung like needles. But then, his eyes have always been ailing!

With the first money, he reasons with himself, he would buy road spectacles, large ones, round ones, such as would entirely cover his eyes. . . . .

If God should be willing, he says to himself, I would have no difficulty in earning enough for them! If only I had an errand every day, and a long one, a very long one at that! I can walk, thanks to God, and I would be able to save some money for spectacles.

It is true, he needs also a fur coat; he would feel more comfortable in it. . . . . Upon second thought, he concludes that his present coat is warm enough!

If it would not get torn, it might do yet. He smiles pleasantly; that, he thinks, is not a new-fangled coat, no shoddy, no spider-web! No, it's old-fashioned cloth; it will outlive me! And it has no slit behind; that's really an advantage; it does not flop about like a modern coat, and it overlaps a whole yard in front.

A fur coat, he meditates, is really better; a fur coat is warm, very warm. But first I must get a pair of spectacles. A fur coat is good only in winter, while spectacles are good at all times; for when the dust gets into your eyes from a wind in summer, it is worse than in winter!

And he resolves that first come spectacles, then a fur coat! If the Lord will only help him to get the wheat sold . . . . he will probably earn four dimes by it. . . . .

And he tramps on, and the wet snow strikes his face; the wind grows stronger and stronger, and the stings in his sides get worse and worse.

If the wind would only turn! But no doubt, he thinks, it is better that way; going back I shall be more tired, and then the wind will blow in my back! Oh, then he will walk quite differently! All will have been attended to! His heart will be lighter!

He has to stop a moment to draw breath. That frightens him a little: —

What has happened with me? When did I fear the wind and the frost?

I went through worse frosts and winds when I was a cantonist![1] he says to himself, half sadly, half frightened.

And he recalls how the old dyadka[2] used to drive them like geese over hills and valleys. He stands before him as if he were alive; he sees him wiping his tears with his gray coat-sleeve, as he looks at the children, and swears at the wind. . . . No! not the wind has elicited those tears. . . . 'twas certainly pity. . . . . March! March! . . . . he would cry, but ever with a softer voice. . . . . Many a time he would take one of them on his shoulders and carry him quite a distance through the snow.

[1] Under the régime of Nicholas I., in the second quarter of the 19th century, young boys were taken forcibly from their parents and sent into distant provinces to be brought up as soldiers later; these were called cantonists.

[2] Soldier in charge of cantonists.

. . . . March! March! and they went . . . . and he alone, of all, returned home!

Where is the dyadka now, where are his comrades?

The dyadka, no doubt, is dead, but they may still be alive, and may not be . . . . and if they are alive . . . .

Pshaw! What good is there in sad thoughts? If God gives strength, one can endure everything. . . .

And the thought that God has really given him strength, that he has endured all sorrows, all snows, all winds, all frosts, hunger, thirst, and the rod, — that thought makes him happy! He proudly lifts his head and walks on with renewed strength.

The wind subsides a little, it grows darker, night is falling.

What a day that has been, he says to himself, nothing but rain and thaw! And he begins to accelerate his gait, lest night overtake him. Not in vain has he been studying the Bible in the synagogue: he knows that one ought to start out on an errand on a Tuesday, and return from it on the same day.[1]

He feels a little hungry, and it is his peculiarity to grow merry every time when he is hungry.

He knows that appetite is a good thing, for his patrons, who send him on errands, continually complain that they are never hungry. He, praised be the Lord, has a good appetite! Except that yesterday he did not feel well, and he thought that the bread was sour.

Nonsense, it was not at all sour! Soldiers' bread — sour? Yes, formerly it used to be, but not now! Nowadays the Russian soldiers bake bread to make Jewish bakers feel ashamed of themselves. And as he bought his bread, it was still fresh, so that it was a real pleasure to cut it. But somehow it did not agree with him; it made a shudder pass over his whole body.

But praised be He whose name I am not worthy to mention, for that happens but seldom.

Now he has again an appetite, and he has some bread and a piece of cheese in his pocket. . . . . The merchant's wife gave him that piece of cheese . . . . may she live long and prosper! She is so charitable, she has a heart of a true Jewess!

If only she did not curse so, he thinks, she would be a fine woman! . . . . He thinks of his deceased wife.

Just like my Shprintseh! She too had a good heart, and such a hankering for curses. Every time I sent a child out into the world, she wept bitterly, although at home she used to

[1] On the third day of creation the words, "and God saw that it was good," occur twice; hence the supposition that Tuesday is a lucky day.

curse them with dreadful oaths! And how she would carry on when a child died! She would twist about on the floor like a snake, and strike her head with closed fists!

Once she wanted to throw a stone into the very heaven!

Well, he meditates, God pays no attention to a foolish woman! . . . . But she would not let the bier with the dead child be carried away; she boxed the women, and she pulled the pallbearers' beards.

What hidden power there was in Shprintseh! He took her for a fly, and what a strength, what a strength she showed!

She was a good woman with all that. And she liked me well enough, although she never gave me a good word!

She used to cry: A divorce, a divorce! If not, I'll run away! But she really did not mean to get a divorce from me!

A reminiscence passes through his mind, and he smiles.

That was long, long ago, in the days of the excises, and he was a night watchman, and walked around whole nights with his iron cane, keeping people from smuggling in whisky.

Oh! he had known what service was! The Russian army had been a good school; he had had good teachers there! It was early in the morning, in winter; the day watchman, Khayim Yoneh — he is now in the other world — comes to relieve him, and he starts for home, frozen, stiff with cold. He knocks at the door, and she yells out to him from her bed: —

"Go to! I thought they would bring but your name home!"

Oho! she is still angry from yesterday morning! and he cannot for his life recall what had happened yesterday morning, but something certainly must have happened.

"Shut your mouth, and open!" he cries.

"I shall open your head!" he hears distinctly her answer.

"Let me in!" he cries.

"Go down into the earth!" she answers.

And he thought over the matter, and went to the study hall in the synagogue, and fell asleep there by the stove. Unfortunately coal gas was escaping, and they brought him home more dead than alive. . . . .

How Shprintseh did carry on that time! They told him later what a fuss she had made over him.

They tell her: "There is not much the matter with him, just sickness from swallowing coal gas;" but no, she must have a doctor; she has a notion to faint, to jump into the river, and she cries all the time, "My husband, my husband, my jewel!"

Pshaw! he interrupts his thoughts,—what fills my head? All that nonsense makes me only walk slowly.

Now, feet of a soldier, move on! he gives the command to himself.

He looks around,—all about him is snow; above him, a gray sky patched with black rags. Just like my undercoat, he thinks. O God! is the credit in your vault bad too?

In the meanwhile, it begins to freeze. Beard and mustache hang down in icicles; the body is still all right, but the head is hot, and drops of perspiration stand on his forehead; and his feet grow colder and weaker.

It is not far now, but he feels like resting. And he is ashamed of himself. It is the first time that he has to take a rest on an errand of two leagues. He is loath to acknowledge that he is going on to eighty, and that he needs a rest.

No, he must walk. . . . . He must keep on walking. While you walk, you are carried onward; but the moment you give in to your evil promptings and take a rest, your fate is sealed!

And then, it is so easy to catch a cold. He gets frightened and tries to talk himself out of the desire of taking a rest.

'Tis not far from the village; I shall have there more time for that!

That's what I'll do, he says to himself: I shall not go at once to the gentleman's . . . . at the gentleman's I shall have to wait an hour on the outside . . . . so I shall go to the Jew first.

A lucky thing, he thinks, that I am not afraid of the gentleman's dog. It's really an awful thing to let that gray dog run around loose. Well, I have along with me my supper, and he likes cheese. But yet, I'll first rest my bones! I'll first go to the Jew, to warm myself, to wash myself, and to take a bite of something to eat! . . . .

And his mouth begins to water, for he has eaten nothing since the morning; but that's a trifling matter. He does not mind being hungry; in fact, he likes it: being hungry is a sign of being alive! Oh, but my legs! . . . .

He has only two more versts to walk; he can already see the gentleman's large barn . . . . but his feet do not see it, they beg for a rest.

And again, he thinks, suppose I do sit down for a while? A minute, half a minute? Perhaps I had better? Let me try! Since my legs have been obeying me so long, I ought to obey them once myself.

And Shmaryeh sits down on a snow mound. Now he hears for the first time his heart beat, just like a hammer, and he has a stinging sensation, and his head is in a sweat. . . . .

He is frightened . . . . maybe he is getting sick? He has with him other people's money! And he might, God forfend, fall in a swoon . . . . and he consoles himself: Praised be the Lord, that there is no one now out on the road! And if they should be out, they would never suspect that I have money about me . . . . I, such a beggar, with money! . . . . Only a moment's rest, and then: March!

Only his eyelids drop like lead.

No, get up, Shmaryeh! Up! he commands himself.

He still knows how to command, but not how to carry out his orders. He can't move, although it seems to him that he is walking, that he is quickening his steps. Now he sees all the huts; here lives Antek, there Basili. He knows them all, for he has hired wagons from them. . . . . It is still far to the Jew's, but still, it's better to go straightway to the Jew's. . . . . I sometimes earn there a few kopecks . . . . and he thinks he is walking toward the Jew's; only it is getting more and more removed from him. . . . . I suppose that's the way it ought to be. . . . . There is a jolly fire there on the hearth; the window is agleam with red light; fat Mirl is skimming a big pot of potatoes, and she always treats him to a potato. What a delicacy — a hot potato! and he moves on; at least he thinks he is moving on, although he is still sitting on the same spot.

The frost subsides a little; thick, heavy flakes begin to fall.

He grows warmer, it seems, under the heavy covering of snow. And it appears to him that he is in the Jew's house. Mirl is straining the potatoes; he hears the water running off: zhoor, zhoor, zhoor; and the water is running off in the same way from his cotton coat. Yoneh walks around and mumbles a tune; it is his custom to sing after evening prayer, because he is hungry then, and he repeats his question, "Well, Mirl?"

But Mirl is in no hurry: "The slower the better!"

Am I asleep, and am I dreaming? He suddenly grows happy — frightened. It seems to him that the door opens and that his eldest son enters in . . . . Khoneh, Khoneh! Oh, he recognizes him! What is he doing there? But Khoneh does not recognize him, and pretends not to hear him. . . . . Ha, ha, ha! He tells Yoneh that he is on his way to his father's, and he asks after his father. He has not forgotten

his father! And Yoneh, the rogue, does not tell him that his father is sitting on the wooden lounge! . . . . Mirl is busy with her potatoes, and so she cannot give him any information, but she is smiling; she is mashing the potatoes with a big wooden spoon, and she is smiling!

Oh, Khoneh must be rich, very rich! Everything he has on is whole and not torn, and he wears a chain. Maybe it is pinchbeck! Oh no, it is certainly gold! Beware, Khoneh will not wear a pinchbeck chain. Ha, ha, ha! he looks at the oven bed. . . . . Ha, ha, ha! he bursts with laughter. Yekel, Berel, Skharyeh — all three . . . . ha, ha, ha! They have hidden themselves on the oven bed. Those rogues! Ha, ha, ha! A pity for Shprintseh, it's a pity! She ought to have lived to have this joy. In the meanwhile Khoneh orders two geese . . . . Khoneh, Khoneh! Do you not recognize me? It is I! . . . . and he thinks that he is kissing Khoneh . . . . ,

Do you hear, Khoneh, it's a pity mother is not here to see you! Yekel, Berel, Skharyeh, down from your oven bed! Come down! I knew that you would come, and to prove it, I brought you some cheese! Come now, come, children! Don't you like soldiers' bread? What? You don't? Truly, it's a pity mother is not here! And it seems to him that all four children have surrounded him, and kiss him and embrace him.

More softly, children! more softly, do not press me so hard! I am no longer a young man, I am going on to eighty! More softly, you choke me, more softly, children, my bones are old! More softly, I have money in my pocket! Thanks to the Lord, they trust me with money! Enough, children, enough!

And it was enough. He was dead, with his hand on his coat pocket.

TWO FRIENDS.

(From the Yiddish of M. Spektor: translated for this work by Professor Leo Wiener.)

CHAPTER I.

I.

"How do you love me, Rose?"

"Like sugar. And you, Pearl, how do you love me?"

"Like father and mother."

And the two six-year-old friends embraced and kissed each other warmly on their lips.

Their devotion was known to their parents and friends. They shared every dainty morsel, and played with each other's playthings. Nor did their love for each other diminish as they grew up, and those that did not know them took them for sisters. But when they had reached the age of fifteen, they differed very much from each other, and the scholars of the third or fourth class who used to meet them on their way to the Gymnasium remarked to each other that one of the two friends (Pearl), the one with the black hair, was a beauty, while the other (Rose) was quite homely. One of these scholars, who was given to boasting, whispered to his chums that he was acquainted with the young lady with the black hair, that he had been making love to her, and that he had even been kissed by her. And though his comrades would not believe him, he took an ever increasing number of friends into his confidence.

II.

The scholars kept on commenting on the beauty of Pearl and the homeliness of Rose. But not a word of this ever reached the two friends, and it could not have occurred to them that anybody made a distinction between them. They felt that they belonged together like body and soul. They took their walks together, ate at each other's house, attended the same festivities, knew the same friends.

The two studied with the same teacher, and made equal progress, except in mathematics, which came hard to Rose. And for that reason the teacher thought more of Pearl than of Rose, for he had little use for people that showed no decided love and ability for his most useful and most beautiful science.

III.

Once they had a little adventure.

It was a warm, beautiful evening. The sun had just gone down. The trees of the City Park were green, and in the distance were heard the mellow trills of the nightingale. . . . .

No! They will never forget that evening. As they seated themselves on a bench, Pearl's parasol fell down, and there suddenly stood before them the scholar who had once smiled at them as he had passed them, and he picked up the parasol and handed it to the owner.

That was the beginning of their acquaintance, and since then they frequently walked together. After each walk, the two friends came home happy, and used to talk by the hour of their acquaintance, the young gentleman.

"What a nice time we have had in the Park. How he told me all about his studies, his teacher, his friends!" Pearl thought to herself that evening, and many another evening before she fell asleep. . . . .

And the same, almost word for word the same, passed through Rose's mind.

IV.

But when Rose was seventeen years old, she began to notice that it was not she they meant; that their friend of the Gymnasium, like many other young men, meant only Pearl.

She first noticed this fact when a common friend of theirs talked away for some four hours to Pearl, and only became aware of Rose's presence as he arose to bid good-bye. And another time, at a wedding, she saw Pearl all the time dancing, while she herself was invited only once to dance, and that too by a cousin of hers. It was the first time she became angry at Pearl.

"She is artful, entices with smiles, with drooping eyes, with the swing of her braids. But I won't stoop to such things, God preserve me from doing so."

And then it was Pearl's dress that was the cause of it.

"If they paid me for it, I would not put on such a dress, with such short sleeves."

The conviction grew on Rose, that Pearl was taking unfair advantage over her; and she kept on repeating to herself, "It's her artful ways, her smiles, her drooping eyes, the swing of her braids."

Often the two friends stood before a long mirror in the parlor. Pearl appeared in it tall and stately as a pine; her cheeks were blood and milk; from under the white skin burst the youthful life; from her two black eyes it was hard to tear away your look; her nose well-shaped, her lips blood-red, with a smile ever hovering upon them; and behind them two rows of white teeth like strings of pearl; and all that surmounted by black hair that falls down in two long braids. But Rose's face is mirrored of an uncertain color. Her chest is sunken; her small eyes are lost in her face; her lips are pale, severe, closely shut. But Rose did not see that.

"Happens to be on my way!" would be the embarrassed answer.

And she grew ever more lonely. Somebody had to be blamed, and again it was Pearl who was at fault. She was a coquette, and she, no doubt, had set them against her, and had not left her a friend.

And her hatred of Pearl grew with her loneliness.

CHAPTER II.

I.

Time runs, and our former friends have passed through a long series of years. . . . . Pearl has married for a second time. She has buried two children, and she is raising two children from her first and three from her present husband.

She was not happy with her first husband, but she is not much better off now. There are moments when she thinks she did not properly appreciate her first husband, and that there were times when she really loved him, certainly more than her present husband, and much more than the young men for whom she had had a passing passion.

Yes, she had suffered much. And when she asks herself how she came to marry again, have a new home, new children, she finds no answer. She has gone through so much during the last fifteen years, has seen so much happiness and misfortune, that she is not able to give herself a good account of it all. And thinking of her past, she sees in her mind a medley of frightful storms, sunshine, rains, with thunder and lightning, beautiful starlit nights, blizzards, again morning suns, and again terrible frosts. And she never has time for anything. Now the children are having measles or small-pox, or the husband is suffering from nervous prostration . . . . it's like being in a mill.

At thirty-five years of age she was tired of life. She would have liked to get away from everything, far away from men, in some quiet corner, somewhere near a green forest, a running brook, in a wildly overgrown valley, among mountains, where she might breathe some fresh air, and rest from her weary thirty-five years.

And again there are days when Pearl dresses herself as of yore, and looks at herself in the mirror. And she sees that all there is left of her former beauty is a pair of black eyes and her

broken through the levees. Her speech was full of gall, and she did not give Pearl a chance to defend herself. Every time Pearl wanted to say something, her friend interrupted her with the words, "First let me say all!" and she spoke louder and louder. And she repeated the same reason, that Pearl did not take notice of her among strangers and friends, and that she preferred them to her. "You see, when nobody is near, you are not ashamed to speak to me, and you don't mind calling me your friend."

Finally Rose stopped. She fell down exhausted on a chair, and her small eyes glistened with pleasure, as with one who has at last found an opportunity to pay off an old score to his worst enemy.

Pearl grew pale as a sheet. She felt aggrieved, falsely accused, and she could find no words for her defense.

"You are silent!" Rose jumped up. "That is the best proof of the truth of my accusation. You thought you could fool me all the time. I am glad I had at last a chance to tell you the truth."

And the friends parted in anger.

VI.

For some time after this scene Rose was happy. She felt more at ease to be in society without Pearl. If she passed her evening with a friend, she was sure that he meant her and her alone. If she took a walk with a friend, it was with her he walked and not with Pearl. No, no more humiliation at being merely Pearl's shadow! And she blessed the moment when she parted from her old companion.

She would probably have forgotten her, as friends so frequently forget each other with the lapse of time. But she was soon reminded of Pearl. Her happiness did not last long. Her acquaintances grew less from day to day, and all her former friends who used to visit her with Pearl went entirely over to the latter; and she had the aggravation to see them out walking together frequently, while her own callers came only rarely to the house, or were satisfied to meet her in the street.

If she asked an old acquaintance, "Why don't you call?" she received the reply, "Pardon me; I have been quite busy lately; but I shall take the first opportunity to call."

"And yet you find time to call daily at Pearl's house!" she would sometimes burst out.

"Happens to be on my way!" would be the embarrassed answer.

And she grew ever more lonely. Somebody had to be blamed, and again it was Pearl who was at fault. She was a coquette, and she, no doubt, had set them against her, and had not left her a friend.

And her hatred of Pearl grew with her loneliness.

CHAPTER II.

I.

Time runs, and our former friends have passed through a long series of years. . . . . Pearl has married for a second time. She has buried two children, and she is raising two children from her first and three from her present husband.

She was not happy with her first husband, but she is not much better off now. There are moments when she thinks she did not properly appreciate her first husband, and that there were times when she really loved him, certainly more than her present husband, and much more than the young men for whom she had had a passing passion.

Yes, she had suffered much. And when she asks herself how she came to marry again, have a new home, new children, she finds no answer. She has gone through so much during the last fifteen years, has seen so much happiness and misfortune, that she is not able to give herself a good account of it all. And thinking of her past, she sees in her mind a medley of frightful storms, sunshine, rains, with thunder and lightning, beautiful starlit nights, blizzards, again morning suns, and again terrible frosts. And she never has time for anything. Now the children are having measles or small-pox, or the husband is suffering from nervous prostration . . . . it's like being in a mill.

At thirty-five years of age she was tired of life. She would have liked to get away from everything, far away from men, in some quiet corner, somewhere near a green forest, a running brook, in a wildly overgrown valley, among mountains, where she might breathe some fresh air, and rest from her weary thirty-five years.

And again there are days when Pearl dresses herself as of yore, and looks at herself in the mirror. And she sees that all there is left of her former beauty is a pair of black eyes and her

black hair; but the eyes have lost their luster, and her hair has thinned out; and yet by these her former admirers recall her comeliness.

Pearl knows that, and that is a source of pleasure to her. But that rouses the jealousy of her husband. God preserve a woman from the jealousy of a forty-year-old husband!

II.

Just as Pearl is tired of living too much, so Rose has grown tired of not living at all.

Half ill, she married at the age of twenty-eight a man who was in no way her equal, and who married her for the dowry she brought with her. After her marriage she began to ail even more, and had to be all the time under the doctor's treatment. She complained of a pain in her heart and in her head, and after three years a child was born to her. But though the child is three years old it cannot walk, for the physician says it has the rickets, and that it has to be treated carefully. Rose loves her child very much, but she knows that it will be her death; for she is ill herself, barely stands on her legs, and has to carry the child around all the time.

And she is even more unfortunate with her husband. He does not love her, and everybody knows it. At first she quarreled with him; but she soon convinced herself that she did not mend matters that way, and so she suffered silently,—from her well husband and her sickly child.

There are moments in Rose's life when she wishes herself away in some quiet nook, somewhere in a forest or in the steppe, where she might breathe some fresh air and rest her thirty-five years of not living.

III.

Another twenty-five years have passed. After a severe winter there has at last come the young, fresh spring, in all its glory, in company of its various attendants that chirp, warble, pipe, on the trees, in the air, in the grass. The streets are dry, the air is warm. All the beauty of spring is to be found in the City Park, where the trees are green, and the flowers open their many-colored mouths. A choir of spring's attendants was singing on all sides, and the sun's rays were playing wantonly with the half-clad trees, and people were walking around the avenues.

They were all speaking louder and more merrily than before. Children leaped about just like the birds above them. Young men were jesting merrily with young ladies. Even the older people were happy, and the very old looked contented.

It was evident that all creation, from man down to the smallest worm in the grass, was praising the first day of spring.

IV.

In an avenue of trees where the sun shines brighter and warmer walk two old women, dressed in old-fashioned mantles, with umbrellas in their hands on which they lean at every step they take. Their faces are wrinkled, their heads bent. They stop every now and then and talk to each other with their toothless mouths.

"My dear Pearl, this has been a long winter!"

"Yes, a bad winter. Thanks to the Lord, it is past. The sun is so warm; but I have put on this warm mantle, and you too have on a warm mantle, for it is not yet warm enough for us. . . . ."

They seated themselves on a bench to rest, and they continued their conversation.

"I am getting tired, we had better go home."

"I am getting tired, too, and I am hungry. All I have eaten to-day is a gruel, for that's all I can eat now, unless it be a milk toast. . . . ."

"It's the same way with me. . . . ."

* * *

Old age has made peace between the two friends of long ago. They have again grown fond of each other, just as they had been in their childhood, when they did not know that one of them was pretty and the other homely. For they resemble each other again. Both Pearl and Rose are bent with age, both have wrinkled faces, both have lost all their teeth.

Only Pearl has grown old from living too much, and Rose from not living at all.

The dresses that the same tailor had made for them for the Passover out of the same material and according to the same pattern have pleased them both, and both have this time had luck with their tailor.

HĀN KOONG TSEW;[1] THE SORROWS OF HĀN.

A CHINESE TRAGEDY.

(Translated from the original by John Francis Davis.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

YUENTE, Emperor of China (of the Dynasty Hān).
HANCHENYU, Khan of the Tartars.
MAOUYENSHOW, a worthless Minister of the Emperor.
SHANGSHOO (*a title*), President of the Imperial Council.
CHANGSHE (*ditto*), Officer in waiting.
FANSHE (*ditto*), Envoy of the Khan.
CHAOUKUEN, Lady, raised to be Princess of Hān.
Tartar soldiers, Female attendants, Eunuchs, &c.

The scene lies in the Tartar camp, on the frontiers; and in the palace of Hān.

[NOTE. — In the original this play is a sort of opera, with lyric interludes to be sung, and musical accompaniment. The portion here given is only the recitative; except that the passages in quotation marks are retained from the musical portion.]

PROEM.

Enter KHAN OF THE TARTARS, *reciting:* —

Khan —

"The autumnal gale blows wildly through the grass, amidst our woolen tents,
And the moon of night, shining on the rude huts, hears the lament of the mournful pipe;
The countless hosts, with their bended bows, obey me as their leader;
Our tribes are the distinguished friends of the family of Hān."

I am Hanchenyu, the old inhabitant of the sandy waste; the sole ruler of the northern regions. The wild chase is our trade; battle and conquest our chief occupation. The Emperor

[1] Literally, "Autumn in the palace of Han;" but in Chinese, autumn is emblematic of sorrow, as spring is of joy.

Chinese Manuscript.

[illegible] Page of the Original MS.

[illegible]

非朕躬有德皆賴衆文武扶持自先帝晏駕之后
宮女盡放出宮去了今後宮寂寞如何是好毛延
壽云陛下田舍翁多收十斛麥尚欲易婦況陛下
貴為天子。富有四海。合無遣官倆行天下選擇室
女不分王侯宰相軍民人家但要十五以上二十
以下容貌端好盡選將来以充後宮有何不可篤
云卿說的是就加卿為選擇使賫領詔書一通徧
行天下刷選將選中者各圖形一軸送来朕按圖
臨幸待卿成功回時別有區處。

Wunwong retired before our eastern tribes; the state Wei[1] trembled at us, and sued for our friendship. The ancient title of our chiefs has in the course of time been changed to that which I now bear. When the two races of Tsin and Hän contended in battle, and filled the empire with tumult, our tribes were in full power; numberless was the host of armed warriors, with their bended bows. For seven days my ancestor hemmed in with his forces the Emperor Kaoute; until, by the contrivance of the minister, a treaty was concluded, and the princesses of China were yielded in marriage to our khans. Since the time of Hoeyte and the Empress Leuhow,[2] each successive generation has adhered to the established rule, and sought our alliance with its daughters. In the reign of the late Emperor Seuente, my brothers contended with myself for the rule of our nation, and its power was weakened until the tribes elected me as their chief. I am a real descendant of the empire of Han. I command a hundred thousand armed warriors. We have moved to the south, and approached the border, claiming an alliance with the imperial race. Yesterday, I dispatched an envoy with tributary presents to demand a princess in alliance; but know not if the Emperor will ratify the engagement with the customary oaths. The fineness of the season has drawn away our chiefs on a hunting excursion amidst the sandy steppes. May they meet with success, for we Tartars have no fields our bows and arrows are our sole means of subsistence. [*Exit.*

Enter MINISTER OF HÄN, *reciting:* —

Minister —

"Let a man have the heart of a kite, and the talons of an eagle,
Let him deceive his superiors, and oppress those below him;
Let him enlist flattery, insinuation, profligacy, and avarice on his side,
And he will find them a lasting assistance through life."

I am no other than Maouyenshow, a minister of the sovereign of Hän. By a hundred arts of specious flattery and address I have deceived the Emperor, until he places his whole delight in me alone. My words he listens to; and he follows

[1] Near the Yellow River, in the present Shanse.

[2] The mother of Hoeyte, a bold and able woman, who ruled for her son, the second emperor of Hän.

my counsel. Within the precincts of the palace, as without them, who is there but bows before me — who is there but trembles at my approach? But observe the chief art which I have learned; it is this: to persuade the Emperor to keep aloof from his wise counselors, and seek all his pleasure amidst the women of his palace. Thus it is that I strengthen my power and greatness. But, in the midst of my lucubrations, here comes the Emperor.

Enter EMPEROR YUENTE, *attended by* Eunuchs *and* Women.

Emperor [*recites*] —

"During the ten generations that have succeeded our acquisition of empire,
My race has alone possessed the four hundred districts of the world:
Long have the frontiers been bound in tranquillity by the ties of mutual oaths,
And our pillow has been undisturbed by grief or anxiety."

Behold in us the Emperor Yuente, of the race of Hân. Our ancestor Kaoute emerged from a private station, and raised his family by extinguishing the dynasty of Tsin, and slaughtering their race. Ten generations have passed away since he left this inheritance to us. The four boundaries of the empire have been tranquil; the eight regions at rest! But not through our personal merits: we have wholly depended on the exertions of our civil and military rulers. On the demise of our late father, the female inmates of the palace were all dispersed, and our harem is now solitary and untenanted; but how shall this be endured?

Minister — Consider, sir, that even the thriving husbandman may desire to change his partner; then, why not your Majesty, whose title is the Son of Heaven, whose possessions are the whole world? May I advise, that commissioners be dispatched to search throughout the empire for all, of whatever rank, that is most beautiful, between the ages of fifteen and twenty, for the peopling of the inner palace.

Emperor — You say well. We appoint you at once our minister of selection, and will invest you with a written authority. Search diligently through our realms; and when you have selected the most worthy, let us be provided with portraits of each, as a means of fixing our choice. By the merits of

your services, you may supply us with an occasion of rewarding you on your return. [*Exeunt.*

ACT I.

Enter MINISTER.

Minister [*recites*] —

"The huge ingots of yellow gold I appropriate to myself,
I heed not the seas of blood which flow by perverting the laws;
During life I am determined to have abundance of riches;
What care I for the curses of mankind after my death?"

Having received the Emperor's commission to search far and wide for the most beautiful damsels, I have fixed upon ninety-nine. Their families were glad to invite my selection by rich gifts, and the treasure that I have amassed is not small. On arriving yesterday at a district pertaining to Chingtoo city, I met with a maiden, daughter of one Wongchang. The brightness of her charms was piercing as an arrow! She was perfectly beautiful — and doubtless unparalleled in the whole empire. But, unfortunately, her father is a cultivator of the land, not possessed of much wealth. When I insisted on a hundred ounces of gold to secure her being the chief object of the imperial choice, they first pleaded their poverty, and then, relying on her extraordinary beauty, rejected my offers altogether. I therefore left them. [*Considers awhile.*] But no! I have a better plan. [*He knits his brows and matures his scheme.*] I will disfigure her portrait in such manner that when it reaches the Emperor it shall secure her being doomed to neglected seclusion. Thus I will contrive to make her unhappy for life. Base is the man who delights not in revenge! [*Exit.*

Night — Enter the LADY CHAOUKUEN *with two female attendants.*

Chaoukuen [*recites*] —

"Though raised to be an inhabitant of the imperial dwelling,
I have long been here without the good fortune to see my prince;
This beautiful night must I pass in lonely solitude,
With no companion but my lute to solace my retirement.

I am a native of Chingtoo city; and my father's occupation is husbandry. My mother dreamed on the day I was born that the light of the moon shone on her bosom, but was soon cast low to the earth.[1] I was just eighteen years of age when chosen as an inhabitant of the imperial palace; but the minister, Maouyenshow, disappointed in the treasure which he demanded on my account, disfigured my portrait in such manner as to keep me out of the Emperor's presence; and now I live in neglected solitude. While at home I learned a little music, and could play a few airs on the lute. Thus sorrowing in the stillness of midnight, let me practice one of my songs to dispel my griefs. [*Begins to play on the lute.*][2]

Enter EMPEROR, *attended by a* Eunuch *carrying a light.*

Emperor — Since the beauties were selected to grace our palace, we have not yet discovered a worthy object on whom to fix our preference. Vexed and disappointed, we have passed this day of leisure roaming in search of her who may be destined for our imperial choice. [*Hears the lute.*] Is not that some lady's lute?

Attendant — It is. I hasten to advise her of your Majesty's approach.

Emperor — No, hold! Keeper of the yellow gate, discover to what part of our palace that lady pertains; and bid her approach our presence; but beware lest you alarm her.

Attendant [*approaches in the direction of the sound, and speaks*] — What lady plays there? The Emperor comes; approach to meet him. [*Lady advances.*]

Emperor — Keeper of the yellow gate, see that the light burns brightly within your gauze[3] lamp, and hold it nearer to us.

Lady [*approaching*] — Had your handmaid but known it was your Majesty, she would have been less tardy; forgive, then, this delay!

Emperor — Truly this is a very perfect beauty! From what quarter come such superior charms?

Lady — My name is Chaoukuen; my father cultivates at Chingtoo the fields which he has derived from his family. Born

[1] Boding a short but fatal distinction to her offspring.
[2] The notes within brackets are the same in the original version.
[3] Instead of glass, to defend it from the wind.

in an humble station, I am ignorant of the manners that befit a palace.

Emperor — But with such uncommon attractions, what chance has kept you from our sight?

Lady — When I was chosen by the minister, Maouyenshow, he demanded of my father an amount of treasure which our poverty could not supply; he therefore disfigured my portrait, by representing a scar under the eyes, and caused me to be consigned to seclusion and neglect.

Emperor — Keeper of the yellow gate, bring us that picture, that we may view it. [*Sees the picture.*] "Ah, how has he dimmed the purity of the gem, bright as the waves in autumn!" [*To the attendant.*] Transmit our pleasure to the officer of the guard to behead Maouyenshow, and report to us his execution.

Lady — My parents, sir, are subject to the tax[1] in our native district. Let me entreat your Majesty to remit their contributions and extend favor toward them?

Emperor — That shall readily be done. Approach and hear our imperial pleasure: we create you a princess of our palace.

Lady — How unworthy is your handmaid of such gracious distinction! [*Goes through the form of returning thanks.*] Early to-morrow I attend your Majesty's commands in this place.— The Emperor is gone; let the attendants close the doors; I will retire to rest.

ACT II.

Enter KHAN OF THE TARTARS, *at the head of his tribes.*

Khan — I lately sent an envoy to the sovereign of Hân, with the demand of a princess in marriage; but the Emperor has returned a refusal, under the plea that the princess is yet too young. This answer gives me great trouble. Had he not plenty of ladies in his palace, of whom he might have sent me one? The difference was of little consequence.[2] Let me recall my envoy with all speed, for I must invade the south with our forces. And yet I am unwilling to break a truce of so many years standing! We must see how matters turn out, and be guided by the event.

[1] The corvée is especially meant, the chief terror of the poor who have nothing but their labor to contribute.

[2] The honor of the imperial alliance being the chief object.

Enter MINISTER OF HĀN.

Minister — The severity with which I extorted money, in the selection of beauties for the palace, led me to disfigure the picture of Chaoukuen, and consign her thereby to neglected seclusion. But the Emperor fell in with her, obtained from her the truth, and condemned me to lose my head. I contrived to make my escape, though I have now no home to receive me. I will take this true portrait of Chaoukuen, and show it to the Tartar Khan, persuading him to demand her from the Emperor, who will no doubt be obliged to yield her up. A long journey has brought me to this spot, and from the troops of men and horses I conclude I have reached the Tartar camp. [*Addresses himself to somebody.*] Leader, inform King Hanchenyu that a great minister of the empire of Hān is come to wait on him.

Khan [*on being informed*] — Command him to approach. [*Seeing* MAOUYENSHOW.] What person are you?

Minister — I am a minister of Hān. In the western palace of the Emperor is a lady named Chaoukuen, of rare and surpassing charms. When your envoy, great king, came to demand a princess, this lady would have answered the summons; but the Emperor of Hān could not bring himself to part with her, and refused to yield her up. I repeatedly renewed my bitter reproaches, and asked how he could bear, for the sake of a woman's beauty, to implicate the welfare of two nations. For this the Emperor would have beheaded me; and I therefore escaped with the portrait of the lady, which I present, great king, to yourself. Should you send away an envoy with the picture to demand her, she must certainly be delivered up. Here is the portrait. [*Hands it up.*

Khan — Whence could so beautiful a female have appeared in the world! If I can only obtain her, my wishes are complete. Immediately shall an envoy be dispatched, and my ministers prepare a letter to the Emperor of Hān, demanding her in marriage as the condition of peace. Should he refuse, I will presently invade the south; his hills and rivers shall be exposed to ravage. Our warriors will commence by hunting, as they proceed on their way; and thus, gradually entering the frontiers, I shall be ready to act as may best suit the occasion. [*Exit.*

Palace of Hän. Enter LADY, *attended by females.*

Princess — A long period has elapsed since I had to thank his Majesty for his choice. The Emperor's fondness for me is so great, that he has long neglected to hold a court. I hear he is now gone to the hall of audience, and will therefore ornament myself at my toilet, and be adorned and prepared to wait on him at his return.

[*Stands opposite a circular metal mirror.*

Enter EMPEROR.

Emperor — Since we first met with Chaoukuen, in the western palace, we have been as it were deranged and intoxicated: a long interval has elapsed since we held a court; and on entering the hall of audience this day, we waited not until the assembly had dispersed, but returned hither to obtain a sight of her. [*Perceiving the* PRINCESS.] Let us not alarm her, but observe in secret what she is doing. [*Comes close behind, and looks over her.*] "Reflected in that round mirror, she resembles the Lady in the Moon." [1]

Enter PRESIDENT *and an officer in waiting.*

President [*recites verses*] —

"Ministers should devote themselves to the regulation of the empire:
They should be occupied with public cares in the hall of government;
But they do naught but attend at the banquets in the palace;
When have they employed a single day in the service of their prince?"

This day, when the audience was concluded, an envoy arrived from the Tartars to demand Chaoukuen in marriage, as the only condition of peace. It is my duty to report this to his Majesty, who has retired to his western palace. Here I must enter. [*Perceiving the* EMPEROR.] I report to your Majesty that Hanchenyu, the leader of the northern foreigners, sends an envoy to declare that Maouyenshow has presented to him the portrait of the princess, and that he demands her in marriage as the only condition of peace. If refused, he will invade the south with a great power, and our rivers and hills will be exposed to rapine.

[1] Changngo, the goddess of the moon, gives her name to the finely curved eyebrows (Ngomei) of the Chinese ladies, which are compared to the lunar crescent when only a day or two old.

Emperor — In vain do we maintain and send forth armies: vain are the crowds of civil and military forces about our palace! Which of them will drive back for us these foreign troops? They are all afraid of the Tartar swords and arrows! But if they cannot exert themselves to expel the barbarians, why call for the princess to propitiate them?

President — The foreigners say that through your Majesty's devoted fondness for the princess, the affairs of your empire are falling into ruin. They declare that if the government does not yield her up, they will put their army in motion, and subdue the country. Your servant reflects that Chow-wong,[1] who lost his empire and life entirely through his blind devotion to Takee, is a fit example to warn your Majesty. Our army is weak, and needs the talents of a fit general. Should we oppose the Tartars, and be defeated, what will remain to us? Let your Majesty give up your fondness for the princess, to save your people.

Officer — The envoy waits without for an audience.

Emperor — Well; command that he approach us.

Enter ENVOY.

Envoy — Hanchenyu, Khan of the Tartars, sends me, his minister, to state before the great sovereign of Hãn, that the northern tribes and the southern empire have long been bound in peace by mutual alliances; but that envoys being twice sent to demand a princess, his requisitions have been refused. The late minister, Maouyenshow, took with him the portrait of a beautiful lady, and presented it to the Khan, who now sends me, his envoy, on purpose to demand the Lady Chaoukuen, and no other, as the only condition of peace between the two nations. Should your Majesty refuse, the Khan has a countless army of brave warriors, and will forthwith invade the south to try the chances of war. I trust your Majesty will not err in your decision.

Emperor — The envoy may retire to repose himself in his lodging. [*Exit the* ENVOY.] Let our civil and military officers consult, and report to us the best mode of causing the foreign

[1] Chow-wong was the last of the Shang dynasty, and infamous by his debaucheries and cruelties, in concert with his empress, Takee. When invaded by Woowong (who deprived him of empire), he mounted a funeral pile in all his splendor and burned himself to death like Sardanapalus.

troops to retire, without yielding up the princess to propitiate them. They take advantage of the compliant softness of her temper. Were the Empress Leuhow alive — let her utter a word, which of them would dare to be of a different opinion? — It would seem that, for the future, instead of men for ministers, we need only have fair women to keep our empire in peace!

Princess — In return for your Majesty's bounties, it is your handmaid's duty to brave death to serve you. I can cheerfully enter into this foreign alliance, for the sake of producing peace, and shall leave behind me a name still green in history. But my affection for your Majesty, how am I to lay aside?

Emperor — Alas, I[1] know too well that I can do no more than yourself!

President — I entreat your Majesty to sacrifice your love, and think of the security of your dynasty.[2] Hasten, sir, to send the princess on her way!

Emperor — Let her this day advance a stage on her journey, and be presented to the envoy. To-morrow we will repair as far as the bridge of Pāhling, and give her a parting feast.

President — Alas, sir, this may not be! It will draw on us the contempt of the barbarians.

Emperor — We have complied with all our ministers' propositions — shall they not, then, accede to ours? Be it as it may, we will witness her departure — and then return home to hate the traitor Maouyenshow!

President — Unwillingly we advise that the princess be sacrificed for the sake of peace: but the envoy is instructed to insist upon her alone — and from ancient times, how often hath the nation suffered for a woman's beauty!

Princess — Though I go into exile for the nation's good, yet ill can I bear to part from your Majesty! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter ENVOY, *escorting the* PRINCESS, *with a band of music.*

Princess — Thus was I, in spite of the treachery of Maouyenshow, who disfigured my portrait, seen and exalted by his Majesty; but the traitor presented a truer likeness to the

[1] In his passion he drops the imperial "we."

[2] Literally, "The gods of the land and grain," who grant their territory to a particular family.

Tartar king, who comes at the head of an army to demand me, with a threat of seizing the country. There is no remedy — I must be yielded up to propitiate the invaders! How shall I bear the rigors, the winds and frosts, of that foreign land! It has been said of old[1] that "surpassing beauty is often coupled with an unhappy fate." Let me grieve, then, without entertaining fruitless resentment at the effects of my own attractions.

Enter EMPEROR, *attended by the several officers.*

Emperor — This day we take leave of the princess at Pähling bridge! [*To his ministers.*] Can ye not yet advise a way to send out these foreign troops without yielding up the princess for the sake of peace? [*Descends from his horse, and appears to grieve with* CHAOUKUEN.] Let our attendants delay awhile, till we have conferred the parting cup.

Envoy — Lady, let us urge you to proceed on your way; the sky darkens, and night is coming on.

Princess — Alas! when shall I again behold your Majesty? I will take off my robes of distinction and leave them behind me. To-day in the palace of Hän — to-morrow I shall be espoused to a stranger. I cease to wear these splendid vestments — they shall no longer adorn my beauty in the eyes of men!

Envoy — Again let us urge you, princess, to depart; we have delayed but too long already!

Emperor — 'Tis done! Princess, when you are gone, let your thoughts forbear to dwell with sorrow and resentment upon us! [*They part.*] And am I the great monarch of the line of Hän?[2]

President — Let your Majesty cease to dwell with such grief upon this subject!

Emperor — "She is gone! In vain have we maintained those armed heroes on the frontier! Mention but swords and spears, and they tremble at their hearts like a young deer. The princess has this day performed what belonged to themselves; and yet do they affect the semblance of men!"

[1] This is a very old sentiment, out of China: —

"Sed vetat optari faciem Lucretia qualem
Ipsa habuit: cupere Rutilæ Virginia gibbum
Accipere, atque suam Rutilæ dare."

— *Juvenal.* x. 292–295.

[2] "Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor!" — *Mark Antony.*

President — Your Majesty is entreated to return to the palace! Dwell not so bitterly, sir, on her memory; allow her to depart!

Emperor — "Did I not think of her, I had a heart of iron — a heart of iron! The tears of my grief stream in a thousand channels. This evening shall her likeness be suspended in the palace, where I will sacrifice to it — and tapers with their silvery light shall illuminate her chamber."

President — Let your Majesty return to the palace — the princess is already far distant! [*Exeunt.*

The Tartar camp. Enter KHAN *at the head of his tribes, leading the* PRINCESS.

Khan — The Emperor of Hän, having now, in observance of old treaties, yielded up to me the Lady Chaoukuen in marriage, I take her as my rightful queen. The two nations shall enjoy the benefits of peace. [*To his generals.*] Leaders, transmit my commands to the army to strike our encampment, and proceed to the north. [*They march.*

The river Amoor. Tartar army on its march.

Princess — What place is this?

Envoy — It is the River of the Black Dragon, the frontier of the Tartar territories and those of China. This southern shore is the Emperor's: on the northern side commences our Tartar dominion.

Princess [*to the* KHAN] — Great king, I take a cup of wine, and pour a libation toward the south — my last farewell to the Emperor. [*Pours the libation.*] Emperor of Hän, this life is finished! I await thee in the next! [*Throws herself into the river. The* KHAN, *in great consternation, endeavors to save her, but in vain.*]

Khan — Alas! alas! — so determined was her purpose against this foreign alliance — she has thrown herself into the stream, and perished! 'Tis done, and remediless! Let her sepulchre be on this river's bank, and be it called "the verdant tomb."[1] She is no more; and in vain has been our enmity with the dynasty of Hän! The traitor Maouyenshow was the author of all this misery. [*To an officer.*] Take Maouyenshow, and let him be delivered over to the Emperor for punishment. I will return to our former friendship with the dynasty of Hän. We

[1] Said to exist now, and to be green all round the year.

will renew and long preserve the sentiments of relationship. The traitor disfigured the portrait to injure Chaoukuen, — then deserted his sovereign, and stole over to me, whom he prevailed on to demand the lady in marriage. How little did I think that she would thus precipitate herself into the stream, and perish! In vain did my spirit melt at the sight of her! But if I detained this profligate and traitorous rebel, he would certainly prove to us a root of misfortune: it is better to deliver him for his reward to the Emperor of Hãn, with whom I will renew and long retain our old feelings of relationship and amity. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter EMPEROR *with an attendant.*

Emperor — Since the princess was yielded to the Tartars, we have not held an audience. The lonely silence of night increases our melancholy! We take the picture of that fair one and suspend it here, as some small solace of our griefs. [*To the attendants.*] Keeper of the yellow gate, behold, the incense in yonder vase is burnt out; hasten then to add some more. "Though we cannot see her, we may at least retain this shadow; and while life remains, betoken our regard." But, oppressed and weary, we would fain take a little repose. [*Lies down to sleep.*]

The PRINCESS *appears before him in a vision.*

Princess — Delivered over as a captive to appease the barbarians, they would have conveyed me to their northern country, but I took an occasion to elude them, and have escaped back. Is not this the Emperor, my sovereign? Sir, behold me again restored.

A Tartar soldier appears in the vision.

Soldier — While I chanced to sleep, the lady, our captive, has made her escape and returned home. In eager pursuit of her, I have reached the imperial palace. Is not this she?

[*Carries her off.*

The EMPEROR *starts from his sleep.*

Emperor — We just saw the princess returned; but alas, how quickly has she vanished! "In bright day she answered

not to our call; but when morning dawned on our troubled sleep, a vision presented her in this spot." [*Hears the wild fowl's*[1] *cry.*] "Hark, the passing fowl screamed twice or thrice! Can it know there is one so desolate as I?" [*Cries repeated.*] "Perhaps, worn out and weak, hungry and emaciated, they bewail at once the broad nets of the south and the tough bows of the north." [*Cries repeated.*] The screams of those water-birds but increase our melancholy.

Attendant — Let your Majesty cease this sorrow, and have some regard to your sacred person.

Emperor — My sorrows are beyond control. "Cease to upbraid this excess of feeling, since ye are all subject to the same. Yon doleful cry is not the note of the swallow on the carved rafters, nor the song of the variegated bird upon the blossoming tree. The princess has abandoned her home! Know ye in what place she grieves, listening like me to the screams of the wild bird?"

Enter PRESIDENT.

President — This day, after the close of the morning council, a foreign envoy appeared, bringing with him the fettered traitor Maouyenshow. He announces that the renegade, by deserting his allegiance, led to the breach of truce, and occasioned all these calamities. The princess is no more, and the Khan wishes for peace and friendship between the two nations. The envoy attends, with reverence, your imperial decision.

Emperor — Then strike off the traitor's head, and be it presented as an offering to the shade of the princess! Let a fit banquet be got ready for the envoy, preparatory to his return. [*Recites*] —

"At the fall of the leaf, when the wild fowl's cry was heard in the recesses of the palace,
Sad dreams returned to our lonely pillow; we thought of her through the night:
Her verdant tomb remains — but where shall we seek herself?
The perfidious painter's head shall atone for beauty which he wronged."

[1] The wild goose is the emblem in China of intersexual attachment and fidelity, being said never to pair again after the loss of its mate. An image of it is worshipped by newly married couples. Inhabiting the northern regions during summer, these birds migrate in winter toward the southern extremes.

ZA-ZEÑ, OR "ABSTRACTION."

A JAPANESE COMEDY.

(Translated by Basil Hall Chamberlain.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: A HUSBAND. HIS WIFE. Their Servant, TARAU-KUWAZHIYA (pronounced Tarókaja).

Scene: A room in a private house in Kiyauto.

Husband [*solus*] — I am a resident in the suburbs of the metropolis. On the occasion of a recent journey down East, I was served [at a tea house] in the post town of Nogami, in the province of Mino, by a girl called Hana, who, having since then heard of my return to the capital, has followed me up here, and settled down at Kita-Shirakaha, where she expects me this evening according to a promise made by letter. But my vixen of a wife has got scent of the affair, and thus made it difficult for me to go. So what I mean to do is to call her, and tell her some pretty fable that may set me free. Halloo! halloo! Are you there, pray? are you there?

Wife — So it seems you are pleased to call me. What may it be that makes you thus call me?

Husband — Well, please to come in.

Wife — Your commands are obeyed.

Husband — My reason for calling you is just simply this: I want to tell you how much my spirits have been affected lately by continued dreams that I have had. That is why I have called you.

Wife — You are talking rubbish. Dreams proceed from organic disturbance, and do not come true; so pray don't trouble your head about them.

Husband — What you say is quite correct. Dreams, proceeding as they do from organic disturbance, do not come true nine times out of ten. Still mine have affected my spirits to such an extent, that I think of making some pilgrimage or other to offer up prayers both on your behalf and on my own.

Wife — Then where shall you go?

Husband — I mean (to say nothing of those in the metropolis and in the suburbs) to worship at every Shintau shrine and every Buddhist temple [throughout the land].

Wife — No, no! I won't allow you to go out of the house for a single hour. If you are so completely bent upon it, choose some devotion that can be performed at home.

Husband — Some devotion to be performed at home? What devotion could it be?

Wife — Burning incense on your arm or your head.

Husband — How thoughtlessly you do talk! What! is a devotion like that [priest's] to suit me — a layman if ever there was one?

Wife — I won't tolerate any devotion that cannot be performed at home.

Husband — Well, I never! You are one for talking at random. Hang it! what devotion shall it be? [*He reflects a few moments.*] Ah! I have it! I will perform the devotion of abstraction.

Wife — Abstraction? What is that?

Husband — Your want of familiarity [with the term] is but natural. It is a devotion that was practiced in days of old by Saint Daruma[1] (blessings on him!); you put your head under what is called the "abstraction blanket," and obtain salvation by forgetting all things past and to come — a most difficult form of devotion.

Wife — About how long does it take?

Husband — Well, I should say about a week or two.

Wife — That won't do either, if it is to take so many days.

Husband — Then for how long would my own darling consent to it without complaining?

Wife — About one hour is what I should suggest; but, however, if you can do it in a day, you are welcome to try.

Husband — Never, never! This important devotion is not a thing to be so easily performed within the limits of a single day. Please won't you grant me leave for at least a day and a night?

[1] Bôdhidharma, the first Buddhist Patriarch of China, who came there from India in 520 A.D. He is said to have remained seated in abstraction gazing at a wall for nine years, till his legs rotted off. A century after his death he is said to have reappeared in Japan, where he died again and was buried.

Wife — A day and a night?

Husband — Yes.

Wife — I don't much relish the idea; but if you are so completely bent upon it, take a day and a night for your devotion.

Husband — Really and truly?

Wife — Really and truly.

Husband — Oh! that is indeed too delightful! But I have something to tell you: know then that if a woman so much as peep through a chink, to say nothing of her coming into the actual room where the devotee is sitting, the spell is instantly broken. So be sure not to come to where I am.

Wife — All right. I will not come to you. So perform away.

Husband — Well, then, we will meet again after it shall have been happily accomplished.

Wife — I shall have the pleasure of seeing you when it is over.

Husband } — Good-bye! good-bye!
Wife }

Husband — I say!

Wife — What is it?

Husband — As I mentioned before, mind you don't come to me. We have the Buddhist's warning words: "When there is a row in the kitchen, to be rapt in abstraction is an impossibility." [Non-existent.] So whatever you do, do not come to me.

Wife — Please feel no uneasiness. I shall not think of intruding.

Husband — Well, then, we shall meet again when the devotion is over.

Wife — When it is done, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you.

Husband } — Good-bye! good-bye!
Wife }

Husband [*laughing*] — What fools women are, to be sure! To think of the delight of her taking it all for truth, when I tell her that I am going to perform the religious devotion of

abstraction for one whole day and night! Taraukuwazhiya, are you there? Halloo!

Servant — Yes, sir!

Husband — Are you there?

Servant — At your service.

Husband — Oh! you have been quick in coming.

Servant — You seem, master, to be in good spirits.

Husband — For my good spirits there is a good reason. I had made, as you know, an engagement to go and visit Hana this evening. But as my old woman has got scent of the affair, thus making it difficult for me to go, I have told her that I mean to perform the religious devotion of abstraction for a whole day and night — a good device, is it not, for carrying out my plan of going to see Hana?

Servant — A very good device indeed, sir.

Husband — But in connection with it, I want to ask you to do me a good turn. Will you?

Servant — Pray, what may it be?

Husband — Why, just simply this: it is that I have told my old woman not to intrude on my devotions; but being the vixen that she is, who knows but that she may peep and look in? in which case she would make a fine noise if there were no semblance [of a religious practice]; and so, though it is giving you a great deal of trouble, I wish you would oblige me by taking my place until my return.

Servant — Oh, it would be no trouble; but I shall get such a scolding if found out, that I would rather ask you to excuse me.

Husband — What nonsense you talk! Do oblige me by taking my place; for I will not allow her to scold you.

Servant — Oh, sir! that is all very well; but pray excuse me for this time.

Husband — No, no! you must please do this for me; for I will not so much as let her point a finger at you.

Servant — Please, please let me off!

Husband — Gracious goodness! The fellow heeds what my wife says, and won't heed what I say myself! Do you mean that you have made up your mind to brave me? [*Threatening to beat him.*]

Servant — Oh! I will obey.

Husband — No, no! you mean to brave me!

Servant — Oh, no, sir! surely I have no help but to obey.

Husband — Really and truly?

Servant — Really and truly.

Husband — [My anger] was only a feint. Well, then, take my place, please.

Servant — Yes, to be sure; if it is your desire, I will do so.

Husband — That is really too delightful. Just stop quiet while I set things to rights for you to sit in abstraction.

Servant — Your commands are laid to heart.

Husband — Sit down here.

Servant — Oh, what an unexpected [honor]!

Husband — Now, then: I fear it will be uncomfortable, but oblige me by putting your head under this "abstraction blanket."

Servant — Your commands are laid to heart.

Husband — Well, it is scarcely necessary to say so, but even if my old woman should tell you to take off the "abstraction blanket," be sure not to do so until my return.

Servant — Of course not. I should not think of taking it off. Pray don't be alarmed.

Husband — I will be back soon.

Servant — Please be good enough to return quickly.

Husband — Ah! that is well over! No doubt Hana is waiting impatiently for me. I will make haste and go.

Wife — I am mistress of this house. I perfectly understood my partner the first time he asked me not to come to him on account of the religious devotion which he was going to perform. But there is something suspicious in his insisting on it a second time, with a "Don't come to look at me! don't come to look at me!" So I will just peep through some hidden corner and see what the thing looks like. [*Peeping.*] What's this? Why, it seems much more uncomfortable than I had supposed! [*Coming in and drawing near.*] Please, please; you told me not to come to you, and therefore I had intended

not to do so; but I felt anxious, and so I have come. Won't you lift off that "abstraction blanket," and take something, if only a cup of tea, to unbend your mind a little? [*The figure under the blanket shakes its head.*] You are quite right. The thought of my being so disobedient and coming to you, after the care you took to tell me not to intrude, may justly rouse your anger; but please forgive my rudeness, and do please take that blanket off and repose yourself, do! [*The figure shakes its head again.*] You may say no again and again, but I *will* have it off. You *must* take it off. Do you hear? [*She pulls it off, and* TARAUKUWAZHIYA *stands exposed.*] What! you, you rascal? Where has my old man gone? Won't you speak? won't you speak?

Servant — Oh! I know nothing.

Wife — Oh, how furious I am! Oh, how furious I am! Of course he must have gone to that woman's house. Won't you speak? won't you speak? I shall tear you in pieces!

Servant — In that case, how can I keep anything from you? Master has walked out to see Miss Hana.

Wife — What! *Miss* Hana, do you say? Say *Minx*, say *Minx!* Gracious me, what a rage I am in! Then he really has gone to Hana's house, has he?

Servant — Yes, he really has gone there.

Wife — Oh! when I hear he has gone to Hana's house, I feel all ablaze, and oh, in such a passion! oh, in such a passion! [*Bursts out crying.*]

Servant — [Your tears] are but natural.

Wife — Ah! I had meant not to let you go unhurt if you had kept it from me. But as you have told the truth, I forgive you. So get up.

Servant — I am extremely grateful for your kindness.

Wife — Now tell me, how came you to be sitting there?

Servant — It was master's order that I should take his place; and so, although it was most repugnant to me, there was no alternative for me but to sit down, and I did so.

Wife — Naturally. Now I want to ask you to do me a good turn. Will you?

Servant — Pray, what may it be?

Wife — Why, just simply this: you will arrange the blanket on the top of me just as it was arranged on the top of you; won't you?

when there comes borne to me the sound of her voice, humming as she sat alone : —

"The breezes through the pine trees moan,
The dying torch burns low;
Ah me! 'tis eerie all alone!
Say, will he come or no?"

So I gave a gentle rap on the back door, on hearing which she cried out : — "Who's there? who's there?" Well, a shower was falling at the time. So I answered by singing : —

"Who comes to see you, Hana dear,
Regardless of the soaking rain?
And do your words, 'Who's there, who's there?'
Mean that you wait for lovers twain?"

to which Hana replied : —

"What a fine joke! well, who can tell?
On such a dark and rainy night
Who ventures out must love me well,
And I, of course, must be polite,

and say, 'Pray, sir, pass this way!'" and with these words she loosened the ring and staple with a cling-a-ring, and pushed open the door with a crick-a-tick; and while the breeze from the bamboo blind poured toward me laden with the scent of flowers, out she comes to me, and "At your service, sir," says she, "though I am but a poor country maid." So in we went hand in hand to the parlor. But yet her first question, "Who's there?" had left me so doubtful as to whether she might not be playing a double game, that I turned my back on her, and said crossly that I supposed she had been expecting a number of lovers, and that the thought quite spoilt my pleasure. But oh! what a darling Hana is! Coming to my side, and clasping tight my hand, she whispered, saying : —

"If I do please you not, then from the first
Better have said that I do please you not;
But wherefore pledge your troth, and after turn
Against me! Alas! alas!

Why be so angry? I am playing no double game." Then she asked why I had not brought you, Taraukuwazhiya, with

me; and on my telling her the reason why you had remained at home, "Poor fellow!" said she, "how lonely he must be all by himself! Never was there a handier lad at anything than he; though doubtless it is a case of the mugwort planted among the hemp, which grows straight without need of twisting, and of the sand mixed with the mud, which gets black without need of dyeing, and it is his having been bound to you from a boy that has made him so genteel and clever. Please always be a kind master to him." Yes, those are the things you have said of you when Hana is the speaker. As for my old vixen, she wouldn't let as much fall from her mug in the course of a century, I'll warrant! [*Violent shaking under the blanket.*] Then she asked me to pass into the inner room to rest awhile. So in we went to the inner room, hand in hand. And then she brought out wine and food, and pressed me to drink, so that what with drinking one's self, and passing the cup to her, and pressing each other to drink, we kept feasting until far into the night, when at her suggestion another room was sought, and a little repose taken. But soon day began to break, and I said I would go home. Then Hana exclaimed: —

"Methought that when I met thee, dearest heart,
I'd tell thee all that swells within my breast;
But now already 'tis the hour to part,
And oh! how much still lingers unexpressed!

Please stay and rest a little longer!" "But no!" said I, "I must get home. All the temple bells are a-ringing." "And heartless priests they are," cried she, "that ring them! Horrid wretches to begin their ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, when it is still the middle of the night!" But for all her entreaties, and for all my own regrets, I remembered that "meeting is but parting," and

Tearing me loose, I made to go: farewell!
Farewell a thousand times, like ocean sands
Untold; and followed by her distant gaze,
I went: but as I turned me round, the moon,
A slender rim, sparkling, remained behind,
And oh! what pain it was to me to part!

[*Sheds tears.*] And so I came home. Oh! isn't it a pity? [*Weeping again.*] Ah well! out of my heart's joy has flowed

all this long history, and meanwhile you must be very uncomfortable. Take off that "abstraction blanket." Take it off, for I have nothing more to tell you. Gracious goodness! what a stickler you are! Well, then, I must pull it off myself. I *will* have it off, man! do you hear me?

[*Pulls off the blanket, and up jumps his wife.*

Wife — Oh, how furious I am! Oh, how furious I am! To hoax me and go off to Hana in that manner!

Husband — Oh, not at all, not at all! I never went to Hana. I have been performing my devotions, indeed I have.

Wife — What! so he means to come and tell me that he has been performing his devotions? and then into the bargain to talk about "things the old vixen would never have let drop!" Oh! I'm all ablaze with rage! Hoaxing me and going off — where? going off where?

[*Pursuing her husband round the stage.*

Husband — Not at all, not at all! I never said anything of the kind. Do, do forgive me! do forgive me!

Wife — Oh, how furious I am! Oh, how furious I am! Where have you been, sir? where have you been?

Husband — Well, then, why should I conceal it from you? I have been to pray both for your welfare and for my own at the Temple of the Five Hundred Disciples in Tsukushi.[1]

Wife — Oh, how furious I am! Oh, how furious I am! As if you could have got as far as the Five Hundred Disciples!

Husband — Do, do forgive me! Do forgive me!

Wife — Oh, how furious I am! Oh, how furious I am! [*The husband runs away.*] Where's the unprincipled wretch off to? Is there nobody there? Please catch him! I won't let him escape! I won't let him escape!

[1] At the extreme southwest of Japan, several hundred miles away.

THE TELLTALE SCREEN.

A Chinese Novelette.

(From the "Kin-ku-ki-kwan," a famous Chinese collection of tales. Adapted by the Marquis d'Hervey-Saint-Denys : translated for this work.)

They tell that under the dynasty of Song [1227–1368 A.D.] there was a mandarin named Wang, a native of Pin-liang, who came to fill a temporary office at Lin-ngan, bringing his wife with him. He took at the outset the first house suggested to him ; but after a few days, finding it cramped and uncomfortable, he went in quest of a pleasanter lodging, found in a handsome quarter of the city a spacious and convenient dwelling which suited him admirably, and halted at once. He went home and said to his wife : —

"I have found a charming residence where we shall be well fixed. To-morrow I will have our furniture and luggage moved there. I will superintend the putting it in ; when it's all ready I'll send a palanquin for you."

The next morning he did not fail to oversee the preparations for moving ; and on the point of departure, accompanying his baggage, he again repeated to the lady : —

"Wait for the palanquin I'll send after you, to rejoin me."

The boxes being unpacked, and everything put in place in the new quarters, the Mandarin Wang sent off the palanquin he had promised. The hours slipped away, and still the palanquin did not return. The husband lost patience ; he set out again for the house he had left, to learn the cause of the delay.

"Shortly after your departure," said the people of the house to him, "a palanquin came after madame ; then a second palanquin came, which had to go back empty, for madame had already left. How does it happen you have not seen anybody ?"

Wang, in great perplexity, promptly retraced his steps. He found only the porters sent by him, who had made a fruitless journey but none the less claimed their wages. He tried to draw some enlightenment from them as to the palanquin which preceded them and his wife had gotten into ; but the men knew absolutely nothing. He had to pay them for their journey, and swallow the rage in his heart.

He lodged a complaint with the prefect of Lin-ngan. The prefect had arrests made of the landlord of the indicated

house, who merely repeated what his people had already said; of neighbors, who alleged that they had seen the lady climb into the palanquin and depart; of the two porters of the palanquin which had remained empty, and which many persons had seen pass: but without any of it throwing the smallest light on the affair. The prefect, much embarrassed, could only authenticate by an official document all these arrests and depositions he had made. As to discovering the first porters, in regard to whom there was no clew, that seemed as hard as trying to catch a shadow or fishing the image of the moon out of the sea.

Five years passed after this occurrence. Lord Wang had fallen into a dull melancholy; he rejected the idea of marrying again. An imperial decree suddenly appointed him inspector of studies for the department of Kin-chow; and beginning his tour of inspection by the district of Si-ngan, which was nearest, he entered into relations of friendship with the sub-prefect of that district. One day, when they were all taking the noon meal together at the prefecture, a dish of turtle was served; which Wang had hardly tasted when he laid down his chopsticks, emitted a long sigh, and let two great tears be seen in his eyes.

The sub-prefect, greatly astonished, asked him the cause of his trouble.

"This dish of turtle has exactly the taste of those my lost wife prepared for me," said Wang. "A cruel memory was awakened; thence my emotion."

"Is it long since she journeyed to the other world?"

"If she really were dead, I should have to submit to the will of Heaven; but the truth is that she was abducted from me at Lin-ngan, by treacherously inducing her to mount into a palanquin which was not her own, that all my searches after her have been fruitless, and perhaps the villains have sold her."

"That is very strange!" said the prefect aside to himself. "I just bought a foreign woman at Lin-ngan for thirty *wan* [about $500] to make her a wife of the second rank, and it's she that cooked this dish of turtle. There's something to clear up here."

He immediately rose from the table, sought the inner rooms, and addressing the wife he had bought, said: —

"You are a foreigner in this district: have you a husband at Lin-ngan?"

"Alas, yes!" murmured the woman, in tears. "Brigands stole me. If I have not told you that dreadful history, it is for fear dishonor might reflect from me on my husband."

"What was the name of your husband?"

"He was called Wang. He was filling a temporary office at Lin-ngan, waiting for a more important mandarinate."

At these words the sub-prefect changed color, and returned, saying to his guest: —

"Will your Lordship please break off a moment: some one wishes to see you."

Lord Wang let them show him the way. A woman was before him, and it was his own wife. The consorts threw themselves into each other's arms, weeping with tender affection.

"How can it be I have found you again?" asked the husband.

"Doubtless the walls of our house were very thin, and the night when you told me in advance that a palanquin would come and take me, our conversation must have been overheard. I thought it was the one you had sent for me, and hurried into it. They took me to an empty house where a lot of women were already shut up, and the next day I was taken to the sub-prefect's boat. I understood quite well that I was sold; but I dared not say I was, for fear the shame of this happening would be injurious to your career as mandarin. I had to submit to my misfortune. How joyful it is to have found you again to-day!"

The sub-prefect was in extreme confusion. He quickly had the lady leave the inner room, and called the porters of his own palanquin to escort her to Inspector Wang's. The latter wished to reimburse the money paid for her purchase, which disturbed the sub-prefect.

"I acted very carelessly," he said. "I should have informed myself better than I did. I have rendered myself very guilty in thus taking the wife of a colleague. If now you talk of giving me something, I shall not know where to hide."

Wang, nevertheless, tendered him great thanks, and the couple then withdrew, happy in being no longer separated.

These bandits of Lin-ngan, who from hearing a few words through a thin partition had the cleverness to carry off the wife of Lord Wang, thought that by selling her to a traveling mandarin, the couple they had separated would never be reunited. This meeting after five years at Kin-chow could cer-

tainly not be foreseen; but no more should we be immeasurably astonished at it. A union which Heaven has made is not broken unless Heaven breaks it.

The mates had found each other again; that was a good thing. Nevertheless it will be recognized that the wife lacked for her complete happiness the discovery and punishment of those who had so treacherously and vilely disposed of her body. We will now relate the history of another woman, the victim of a crime not less odious, but who tasted the sweets of vengeance, thanks to the decoration of a screen.

Under the dynasty of Yuen [1206–1367 A.D.], in the country of Chin-Chow, on the Kiang-nan, there was a young mandarin whose family name was Tsui, personal name Yng, and surname Chun-chin; so that his complete name was Tsui Yng Chun-chin.[1] His family was rich and had neglected no means of cultivating his brilliant natural talents. Whether he traced characters or painted water colors, he handled the pencil better than any other scholar of his epoch. He married a very beautiful girl called Wang,[2] finely educated and highly talented. It was a charming couple, which every one admired, and of consorts who loved each other with actual passion. By the influence of his father, well furnished with powerful friends, Tsui Chun-chin was not belated in entering the career of mandarinates; he obtained the sub-prefecture of Yong-Kia, on the Che-kiang, and selecting a lucky day, set out to repair to his post. He hired near the canal lock a large boat, whose master professed to be named Kue and to hail from the port of Fuh-chow. This boat, which was to go as far as Hang-chow, was operated by five or six young fellows whom the captain styled nephews and brothers.

Chun-chin and his wife embarked with their servants and maids. The wind was favorable; all sails were flung out, and they glided lightly along the Blue River. In a few days they reached Fuh-chow; the boat halted and was moored to the bank, and the master presented himself at the cabin door with this little speech: —

[1] His family name of Tsui is the official title; but the Chinese author mostly speaks of him, as we shall do, by his surname.

[2] Chinese women do not take their husband's names, but keep their own family's; Tsui's wife was therefore called Lady Wang. When the wife's personal name is not given in a Chinese story, she is called by a term meaning the "mistress," or "the lady of the house." The repetition of the name of Wang in the two narratives is purely accidental.

"His Lordship the mandarin is not ignorant that Fuh-chow is a great port. It is the custom to burn incense and offer sacrifices for the happy accomplishment of our voyage. On the other hand, it would seem as if we had earned a fee for the trouble we have already taken to get thus far so promptly. His Lordship the mandarin finds a double occasion for displaying his liberality."

By nature, Chun-chin loved to do things well; and in his present situation he felt bound to be specially generous. He therefore opened his purse liberally. The captain bought three animals, which he offered as victims to the spirits; then, wishing to treat a passenger who behaved so well in a manner to encourage him, he served up an excellent repast with a great variety of dishes, with two bottles of *san-pe-chuen* wine, which Chun-chin at once gave orders to have warmed.

This *san-pe-chuen* wine, which is bottled at Fuh-chow, is renowned throughout the entire world. As soon as a bottle is opened, a soft perfume is thrown off. Pouring it into the glass, you admire its fine color and its clearness. As to its taste, it is charming, and mounts to the head in the most agreeable manner.

"Before tasting this wine," cried the young mandarin, who was seated at the table with his wife, "you already want to drink it."

The two spouses simultaneously lifted and drained their cups, filled with so enticing a vintage. They found it delicious, of an exquisite flavor; they proclaimed it worthy of its reputation, and never left off tasting it. Soon the two bottles were emptied, the lady taking care to drink very little, but always keeping even with her husband. Chun-chin, whose thirst augmented in proportion as he found pleasure in satisfying it, had his people go out and buy more bottles; and, over-excited by his growing intoxication, he took golden cups from his boxes in order to drink the *san-pe-chuen* as gloriously as joyously.

On the watch in the back cabin, the master saw the display of these precious objects. He was an unblushing scoundrel, whom the weight and volume of the numerous luggage embarked had already set cogitating. The appearance of the golden vessels finished enchanting him. He called his "brothers" and "nephews" together at once, took counsel with them, and returning to the cabin, said: —

"Here in the middle of the port the place is noisy and the air is bad. If it pleases your Highnesses, a few strokes of the oars will enable us to pick out a cooler and more agreeable place to pass the night in."

It was then August, the heat was very strong, and the wine Chun-chin had drunk contributed its part toward making him feel heavier still. The idea of breathing a fresher air enchanted him; and he accepted the captain's proposition, requiring him to put it in execution at once. Vainly did Lady Wang object that the interior of the port offered a security which had its value, and that perhaps it was not prudent to go and pass the night in a deserted place.

"Nobody's proposing to go far away," replied Chun-chin; "and besides, if there was the least danger, the master of this boat, who is a native of this district, would know all about it. So don't let's have any uneasiness, and let's hunt for some coolness quick."

Scarce had this order been given when the moorings were unfastened, the oars and paddles were set in motion, and the boat glided rapidly into the darkness. On the left was Lake Tai-hu; the river expanded and resembled a sea. If even government stations and roads are not always perfectly safe, what risks does the traveler not run where the creeks and arms of the rivers are such resorts of robbers? Chun-chin knew very well that pirates existed on the Yang-tse-kiang; what he did not know was that on the banks of the Yang-tse-kiang you may also meet with brigands.

The captain steered his boat and stopped it in the midst of a shallow place covered with roses and encircled by deep waters. All his men at once began to drink until they were half drunk; then, armed with knives and hatchets, they broke abruptly into the cabin, beginning by butchering a servant who held the doorway against them.

Comprehending his danger too late, Chun-chin tried to avert it by parleying.

"Take all our baggage," he said, — "I willingly give it up to you; but spare our lives, which can be of no use to you."

"We want your property and we want your lives too!" yelled the bandits.

Their chief intervened at this moment, and said, designating Lady Wang with the point of his dagger: —

"She has nothing to be afraid of; she is not to be killed, but she is the only one who will keep her life: all the rest are to die."

Seeing himself doomed, and not succeeding, despite his supplications, in getting the bandit chief to revoke his decree of death, Chun-chin cried out: —

"If I, a scholar, cannot find grace before you, let them at least kill me without mutilating my body. It is a last favor for which I shall still be very grateful."

"Well, all right," said the captain of the boat. "If that's all, I'll grant it to you: you shan't get even a knife stroke."

And seizing Chun-chin by the girdle, he flung him into the muddy gulf, where the roots of the great reeds interlaced like a net. A noise of *pu-tong* was heard, and the waters closed over the hapless mandarin. All the servants and all the maids had their throats cut without mercy.

Lady Wang wept scalding tears. Force had to be employed to prevent her from casting herself into the water. The chief of the butchers, who had preserved her life, undertook to calm and console her.

"Don't cry any more," he said, "and listen to me. I'm going to talk square to you. My second son isn't married yet. He has gone to burn incense at Whei-chu, in the temple of Tsi-yun. When he comes back I'll make him your husband; from now on I look on you as one of my family. So you've nothing to be afraid of, and everything will be arranged in good shape for you."

It was the fear of being violated which had caused Lady Wang to attempt suicide. These words reassured her for the present; and directly she thought, "If I were dead, who could exact vengeance for these atrocities? Seeing there is to be no imminent peril, let me take courage and wait till some favorable chance offers itself to seize."

Then she dried her tears and answered: —

"If you will truly not attempt my life, I will gladly be your daughter-in-law."

"Why should you doubt my words? I am not a liar. Do you want me to back the sincerity of my promise with an oath?"

"I will not cast a doubt on my father-in-law's sincerity. It is not necessary for you to take any oath."

This name of father-in-law, given to him already, enchanted the old brigand, and completed his deception as to the young

widow's secret intentions. He assured her anew of his satisfaction and his wholly paternal sentiments.

Nevertheless, the baggage contained in the cabin was turned into booty. They shared among themselves the spoils of the vanished ones. Each made a bundle of what fell to his share, and each tried to regain his den in haste, so as to take his leisure.

Left alone on the boat with him who had called her his daughter-in-law, and who never stopped glorifying to her the joys of her future household, Lady Wang set herself to follow skillfully the plan she had formed. She never said no; she showed herself submissive and prudent; she served her father-in-law, took care of everything, and occupied herself with the smallest details, as if the domestic management of the household had really belonged to her. More and more the old brigand applauded himself on the acquisition he had made. He gradually came to fancy that the widow had accepted the change of family without regret, and the idea of watching her left his mind completely.

A month passed away; the 22d of September had come, the day of the great fall festival. For this solemnity, the master of the boat reunited on board it all the brigands of his gang. He asked Lady Wang to prepare the dishes and the wine, and set the table. The banquet came off by moonlight, and the revelers drank themselves dead drunk: tumbling east and tumbling west, they finished by rolling on the deck one after the other; and the young widow, seated in the stern, after hearing the bellowings of the orgy, heard nothing else but snores. By the light of a brilliant moon she easily recognized that all the sleepers were sunk in muddy stupor. What finer occasion could she hope to recover her liberty? The stern of the boat was moored to a tree on the bank; she leaped lightly to the earth, and taking her course, ran two or three *li* without stopping.

The highway ran no farther, and the country changed its aspect. Leaving the open country, a swampy region was entered, where on every side extended a veritable forest of bamboos and roses. A tortuous little pathway presented itself to her gaze, winding in and out among tall plants. Lady Wang resolutely involved herself in it, despite the difficulty her little feet encountered in walking on a slippery soil. She fell more than once; but she still went forward as fast as her strength

permitted her, urged on by the terror of having behind her some pursuer from the boat. Day began to dawn; at the end of a wood appeared walls. "Thanks be to God," she cried, "here are habitations!" She made haste to reach them. It was a Buddhist chapel and the buildings of a humble monastery.

The doors were still closed. On the point of knocking she hesitated. "Are they priests or priestesses that are shut up in this monastery?" she thought. "If they are priests, and some of them are capable of outraging me in contempt of their rule, should I not have escaped from the frying-pan into the fire? Besides, here it is broad daylight; so even if they did catch up with me here, I could scream for help. I am out of danger now." She therefore seated herself on the bench beside the door, waiting till at the rousing of the monastery the door should be opened.

That moment was but little behind. A sound of bolts was heard; a woman came out and went to draw water. The convent was not a men's monastery. She entered and asked to see the superior; the latter appeared, and was informed of the reasons which led to such an early morning visit. Lady Wang was afraid of making the whole truth known[1] to her, and said:

"My family is from Chin-Chow. I am the second wife of the Mandarin Tsui, who was sub-prefect of Yong-kia, and who, traveling to change his post, has moored his boat near here. His first wife is violent and spiteful; she is forever insulting and striking me. While they were holding the festival of the mid-autumn moon this evening, she ordered me to bring her some golden vessels, which I had the ill-luck to let drop and they rolled into the river. The wife of the first rank in a frightful rage swore the slip should cost me my life. I was seized with terror, and when I saw everybody asleep, I sought safety in flight."

"If I understand you aright," rejoined the superior, "you have determined not to return to the boat you have fled from. Your family's country is far away, and it is not to-day or to-morrow it will be possible for you to find another man to

[1] This fear of telling the truth, the need for dissimulation even when the circumstances would seem to demand imperatively the fullest disclosure, as here, is a perpetually recurrent feature in Chinese stories, and implies, as in the West, a weak government and half-barbarous peoples. Lady Wang could not be sure the prioress was not a confederate of the gang.

receive you into his house on the same terms as the one you have quitted. Then what will become of you?"

Lady Wang wept without replying. The superior, who had remarked at the outset her sober and modest demeanor, and felt moved with compassion for her miserable plight, conceived the idea of taking her in as a novice.

"Perhaps I might have a proposition to make to you," she resumed, "but who knows if it will meet your intentions?"

"If the honorable superior condescends to have any views regarding me, how could I help being glad to follow her advice, and eagerly?"

"My humble little convent is in a profound solitude. It is very rarely that human footsteps approach it. Roses and tall plants are our neighbors; water birds are our friends; the quiet here is complete. Two nuns keep me company, both of them past fifty. A few servant-maids assist me, all prudent and experienced. It is sweet to pass existence in purity and virtue. You have beauty and are in the flower of youth; but destiny does not permit you to enjoy them. Why not renounce thoughts of love, shave off your hair, and put on black? Even here you may become a priestess and practice the worship of Buddha. Morning and evening you will eat rice gruel; the days and the months will pass without effort. Is not that preferable to the condition of servant or concubine, in dependence on another? By accepting the grievous experience of this life, one acquires happiness in the future one."

Lady Wang bowed and thanked her.

"If the honorable superior will receive me and take me as a novice I shall esteem myself most happy. I am ready to clothe myself in the monastic garb and present my head to the razor."

Highly satisfied with this recruit, who offered so resolutely to share the pious exercises of the convent, the superior at once called up her two companions to make her acquaintance. Incense was straightway burned, the little bell was rung, they prostrated themselves before the image of Buddha, and shaved the novice's head.

> The charming mandarin's wife becomes a priestess.
> Alas, how sorrowful that is!

When they had cut off her hair, the nuns gave Lady Wang a Buddhist name. They called her Whei-yuen [sphere of intelligence]. They had her salute the Buddhist Trinity, and

next the superior, whom she recognized as her mistress. She accomplished also the prescribed rites in the presence of her new companions, and from that time became a part of the community.

In the morning she rang the bells ; in the evening she beat the gong. During the day she fulfilled the ceremonies of the worship, fed the censers, and exercised herself in the cadenced recitation of the prayers. Intelligent and educated, she soon knew the entire ritual by heart. She kept herself in touch with all that interested the monastery. The superior, who grew more and more attached to her, came at last to decide nothing without consulting her ; the other nuns, touched by her sweetness and her willingness, loved her not less. As soon as she rose, she went and prostrated herself before the great saint clothed in white, secretly explaining her troubles to him while striking the earth a hundred times with her forehead. She was never troubled by excess of cold or heat ; and when her devotions were finished, she went and sat quietly in her cell. She was rarely disturbed there, because her beauty never ceased to cause a little uneasiness to the superior, who took care to avoid occasions when strangers might be able to see her.

Things went on thus for a year or more, without anything notable happening ; then the convent received a visit which was to cause Lady Wang a poignant emotion. Two men, whom the superior knew to bring offerings from time to time, asked in passing that they might not be forgotten in the prayers. The superior having detained them and offered them the meager fare, they brought back the next day, by way of compensation and to help adorn the chapel, a panel of stiff paper on which poppy flowers were painted. The superior accepted the gift and fixed it on a screen. When her gaze encountered the screen, Lady Wang's heart stopped beating for a moment. She recognized that painting.

"Where did that come from ?" she asked of the mistress.

"It is a gift which two benefactors of the convent have made us."

"Who are these benefactors of the convent? Where do they live ?"

"Ku Ngo-shu and his brother ; both of them live in this district."

"And what business do they carry on ?"

"Formerly they were boatmen, who earned their living by carrying passengers on the rivers and lakes. Last year their affairs prospered all at once in a surprising manner; it is said they must have become rich at the expense of some merchant, but that has never been proved."

"Do they come to the convent often?"

"Oh, no; only when chance brings them to our quarter."

Lady Wang carefully noted the names of the two men, and immediately taking her pencil, wrote on the screen this note in irregular verses: —

He was young, he was full of distinction and elegance; he had the pencil of Chang-fu.[1] What he painted was living. Whang-chows[2] are not numerous to-day. These peacock flowers are of incomparable freshness and brilliancy. Who would have thought their beautiful colors should recall to the living the memory of death! The sight of this painting sharpens my sorrow, and yet it is all that remains to us of him. Who knows my sufferings! Who can pity my unhappiness! This screen will henceforth be the sole companion of the desolate priestess. The union which death has broken in this existence, I ardently desire to renew in another life.

The nuns of the little convent knew almost all the characters used in their prayers; but they were incapable of reading and comprehending this piece, written in the literary style. They merely judged that the novice wished to make a display of her talents, and did not try to know anything more about it. Who would have thought that this painting was the work of Chun-chin, and part of the plunder seized on the boat! Seeing the flowers that remained so vivid while he who painted them was cold in death, Lady Wang felt a sharp wrench at her heart. She also suffered cruelly at being only a woman, and a woman who had become a priestess, — that is, from her powerlessness of applying herself to secure justice and have the murderers pursued, since they could not be tracked down. But we should not despair of the intervention of celestial powers, when it concerns the punishment of crime, and when the chain of destiny that unites two mates has not been broken.

At Ku-su, a neighboring town, lived a rich man called Ko King-chun, who was sedulous in keeping up relations with

[1] A celebrity of the Hân times, often cited as a model of conjugal tenderness. He painted his wife's eyebrows with his own skilled pencil.

[2] Whang-chow was a famous painter.

the mandarins and the scholars, and who loved to pick up choice things to adorn his study. One day when out walking he chanced to pay a visit to the convent, and noticed the panel with the poppy flowers; he remarked the fineness of the painting as well as the elegance of the penciled characters, and offered to buy it. The superior consulted Lady Wang on this proposition, and the latter immediately said within herself: "This is a memento of my husband which it will certainly cost me a great deal to give up; but the inscription I have added is of a sort to arouse attention. If it came under the notice of a man of spirit, who took an interest in the hidden sense of my verses and wished to probe them to the bottom, would it not be a most precious assistance? Shut up in the convent, this document remains without value." She therefore advised the superior not to refuse the offers that were made her, and Ko King-chun with great delight carried off what he had coveted.

In the town of Ku-su lived also a mandarin of high rank, who had formerly exercised the functions of imperial historiographer, and who was named Kow Na-ling. He was a great amateur of painting and calligraphy. Ko King-chun desired to gratify him, and it was to make him a present that he had bought the panel with the poppy flowers. Lord Kow gladly accepted the present, whose merit he appreciated at first sight; but not having, at the moment he received it, time to examine it quite at leisure, he had it provisionally deposited in his back library, without having read the poetical complaint that accompanied the flowers.

The next day a man presented himself at the door, holding in his hands four rolls of sentences written in cursive, which he wished to sell. Objects of this nature Lord Kow never refused to look at. He gave orders to have the man come in, and cast his eyes on the rolls.

The drawing of the characters denotes the feeling for the art;
It is pure, bold, and far remote from vulgarity.
On marking the beauty of this writing,
One would say it might figure among the bronze and the stone
[*i.e.* inscriptions in the museums].

"That is something truly remarkable! Who wrote it?" said Lord Kow.

"They are essays in which I have practiced myself," responded his hearer.

The old mandarin raised his head. He had before him a personage whose distinction struck him. "What are your names," he asked, "and where is your country?"

"I am named Tsui Chun-chin," said the man, with tears in his voice. "My family is of Chin-Chow. Through the influence of my father, I obtained the sub-prefecture of Yong-kia. I set out to occupy that post, taking my wife with me; but I had the fault of lacking prudence. The boatmen who carried me threw me into the Yang-tse-kiang, in order to carry off all I owned. As to my wife and my servants, I know not what became of them. Reared on the banks of this very stream, I learned from infancy to dive and swim a long time under water. I succeeded in gaining the bank, in spite of great obstacles. I was rescued by a peasant, with whom I passed the night, and who generously offered me wine and rice, although I had not a single copper about me to pay him with. When I took leave of him the following day, he said to me: 'Since you have been the victim of a band of brigands, they must be denounced to the mandarin. As for me, I don't dare get mixed up in the business; but I urge you to act without losing any time.' He showed me the road to the town, and I laid my complaint before the government of Ping-kiang. Unluckily I had no money. I could not stimulate the zeal of subalterns, and I have been waiting for more than a year without any one paying the least attention to me, apparently. Far from my country, I have not the least resource; so I am trying to earn my living by writing rolls of this kind. I am far from believing that my writing is handsome. I should never have hoped that your Lordship would regard these scrawls with so favorable an eye."

At the language, the accent, the demeanor of him who spoke thus, Kow Na-ling saw that the account he gave of his misfortunes was genuine. The situation of a mandarin reduced to poverty by brigands touched him profoundly, his open countenance inspired him with lively sympathy, his talent for calligraphy interested him. He decided to assist him with all his power, and immediately rejoined: —

"Since you are just now under the obligation of creating your own resources, I propose to you to stay with me and teach my grandsons the art of drawing characters elegantly. We shall have time also to talk of your affairs. Will that suit you?"

"In my evil fortune, since all doors are shut against me, if your Lordship takes me under his protection it will be a return to happiness."

Highly satisfied at seeing his offers accepted, Lord Kow invited the writing-master to come into his back library, to celebrate his welcome in a few glasses of wine. They both drank and talked in high spirits, when Chun-chin perceived in full view the painting brought from the convent. His face changed color instantly, and the tears came into his eyes.

"Why does the sight of these flowers make such an impression on you?" asked Lord Kow, greatly surprised.

"I cannot dissemble the truth to your Lordship," responded Chun-chin. "This painting is one of the things taken from me on the boat, and it was I who painted those flowers: judge whether I ought not to be surprised at finding it again in your noble dwelling."

He had risen as he uttered these words, in order to examine the panel more closely; the composition in irregular verses had attracted his attention. He added: —

"And what is more extraordinary still is, that this inscription was written there by Lady Wang, my wife."

"How can you be sure of that?"

"My wife's writing is perfectly familiar to me; and moreover, there are allusions in it which cannot leave me in any doubt that my poor wife herself composed this piece. What is not less certain is that it was written since our terrible disaster. My wife, then, is still living, and without doubt in the power of the brigands. If your high Lordship would make a search as to where this painting came from, we should surely get hold of the criminals."

"Certainly, I will not fail to do it, and I promise you so!" cried Lord Kow; "but let us be careful and not give them the alarm." The old mandarin rose in his turn. He called his grandsons, that they might salute their new teacher. Chun-chin was lodged in the house.

The next morning Lord Kow dispatched a message to Ko King-chun inviting him to come and see him, and asked the donor of the poppy flowers what source he had himself obtained them from. The latter having made known the convent of nuns where he had bought them, Lord Kow sent agents to the convent, charged with inquiring definitely as to both the origin of the painting and the female who added the inscription.

Lady Wang, seeing the superior questioned, counseled her to demand first on her own part, before answering the questions put to her, whence the questioners came and for what reasons they wished to know all this. The agents did not conceal that the screen was actually in the hands of the great mandarin Kow Na-ling, and that they had orders from him to obtain this information. An inquiry set on foot by so high a personage might have fortunate consequences. Lady Wang, who comprehended this, urged the superior strongly to declare the truth without reserve: to make known that the painting was given to the convent by the brothers Ku Ngo-shu, and that the piece was written by the novice Whei-yuen.

Informed on these two points, Lord Kow said to himself that they must know the novice Whei-yuen; and sought his wife to devise with her a plan of operations, which was thus arranged: Two porters with their palanquin betook themselves to the convent, accompanied by an intelligent servant, who announced: —

"My paltry self am the house steward of the mighty Lord Kow. The lady of that house, my mistress, loves to recite prayers to Buddha; but she has no one to say them with her. Learning that there is in your convent a young nun called Whei-yuen, who could assist and instruct her in pious practices, she has charged me to invite her graciously, in her name, to come and pass some time with her. Beware of putting obstacles in the way of this wish."

"In all that concerns the affairs of this convent, Whei-yuen is extremely useful," said the superior, whom this unexpected communication perplexed and caused to hesitate.

But Lady Wang had in her heart a burning thirst for vengeance; she caught a glimpse of means for allaying it by gaining an entry into a powerful house; her attention, moreover, was roused by Lord Kow's having information collected on the subject of the accusing screen. She took care not to let slip so fine an opportunity of clearing up her doubts and pursuing her aim.

"When a house does me the honor of extending me so honorable an invitation, have I a right to decline?" she observed aloud. "Might not a refusal on my part have unpleasant consequences?"

Hearing her speak thus, the superior made no attempt to retain her; and Lady Wang set out in the palanquin sent for

her. When she descended at the doors of Lord Kow's, the latter, without seeing her, ordered her to be conducted to the inner rooms. He induced his wife to have her share their own apartment, while he himself took up quarters in his study.

The lady of the house talked first with the young priestess about the prayers and rites of the worship of Buddha. Charmed with the grace and ease which Whei-yuen displayed in conversation, she soon took occasion to say to her: —

"By your accent I recognize that you are not a native of this country. Were you sent to the convent in childhood, or did you become a nun after having been married and lost your husband?"

This question caused the young widow to burst into tears.

"No," cried she, forcing herself to recover calmness, "no, I am not from this country. No, I was not sent to the convent in childhood. One year ago I shut into my heart a frightful secret, not daring to confide it to any one. From you, madame, I will keep nothing hidden."

And after revealing her true name, she recounted minutely to the matron all the events we already know.

Greatly moved by the recital she had heard, the aged lady uttered a cry of indignation.

"These brigands are abominable beings! But such crimes awaken the celestial anger: how comes it they have not been already punished?"

"Poor priestess that I have become, I am entirely ignorant of what is noised outside. Nevertheless, I know that people have come and made an offering to the convent of a panel with poppy-flower decorations; and that panel, my husband's work, was among the objects carried by the assassins' boat. I asked the superior who the donors were; she informed me they were the brothers Ku Ngo-shu, and I remembered that that precise name Ku was that of the shipmaster my husband discussed the location of the boat with. The screen is a witness clearly denouncing the guilty. Who should they be if not the brothers Ku Ngo-shu? An inscription containing allusions to my wretched situation was put beside the poppy flowers. Some one from your noble mansion came to inquire what hand traced it. That hand was mine, and the allusions you now understand."

Then casting herself at the feet of the matron, the young priestess continued: —

"These brigands are in the neighborhood; they are quite near here; let madame direct the attention of his Lordship her husband to them. I will put him on their track. When they are discovered, when they have expiated their crime, I shall have avenged in this lower world the shade of my husband. You, madame, and your noble lord will have accomplished a great and meritorious work of justice."

"With such clews the search will not be arduous," responded the lady of the house. "Take courage: I will speak to his Lordship at once."

And the lady did impart to her husband all she had just heard; not without evincing the interest personally inspired in her by this young woman, educated, chaste, energetic, who had an elevated spirit, and who must surely be of no petty family.

"What you tell me is perfectly in accord with the declarations of the Mandarin Tsui," said Lord Kow. "There is nothing, even to this inscription whose handwriting he recognized so well, that does not confirm their integrity. Evidently this priestess is his very wife. So treat her with kindness; but as yet preserve entire discretion in her presence on all that relates to her husband."

That husband, on his part, put an eager pressure on Lord Kow in order to obtain a serious investigation of the route traversed by the screen before entering his house. The old lord endeavored to excuse his delays, and said not a word of Whei-yuen; but he had the brothers Ku shadowed by detectives, learned their secret operations, and obtained sure proof that they were actual brigands, and that if the mandarin of the place neglected to pursue them, it was because of the fear they had been able to inspire him with.

Then he judged the moment had come to have a fresh conversation with his wife.

"I have almost settled the affair of the Mandarin Tsui. It will soon come to a climax; the husband and wife will be united afresh. What is vexatious is, that Lady Wang should have shaved her head to become a priestess. It will be difficult for her to reclaim her rank with that shaved head; advise her to let her hair grow again, and change her style of dress too."

"You are quite right; but with the feelings she has in her heart, if she still believes her husband dead, how can she do her hair as she used to, and lay aside her religious costume?"

"It is for you to persuade her. Try it; if you don't make out, we'll have another talk."

Desirous of giving her husband satisfaction, the noble lady went to find Whei-yuen, and said, beginning soothingly: —

"I have informed my husband of all you explained to me. He has taken charge of insuring your vengeance, by seizing and punishing the brigands."

"Assure him of my gratitude," exclaimed Whei-yuen, falling on her knees.

"His Lordship, in speaking of you, expressed an opinion I think you ought to hear. He says that you, being of a family of high rank and a mandarin's wife, the position of priestess in a petty convent is no place for you; that it would be better to change your garb and not shave your head any longer. If you consent to this, he will be doubly eager not to let the ones whose punishment you are waiting for escape."

"Is not a humble priestess like myself a person already dead to the world? What do hair and clothes matter? The vengeance I claim is a just one. I implore his Lordship to pursue it, and allow me to practice the religious life peaceably in my convent. What situation have I to desire henceforth?"

"Your dress and your tonsure may create embarrassments in this house, where we are happy to offer you hospitality. By renouncing it you will be simply a widow, remaining a perpetual companion in our ancient household. Would not that please you?"

"I thank his Lordship and your Ladyship. I am neither of wood nor stone, and this kind welcome touches me deeply; but far from my heart is the thought of wearing my hair in light curls and using rouge and pomade again, when my husband is no more. It would be gross ingratitude on my part toward the respectable superior, who generously rescued me and took me in, to abandon her at a moment's notice. I dare not accept what you condescend to propose to me."

Seeing her resolution so firm, the lady insisted no further. She reported to Lord Kow the conversation she had just had; and he, full of admiration for this energetic nature, decided that his wife should hold another conversation with the priestess, thus formulated: —

"It is not arbitrarily and without motive that my lord wishes to see you keep your hair. He has a reason for it, which is this: When he went with the depositions on your

business, the officials at Ping-kiang assured him that a young mandarin, who was said to be the sub-prefect of Yong-kia, had already laid in a complaint last year of the crime in question. It might be, then, that the Mandarin Tsui is not dead, and that we may succeed in finding him again. How can his wife be given back to him at present, if his wife is in all our eyes a priestess? Why not let your hair grow provisionally, while these doubts are being cleared up? After the trial and sentence of the boatmen, if it is quite assured that Lord Tsui has perished, you will recover your liberty, and nothing will hinder you from reëntering your convent. Is not that the wiser part?"

This mention of a young mandarin who had already tried to obtain justice struck Lady Wang forcibly. She remembered that her husband was a swimmer of the greatest strength, and that he had been thrown alive into the river. Who knew if he might not, God helping, have gained the bank safe and sound? Such a hope changed her resolutions instantly: she left off shaving her head, and though not immediately quitting her monastic garb, her deportment lost a little of its austerity.

Several months had flown without any notable event occurring, when an imperial decree sent into the province Sieh Po-wha, LL.D., in the position of inspecting censor. Dr. Sieh was an upright and highly deserving man, who had of old begun his career under the orders of Lord Kow, and who had scarcely arrived when he hastened to pay a visit to his old chief. Lord Kow seized this opportunity to wind up with the brigands. He himself set forth the affair to the censor, and obtained the promise that it should be handled with promptness.

Let us leave the two mandarins to concert their plans together, and speak a little of what had happened to the brothers Ku Ngo-shu.

The morning that succeeded the night of the 22d of September of the preceding year, when they came out of their stupid sleep and saw that Lady Wang had disappeared, they instantly understood that she had fled; but the fear of drawing attention to themselves prevented them from setting out immediately in pursuit. For some time they hunted without success to discover her retreat; then, as further quest might be dangerous, they thought best to renounce it. They made a dozen expeditions on river routes, certainly less profitable than that of which the Tsui family had been the victims, but not

total failures to capture something, and their peace not being disturbed, they were, to sum up, quite content.

One day, when the band had got together in a body, and were having a jolly drinking bout in the isolated house that served as their lair, an officer of criminal justice, at the head of a squad of regular soldiers, discovered this nest of outlaws, and presented an order signed by the censor to arrest the entire band and search the premises. This officer was the bearer of a list of names, on which figured those of the brothers Ku, and another list enumerating the objects stolen from the Tsui family. Not a man escaped; and the boxes in great numbers were recognized. The men were conducted, and the boxes carried, into the court-room where the censor Sieh held his audiences.

The brigands began by denying everything; but when there was discovered in one of the boxes the very commission of the Mandarin Tsui, appointing him sub-prefect of Yong-kia, they dropped their heads and said no word more. The formal accusation laid in by Tsui Chun-chin having been read, the censor asked: —

"What has become of the noble Lady Wang, who accompanied her husband on the boat?"

The men looked at one another without ceasing to be dumb; but the judge having ordered the chief of the band to be put to the torture, the elder of the brothers Ku Ngo-shu found his tongue again: —

"I wanted to keep her with us. I wanted to give her to my second son for a wife. There wasn't any harm done to her. She seemed to take the proposal with such a good grace that I was right with her and didn't mistrust anything. She profited by it to run away, the night of the big autumn festival, while we were all asleep. Where has she gone? we don't know. That's the exact truth."

The censor took down his words, which contained a confession. All the brigands, chiefs or servants, were sentenced to death, and executed without delay, and their heads exposed along the roads. Tsui recovered possession of the stolen goods, which were sent to Lord Kow's house. His commission of mandarin-in-office was returned to him; but the brigands themselves could not tell what had become of his wife. If he thanked Heaven for the portion of favors he had received, he remained none the less sunk in black gloom. His heart was oppressed by sweet memories.

His attitude at this moment, nevertheless, has been bantered in a quatrain: —

"Must not one laugh a little at the innocent and intelligent Tsui Chun-chin?
Certainly he was tried by a great misfortune, and for a time he had reason to be troubled;
But when the brigands had been found by means of the painting,
Why did he know not enough to look for his wife by means of the inscription?"

If Tsui Chun-chin was in the state of mind these verses reproach him with, it was because Lord Kow, while telling him how the Ku brothers had informed on themselves by offering the painting to a convent, had told him not a word of the priestess by whom the inscription had been added. He understood, therefore, that the gift had enabled the givers to be traced; but that the painting had come into the convent before receiving the inscription, and that the convent might contain the person who had written it, he had not the least suspicion.

After heavy lamentations, he said to himself: "As my commission is back, I can occupy my post. If I delay any longer about filling it, some one else may be appointed to succeed me. What is the use of staying in this country, when the hope of discovering my wife has vanished?" And going to salute Lord Kow, he announced his intention of departure.

"To occupy a mandarinate is a fine thing," observed Lord Kow; "but a young man like you, can you live out there all alone? Would it not be better that I, an old man, should act as intermediary in a marriage for you, so you can lead an agreeable mate into your residence?"

"My dear wife swore that death alone should separate us," said Chun-chin, with tears in his eyes. "Misfortune has laid its hand on her: we know not in what direction she has fled, or if she is still among the living; but the inscription on the screen makes me think she is hidden somewhere. If I stay and keep on searching here myself, months and years may slip vainly away, and my mandarinate will be lost. I think it wiser to take possession of it; then I will send people to explore in all quarters, and post up notices everywhere. My wife is an educated woman; this publicity, I hope, will reach her, and if she is not dead of grief and misery, will bring her out of her retreat. If Heaven and Earth, taking pity on me,